RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. III.

RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other PIECES of our earlier POETS,

(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)

Together with ſome few of later Date.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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An ordinary SONG or BALLAD that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to pleaſe all ſuch readers, as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance; and the reaſon is plain, becauſe the ſame paintings of nature which recommend it to the moſt ordinary Reader, will appear beautiful to the moſt refined.

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ANCIENT

ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK I.

BALLADS ON KING ARTHUR, &c.

This Third Volume being chiefly devoted to Romantic Subjects, may not be improperly introduced with a few slight Strictures on the old METRICAL ROMANCES: *a subject the more worthy attention, as such as have written on the nature and origin of Books of Chivalry, seem not to have known*

that the first compositions of this kind were in Verse, and usually sung to the Harp.

ON THE ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES, &c.

*The first attempts at composition among all barbarous nations are ever found to be Poetry and Song. The praises of their Gods, and the atchievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings. These are the first rudiments of History. It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events *): and the same method is known to have prevailed among our Saxon Ancestors **). The ancient Britons had their* BARDS, *and the Gothic nations their* SCALDS, *whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their Princes, in a kind of popular songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one Reciter to another. So long as poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the Bard, or Scald was a regular and stated officer in the Prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the functions of the historian pretty faithfully; for tho' their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to have had at the bottom so much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these rude men, and for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history ***).*

After

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*) Vid. Lafiteau Moeurs de. Sauvages. T. 2. Dr. Browne's Hist. of the Rise and Progress of Poetry.

**) Barth. Antiq. Dan. Lib. 1. Cap. 10. —— Vid. Tacit. de Mor. Germ.

***) See " L'Introd. a l'Hist. de Dannemarc. par Mallet. 4to. 1755. pag. 31.

After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose; these Songs of the Scalds began to be more amusing, than useful. And in proportion, as it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more into embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvelous fictions, as were calculated to captivate gross and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventures with giants and dragons, and witches and enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment, and uncorrected by art *).

THIS is the true origin of that species of Romance, which so long celebrated feats of Chivalry, and which at first in metre and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors in common with their contemporaries on the continent, till the satire of Cervantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical litterature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French Romances, copied from the Greek **).

That our old Romances of Chivalry are derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the SCALDS, *is incontestible, because there are many of them still preserved in the North, which exhibit all the seeds of Chivalry before it became a solemn institution* ***). "CHIVALRY, *as a distinct "military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and ac- "companied with the solemnity of an oath, and other cere- "monies" was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has lately shown* ****). *But the*

*) Vid. Infra.

**) Viz. ASTRÆA, CASSANDRA, CLELIA, &c.

***) Mallet. — Int. a l'Hist. de Dannem. p. 200. L'Edda. p. 264. & passim.

****) Letters concerning Chivalry. 8vo. 1763.

*ideas of Chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embrio in the customs, manners, and opinions, of every branch of that people *). That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit oft challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shewn to the fair sex, (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans) all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up tho the earliest times among all the northern nations *). These existed long before the feudal ages, tho' they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner under that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures.*

EVEN *the common arbitrary fictions of Romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the ancient Scalds of the North, long before the times of the Crusades. They believed the existence of Giants and Dwarfs ***), they had some notion of Fairies ****), they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and inchantment *****), and were fond of inventing combats with Dragons and Monsters ******).*

*We have a striking instance of their turn for Chivalry and Romance, in the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800 *******). This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry. A Swedish prince had a beautiful daugther, whom he*

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*) Mallet. passim.

**) Mallet. passim.

***) Mallet. p. 22.

****) Olaus Verel. ad Hervarer Saga p. 44. 45. Hickes's Thesaur V. 2. p. 311.

*****) Ibid.

******) Rollofs Saga. Cap. 35. &c.

*******) Saxo Gram. p. 152, 153. — Mallet. p. 201.

he intruſted (probably during ſome expedition) to te care of one of his officers, aſſigning a ſtrong caſtle for their defence. The Officer fel in love with his ward, and detained her in his caſtle, ſpite of all the efforts of her father. Upon this he publiſhed a proclamation through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the raviſher and reſcue the Lady ſhould have her in mariage. Of all that undertook the adventure, Regner alone was ſo happy as tho atchieve it: he delivered the fair captive, and obtained her for his prize. — It happened that the name of this diſcourteous officer was ORME, *which in the Iſlandic language ſignifies* SERPENT: *Wherefore the Scalds to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, repreſent the Lady as detained from her father by a dreadful Dragon, and that Regner ſlew the monſter to ſet her at liberty. Even Regner himſelf, who was a celebrated poet, gives this fabulous account of the exploit in a poem of his own writing that is ſtill extant, and which records all the valiant atchievements of his life* *).

WITH marvellous embelliſhments of this kind the Scalds early began to decorate their narratives: and they were the more laviſh of theſe in proportion as they departed from their original inſtitution, but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a ſet of perſonages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales ſtill preſerved in the libraries of the North, moſt of them are ſuppoſed to have had ſome foundation in truth, ant the more ancient they are the more they are believed to be connected with true hiſtory. **)

It was not probably till after the hiſtorian and the bard had been long diſunited, that the latter ventured at pure fi-

 ction.

*) See a tranſlation of this poem, lately publiſhed among "Five pieces of Runic Poetry, 8vo. 1763."

**) Vid. Mallet.

*tion. At length when their buſineſs was no longer to inſtruct or inform, but merely to amuſe, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then began fabulous and romantic ſongs which for a long time prevailed in France and England before they had books of Chivalry in proſe. Yet in both theſe countries the minſtrels ſtill retained ſo much of their original inſtitution, as frequently to make true events the ſubject of their ſongs *); and indeed, as during the barbarous ages, the regular hiſtories were almoſt all writ in Latin by the Monks, the memory of events was preſerved and propagated among the ignorant laity by ſcarce any other means than the popular Songs of the Minſtrels.*

*THE inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark and Norway, being the lateſt converts to Chriſtianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race: and therefore they have preſerved more of the genuine compoſitions of their ancient poets, than their ſouthern neighbours. Among theſe the progreſs from poetical hiſtory to poetical fiction is very diſcernable: they have ſome of the latter kind, that are in effect complete Romances of Chivalry **). They have alſo a multitude of* SAGAS ***) *or hiſtories on romantic ſubjects, containing a mixture of proſe and verſe, of various dates, ſome of them written ſince the times of the Cruſades, others long before: but their narratives in verſe only are eſteemed the more ancient.*

With

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*) The Editor's MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. It was from this cuſtom of the Minſtrels that ſome of our firſt Hiſtorians wrote their Chronicles in verſe, as Rob. of Glouceſter, Harding, &c.

**) See a Specimen at the end of L'Edda par M. Mallet. 4to 1756.

***) Eccardi Hiſt. Stud. Etym. 1711. p. 179. &c. Hickes's Theſaur. Vol. 2. p. 314.

With regard to the Saxons and Franks, who it ſhould ſeem had made their irruptions into Britain and Gaul, before proſe compoſitions were known in the North, they had originally their fabulous ſtories and tales of amuſement wholly in verſe. The firſt Romances of Chivalry that were known in France were in metre *), *and ſo were thoſe that were current in England. In both kingdoms tales in verſe were uſually ſung by minſtrels to the harp on feſtival occaſions: and probably both nations derived their reliſh for this ſort of entertainment from their Gothic anceſtors, without borrowing it either from the other. In both nations narrative ſongs on true or fictitious ſubjects had doubtleſs obtained from the earlieſt times. But the profeſſed Romances of Chivalry ſeem to have been firſt compoſed in France; where alſo they had their name.*

The Latin Tongue, as is obſerved by an ingenious writer **), *ceaſed to be ſpoken in France about the ninth century, and was ſucceeded by what was called the* ROMANCE *Tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the Songs of Chivalry became the moſt popular compoſitions in that language, they were emphatically called* ROMANS *or* ROMANTS; *tho' this name was at firſt given to any piece of Poetry. The Romances of Chivalry can be traced as early as the eleventh Century* ***). Le Roman de Brut *by Maiſtre* Euſtache

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*) San Graal, Perceval, Lancelot du Lac, &c. were among the firſt proſe Romances in French, yet theſe were originally compoſed in metre. See a Note of Wanley's in Harl. Catalog. Num. 2252. p. 49. &c. Nicholſon's Eng. Hiſt. Library. 2d. Ed. p. 91. &c. — See alſo a curious Collect. of old French Romances with Mr. Wanley's account of theſe ſort of pieces in Harl. MSS. Cat. 978. 106.

**) The Author of the Eſſay on the Genius of Pope, p. 282.

***) Ibid. p. 283. Hiſt. Lit. Tom. 6. 7.

ſtache *was written in* 1155: *But it is well known to Hiſtorians that* (*long before this*) *when William the Conqueror with his Normans marched down to the battle of Haſtings, they animated themſelves by ſinging* (*in ſome popular Romance or Ballad*) *the exploits of* Roland, *the great Hero of Chivalry.*

So early as this I cannot trace the Songs of Chivalry in Engliſh. The moſt ancient I have ſeen, is that of Horne child *deſcribed below, which ſeems not earlier than the twelfth century. However, as this rather reſembles the Saxon poetry, than the French, it is not certain that the firſt Engliſh Romances were tranſlated from that language. We have ſeen above that a propenſity to this kind of fiction prevail'd among all the Gothic nations; and, tho' after the Norman Conqueſt, both the French and Engliſh tranſlated each others Romances, There is no room to doubt, but each of them compoſed original pieces of their own.*

The ſtories of King Arthur and his round table, may be reaſonably ſuppoſed of the growth of this iſland; both the Engliſh and the French had them from the Britons *). *The ſtories of Guy and Bevis, with ſome others, were probably the invention of Engliſh Minſtrels: on the other hand, the Engliſh procured tranſlations of ſuch Romances as were moſt current in France, and in the Liſt given at the concluſion of theſe Remarks, many are doubtleſs of French original.*

The firſt PROSE *books of Chivalry that appeared in our language, were thoſe printed by Caxton* **); *at leaſt, theſe are the*

*) The Welſh have ſome very old Romances about K. Arthur, but as theſe are in proſe, they are not probably their firſt pieces that were compoſed on that ſubject.

**) Recuyel of the Hyſtoryes of Troy, 1471. Godfroye of Boloyne, 1481. Le Morte de Arthur, 1485. The Life

the firſt I have been able to diſcover, and theſe are all tranſlations from the French. Whereas Romances of this kind had been long current in metre, and Were ſo generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his Rhyme of ſir Thopas was evidently written to ridicule and burleſque them *.

He expreſsly mentions ſeveral of them by name in a ſtanza, which I ſhall have occaſion to quote more than once in this volume.

Men ſpeken of Romaunces of Price,
Of Horne-Child, and Ipotis,
Of Bevis, and ſir Guy,
Of Sir Libeaux and Blandamoure,
But Sir Thopas bereth the floure,
Of riall chevallrie.

Moſt, if not all, of theſe are ſtill extant in MS. in ſome or other of our libraries, as I ſhall ſhew in the concluſion of this ſlight Eſſay, where I ſhall give a liſt of ſuch metrical Hiſtories and Romances as have fallen under my obſervation.

As many of theſe contain a conſiderable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of

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Life of Charlemagne, 1485. &c. As the old Minſtrelſy wore out, proſe books of Chivalry became more admired, eſpecially after the Spaniſh Romances began to be tranſlated into Engliſh towards the end of Q. Elizabeth's reign: then the moſt popular metrical Romances began to be reduced into proſe, as Sir Guy, Bevis, &c.

* See Extract from a Letter in Mr. Warton's Obſervations, Vol. 2. p. 139. [Where in p. 140. inſtead of "*Moſt of theſe &c.*„ read "*Many of the old poetical Romances are in the very ſame metre*, &c. — The old black-letter Edit. in p. 142. proves to be one of Speght's.]

of former times, it were to be wiſhed that ſome of the beſt of them were reſcued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them accurately publiſhed with proper illuſtrations, would be an important acceſſion to our ſtock of ancient Engliſh Literature. Many of them exhibit no mean attempts at Epic Poetry, and tho' full of the exploded fictions of Chivalry, frequently diſplay great deſcriptive and inventive powers in the Bards, who compoſed them. They are at leaſt generally equal to any other poetry of the ſame age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of ſo univerſal and commanding a genius as Chaucer, but they have a ſimplicity that makes them be read with leſs interruption, and be more eaſily underſtood: and they are far more ſpirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of Gower, or the dull and prolix legends of Lydgate. Yet, while ſo much ſtreſs is laid upon the writings of theſe laſt, by ſuch as treat of Engliſh poetry, the old metrical Romances tho' far more popular in their time are hardly known to exiſt. But it has happened unluckily that the antiquaries, who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been for the moſt part men void of taſte and genius, and therefore have always faſtidiouſly rejected the old poetical Romances, becauſe founded on fictitious or popular ſubjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the moſt dull and inſipid rhimiſt, whoſe merit it was to deform morality, or obſcure true hiſtory. Should the public encourage the revival of ſome of thoſe ancient Epic ſongs of Chivalry, they would frequently ſee the rich ore of an Arioſto or a Taſſo, tho' buried it may be among the rubbiſh and droſs of barbarous times.

Such a publication would anſwer many important uſes. It would throw new light on the riſe and progreſs of Engliſh poetry, the hiſtory of which can be but imperfectly underſtood if theſe are neglected: it would alſo ſerve to illuſtrate innume-

ra-

merable paſſages in our ancient claſſic poets, which without their help muſt be for ever obſcure. For not to mention Chaucer and Spencer, who abound with perpetual alluſions to them; I ſhall give a inſtance or two from Shakeſpeare, by way of ſpecimen of their uſe.

In his play of KING JOHN *our great Dramatic poet alludes to an exploit of Richard* I, *which the reader will in vain look for in any true hiſtory. Faulconbridge ſays to his mother, Act.* I. *ſc.* I.

"Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe . . .
"Againſt whoſe furie and unmatched force,
"The awleſſe lion could not wage the fight
"Nor keepe his princely heart from Richard's hand:
"He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts
"May eaſily winne a woman's:„ —

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its ſource only in the old Romance of RICHARD CEUR DE LYON *, in which his encounter with a Lion makes a very ſhining figure. I ſhall give a large extract from this poem, as a ſpecimen of the manner of theſe old rhapſodiſts, and to ſhew that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards done in ſo childiſh a manner in the proſe books of Chivalry:*

The poet tells us, that Richard in his return from the Holy Land having been diſcovered in the habit of "a palmer "in Almayne,„ and apprehended as a ſpy, was by the king

* Dr. Grey has ſhewn that the ſame ſtory is alluded to in Raſtell's Chronicle: As it was doubtleſs originally had from the Romance, this is proof that the old metrical Romances throw light on our old writers in proſe: many of our ancient Hiſtorians have recorded the fictions of Romance.

thrown into priſon. Wardrewe the king's ſon hearing of Richard's great ſtrength, deſires the jailor to let him have a fight of his priſoners. Richard being the foremoſt, Wardrewe aſks him "if he dare ſtand a buffet from his hand?" and that on the morrow he ſhall return him another. Richard conſents and receives a blow that ſtaggers him. On the morrow, having previouſly waxed his hands, he waits his antagoniſt's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the ſtory, "held forth as a trewe man," and Richard gave him ſuch a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone and killed him on the ſpot. The king to revenge the death of his ſon orders by the advice of one Eldrede, that a Lion kept purpoſely from food, ſhould be turned looſe upon Richard. But the king's daughter having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's reſolution, and at his requeſt procures him forty ells of white ſilk "kerchers;" and here the deſcription of the Combat begins,

The kever-chefes * he toke on honde,
And aboute his arme he wonde;
And thought in that ylke while,
To flee the lyon with ſome gyle,
And fyngle in a kyrtyll he ſtode,
And abode the lyon fyers and wode.
With that came the jaylere,
And other men that wyth him were,
And the lyon them amonge;
His pawes were ſtiffe and ſtronge.
The chambre dore they undone,
And the lyon to them is gone.
Rycharde fayd, Helpe, lorde Jeſu!
The lyon made to hym venu,

And

* i. e. Handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz. "Couvre le chef."

And wolde hym have all to rente:
Kynge Rycharde beſyde hym glente *.
The lyon on the breſte hym ſpurned,
That aboute he tourned.
The lyon was hongry and megre,
And bette his tayle to be egre;
He loked aboute as he were madde;
Abrode he all his pawes ſpradde.
He cryed lowde, and yaned ** wyde.
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde,
What hym was beſte, and to hym ſterte,
In at the throte his honde he gerte,
And hente out the herte with his honde,
Lounge and all that he there fonde.
The lyon fell deed to the grounde:
Rycharde felte no wem ***, ne wounde.
He fell on his knees in that place,
And thanked Jeſu of his grace.

* * * * *

What follows is not ſo well, and therefore I ſhall extract no more of this poem: but the preceding circumſtances are not unworthy the ſelection of any Epic poet. — For the above feat the author tells us, the king was deſervedly called

Stronge Rycharde cure du Lyowne.

THAT *diſtich which Shakeſpeare puts in the mouth of his madman in* K. LEAR, A. 3. ſc. 4.

Mice and Rats and ſuch ſmall deere
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long yeare.

has excited the attention of the critics. Inſtead of deere, *one of them would ſubſtitute* geer; *and another*, cheer ****.

 But

* i. e. glanced, ſlipt. ** i. e. yawned. *** i. e. hurt.
**** Ep. Warb. — Dr. Grey.

But the ancient reading is eſtabliſhed by the old Romance of SIR BEVIS *which Shakeſpeare had doubtleſs often heard ſung to the Harp. This diſtich is part of a deſcription there given of the hardſhips ſuffered by Bevis, when confined for ſeven years in a dungeon.*

Rattes and myſe and ſuch ſmal dere
Was his meate that ſeven yere. Sign. F. iii.

IN *different parts of this work, the Reader will find various extracts from theſe old poetical Legends: to which I refer him for farther examples of their ſtyle and metre. To compleat this ſubject, it will be proper to give at leaſt one ſpecimen of their ſkill in diſtributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be ſeen that nature and common ſenſe had ſupplied to theſe old ſimple bards the want of critical art and taught them ſome of the moſt eſſential rules of Epic Poetry, — I ſhall ſelect the Romance of* LIBIUS DISCONIUS*, *as being one of thoſe mentioned by Chaucer, and either ſhorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.*

If an Epic Poem may be defined, "** *A fable related by a* "*poet, to excite admiration and inſpire virtue, by repreſen-* "*ting the action of ſome one heroe, favoured by heaven,* "*who executes a great deſign, ſpite of all the obſtacles that* "*oppoſe him.*" *I know not why we ſhould withhold the name of* EPIC POEM *from the piece which I am about to analyſe.*

My copy is divided into IX PARTS *or Cantos, the ſeveral arguments of which are as follows.*

PART I.

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* So it is intitled in the Editor's MS.

** Vid. "Diſcours ſur la Poeſie Epique." prefixed to TELEMAQUE.

PART I.

Opens with a ſhort exordium to beſpeak attention: the Heroe is deſcribed, a natural ſon of ſir Gawain a celebrated knight of K. Arthur's court, who being brought up in a foreſt by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and deſcent. He early exhibits marks of his courage by killing a knight in ſingle combat, who encountered him as he was hunting. This inſpires him with a deſire of ſeeking adventures: therefore cloathing himſelf in his enemy's armour, he goes to K. Arthur's Court, to requeſt the order of knighthood. His requeſt granted, he obtains a promiſe of having the firſt adventure aſſigned him that ſhall offer. — A damſel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf, comes to implore K. Arthur's aſſiſtance, to reſcue a young Princeſs, "the Lady of Sinadone„ their miſtreſs, who is detained from her rights and confined in priſon. The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybius: the king aſſents: the meſſengers are diſſatisfied and object to his youth: but are forced to acquieſce. And here the firſt book cloſes with a deſcription of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

PART II.

Sir Lybius ſets out on the adventure: he is derided by the dwarf and the damſel for his youth: they come to the bridge of Perill, which none can paſs without encountering a knight called William de la Braunch: Sir Lybius is challenged: they juſt with their ſpears: De la Braunch is diſmounted: the battle is renewed on foot: Sir William's ſword breaks: he yields: Sir Lybius makes him ſwear to go and preſent himſelf to K. Arthur, as the firſt-fruits of his valour. The conquered knight ſets out for K. Arthur's court: is met by three knights his relations: who informed of his diſgrace, vow revenge,

and

and purſue the conqueror. The next day they overtake him: the eldeſt of the three attacks him: but is overthrown to the ground. The two other brothers aſſault him: Sir Lybius is wounded: yet cuts off the ſecond brother's arm: the third yields: Sir Lybius ſends them all to K. Arthur. In the third evening he is awaked by a dwarf, who has diſcovered a fire in a wood.

PART III.

Sir Lybius arms him, and leaps on horſeback: he finds two Giants roaſting a wild boar, who have a fair Lady their captive. Sir Lybius by favour of the night runs one of them through with his ſpear: is aſſaulted by the other: a fierce battle enſues: he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head. The reſcued Lady (an Earl's daughter) tells him her ſtory: leads him to her father's caſtle: who entertains him with a great feaſt; and preſents him at parting with a ſuit of armour and a ſteed. He ſends the giant's head to king Arthur.

PART IV.

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen and the dwarf renew their journey: they ſee a caſtle ſtuck round with human heads: are informed it belongs to a knight called ſir Gefferon, who in honour of his lemman or miſtreſs, challenges all comers: He that can produce a fairer lady, is to be rewarded with a milk-white faulcon, but if overcome, to loſe his head. Sir Lybius ſpends the night in the adjoining town: In the morning goes to challenge the faulcon: The knights exchange their gloves: they agree to juſt in the market place: the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chairs: their dreſſes: the ſuperior beauty of ſir Gefferon's miſtreſs deſcribed: the ceremonies previous

vious to the combat: they engage: the combat described at large: sir Gefferon is incurably hurt; and carried home on his shield: Sir Lybius sends the faulcon to K. Arthur: receives back a large present in florins: stays 40 days to be cured of his wounds, which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords.

PART V.

Sir Lybius proceeds for Sinadone: in a forest he meets a knight hunting, called sir Otes de Lisle: maid Ellen charmed with a very beautiful dog, begs sir Lybius to bestow him upon her: Sir Otes meets them, and claims his dog: is refused: being unarmed he rides to his castle, and summons his attendants: they go in quest of sir Lybius: a battle ensues: he is still victorious, and forces sir Otes to follow the other conquered knights to K. Arthur.

PART VI.

Sir Lybius comes to a fair city and castle by a river-side, beset round with pavilions or tents: he is informed, in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named Maugys, who keeps the bridge, and will let none pass without doing him homage: this Lybius refuses: a battle ensues: the giant described: the several incidents of the battle: which lasts a whole summer's day: the giant is wounded: put to flight: slain. The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer: the lady invites him into her castle: falls in love with him; and seduces him to her embraces. He forgets the princess of Sinadone, and stays with this bewitching lady a twelvemonth. This fair sorceress, like another Alcina, intoxicates him with all kinds of sensual pleasure; and detains him from the pursuit of honour.

PART VII.

Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of ſpeaking to him: upbraids him with his vice and folly: he is filled with remorſe, and eſcapes the ſame evening: at length he arrives at the city and caſtle of Sinadone: Is given to underſtand that he muſt challenge the conſtable of the caſtle to ſingle combat before he can be received as a gueſt: they juſt: the conſtable is worſted: Sir Lybius is feaſted in the caſtle: he declares his intention of delivering their lady; and inquires the particulars of her hiſtory. "Two Negromancers have built a fine palace by ſorcery, and there keep her inchanted, till ſhe will ſurrender her dutchy to them, and yield to ſuch baſe conditions as they would impoſe."

PART VIII.

Early on the morrow Sir Lybius ſets out for the inchanted palace: he alights in the court: enters the hall: the wonders of which are deſcribed in ſtrong Gothic painting: he ſits down at the high table: on a ſudden all the lights are quenched, it thunders, lightens; the palace ſhakes; the walls fall to pieces about his ears: he is diſmayed and confounded: but preſently hears horſes neigh, and is challenged to ſingle combat by the ſorcerers: he gets to his ſteed: a battle enſues, with various turns of fortune: he loſes his weapon: but gets a ſword from one of the Negromancers, and wounds the other with it: the edge of the ſword being ſecretly poiſoned, the wound proves mortal.

PART IX.

He goes up to the ſurviving ſorcerer, who is carried away from him by inchantment: at length he finds him and

and cuts off his head: He returns to the palace to deliver the lady: but cannot find her: as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a horrible ſerpent with wings and a woman's face: it coils round his neck and kiſſes him: on a ſudden is converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him ſhe is the Lady of Sinadone, and was ſo inchanted, till ſhe might kiſs Sir Gawain, or ſome one of his blood: that he has diſſolved the charm, and that herſelf and her dominions may be his reward. He joyfully accepts the offer; makes her his bride, and then ſets out with her for King Arthur's court.

SUCH *is the fable of this ancient piece: which the reader may obſerve, is as regular in its conduct, as any of the fineſt poems of claſſical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and ſentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance; but this is ſuch as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpoliſhed language.*

I ſhall conclude this prolix account, with a LIST *of ſuch old* METRICAL ROMANCES *as are ſtill extant: beginning with thoſe mentioned by Chaucer.*

1. *The Romance of* Horne-childe *is preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, where it is intitled* þe ȝeſte of Kyng Horne. *See Catalog. Harl. MSS. 2253. p. 70. The Language is almoſt Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Sarazens, it appears to have been written after ſome of the Cruſades. It begins thus,*

All heo ben bliþe
Þat to my ſonȝ yliþe:

A ſonȝ ychulle ou ſinȝ
Of Allof þe ȝode kynȝe * &c.

2. *The Poem of* Ipotis (*or* Ypotis) *is preſerved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2. fo. 77. but is rather a religious Legend, than a Romance. Its beginning is*

He þat wyll of wyſdome here
Herkeneth nowe ze may here
Of a tale of holy wryte
Seynt Jon the Evangelyſte wytneſſeth hyt.

3. *The Romance of* Sir Guy, *was written before that of Bevis, being quoted in it* **. *An account of this old poem is given below, pag.* 104. *To which I can now add, that two compleat copies in MS. are preſerved at Cambridge, the one in the public Library* ***, *the other in that of Caius College, Claſs A.* 8. — *In Ames's Typog. p.* 153. *may be ſeen the firſt lines of the printed copy.* — *The* 1*ſt. MS. begins*

Sythe the tyme that God was borne.

4. Guy and Colbronde, *an old Romance in three parts, is preſerved in the Editor's folio MS.* (*pag.* 349.) *It is in ſtanzas*

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* i. e. May all they be blithe, that to my ſong liſten: A ſong I ſhall you ſing, Of Allof the good king &c.

** Sign. K. 2. C.

*** For this and moſt of the following, which are mentioned as preſerved in the Public Library, I refer the reader to the Oxon Catalog. of MSS. 1697. vol. 2. pag. 394. in Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. No. 6903. ſince given to the Univerſity of Cambridge.

ſtanzas of 6 lines, the firſt of which may be ſeen in vol. 2. p. 163. Beginning

When meate and drinke is great plentye.

5. *The Romance of* Syr Bevis *is deſcribed in pag. 214. of this vol. Two manuſcript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge. viz. in the Public Library* *, *and in that of Caius Coll. Claſs. A. 9. (5.) — The firſt of theſe begins,*

Lordyngs lyſtenyth grete and ſmale.

The printed copies begin differently,

Lyſten, Lordynges, and hold you ſtyl.

6. Libeaux (Libeaus, *or*, Lybius) Diſconius *is preſerved in the Editor's folio MS. (pag. 317.) where the firſt ſtanza is*

Jeſus Chriſt chriſten kinge,
And his mother that ſweete thinge,
Helpe them at their neede,
That will liſten to my tale,
Of a Knight I will you tell,
A doughtye man of deede.

An older copy is preſerved in the Cotton Library [Cal. A. 2. fol. 40.] containing innumerable variations: the firſt line is

Jeſu Cryſt our Savyour.

As for Blandamoure, *no Romance with this title has been diſcovered; but as the word occurs in that of* Libeaux, *'tis poſſible Chaucer's memory deceived him.*

* No. 690. §. 31. Vid. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

7. Le Morte Arthure; *is among the Harl. MSS.* 2252. §. 49. *This is judged to be a tranſlation from the French; Mr. Wanly thinks it no older than the time of Hen. vii. but it ſeems to be quoted in Syr Bevis, Sign. K. ij. b. it begins*

Lordinges, that are leffe and deare.

In the Library of Bennet Coll. Cambridge, No. 351. *is a MS. intitled in the Cat.* Acta Arthuris Metrico Anglicano, *but I know not whether it has any thing in common with the former.*

8. *In the Editor's Folio MS. are many Songs and Romances about King Arthur and his Knights, ſome of which are very imperfect, as* K. Arthur and the king of Cornwall. (*p.* 24.) *in ſtanzas of* 4 *Lines, beginning*

Come here, my cozen Gawain ſo gay.

The Turke and Gawain, (*p.* 38.) *in ſtanzas of* 6 *lines, beginning thus,*

Liſten, Lords, great and ſmall.

Sir Lionel *in diſtichs* (*p.* 32.) *thus beginning,*

Sir Egrabell had Sonnes three.

but theſe are ſo imperfect that I do not make diſtinct articles of them. See alſo in this Vol. Book 1. No. I. II. IV. V.

9. *In the ſame MS. p.* 203. *is the* Greene Knight, *in* 2 *Parts, relating a curious adventure of Sir Gawain, in ſtanzas of* 6 *lines, beginning thus,*

Liſt: when Arthur he was kinge.

10.

10. The Carle of Carliſle, *is another romantic tale about Sir Gawain, in the ſame MS. p.* 448. *in diſtichs.*

Liſten to me a little ſtonde.

In all theſe old poems the ſame ſet of knights are always drawn with the ſame manners and characters; which ſeem to have been as well known and as diſtinctly marked among our anceſtors, as Homer's Heroes were among the Greeks: For as Ulyſſes *is allways repreſented crafty,* Achilles *iraſcible, and* Ajax *rough. So* Sir Gawain *is ever courteous and gentle,* Syr Kay *rugged and diſobliging, &c.* "Sir Gawain with "his old courteſy" *is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb, in his* Sqire's Tale. *Urry's Ed. p.* 60. *v.* 115.

11. Syr Launfal, *an excellent old Romance concerning another of K. Arthur's Knights, is preſerved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A.* 2. *f.* 33. *This is a tranſlation from the French* * *made by one* Thomas Cheſtre, *who is ſuppoſed to have lived in the reign of Hen. vi.* [*See Tanner's Biblioth.*] *It is in ſtanzas of* 6 *Lines, and begins,*

Le douzty Artours dawes.

The above was afterwards altered by ſome Minſtrel into the Romance of Sir Lambwell, *in* 3 *Parts, under which title it was more generally known* **. *This is in the Editor's folio MS. p.* 60. *beginnig thus,*

Doughty in king Arthures dayes.

* The French Original is preſerved among the Harl. MSS. No. 978. §. 112. *Lanval.*

** See Langham's Letter concern. Q. Eliz. entertainment at Kilingworth, 1575. 12mo. p. 34.

12. *The Romance of* Merline, *in* 9 *Parts*, (*preserved in the same MS. p.* 144.) *gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British Prophet. In this poem the* Saxons *are called* Sarazens; *and the thrusting the rebel angels out of Heaven is attributed to* "oure Lady." *It is in distichs, and begins thus,*

He that made with his hand.

13. Sir Isenbras, (*or as it is in the MS. copies,* Sir Isumbras) *is quoted in Chaucer's R. of Thop. v.* 6. *Among Mr. Garrick's old plays is a printed copy, of which an account has been already given, in Vol.* 1. *p.* 283. *It is preserved in MS. in the Library of Caius Coll. Camb. Class A.* 9. (2.) *and also in the Cotton Library, Cal. A.* 12. (*f.* 128.) *This is extremely different from the printed copy. E. g.*

God þat made both erþe and hevene.

14. Emarè, *a very curious and ancient Romance, is preserved in the same Vol. of the Cotton Library, f.* 69. *It is in stan. of* 6 *lines, and begins thus,*

Jesu þat ys kyng in trone.

15. Chevelere assigne, *or, The Knight of the Swan, preserved in the Cotton Library has been already described in Vol.* 2. *p.* 263. *as hath also*

16. The Sege of Ierlam, (*or Jerusalem*) *which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the Romances: as may also the following which is preserved in the same Volume: viz.*

17. Owaine Myles, (*fol.* 90.) *giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into*

into verſe of the ſtory related in Mat. Paris's Hiſt. — It is in diſtichs beginning thus,

God þat ys ſo full of myght.

I the ſame Manuſcript are one or two other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the Romances, but being rather religious Legends, I ſhall barely mention them; as, Tundale, *f.* 17. Trentale Sci Gregorii *f.* 84. Jerome. *f.* 133. Euſtache. *f.* 136.

18. Octavian imperator, *an ancient Romance of Chivalry is in the ſame vol. of the Cotton Library, f.* 20. — *Notwithſtanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the hiſtory of the Roman Emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of Stanza, whereof* 1, 2, 3, *&* 5, *rhime together, as do the* 4, *and* 6. *It begins*

Iheſu þat was with ſpere yſtonge,

In the public Library at Camb. * *is a poem with the ſame title, that begins very differently.*

Lyttyll and mykyll, olde and yonge.

19. Eglamour of Artas (*or* Artoys) *is preſerved in the ſame Vol. with the foregoing both in the Cotton Library, and public Library at Camb. It is alſo in the Editor's folio MS. p.* 295. *where it is divided into* 6 *Parts. — A printed Copy is in the Bodleian Library, C.* 39. *Art. Seld. And among Mr. Garrick's old plays, K. vol. X. It is in diſtichs, and begins*

Iheſu Criſt of heven kyng.

20. Syr Triamore (*in ſtan. of* 6 *Lines*) *is preſerved in MS. in the Editor's folio Volume, p.* 210. *and in the public*

* No. 690. (30.) Vid. Oxon. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

Library at Camb. (609. §. 29. *Vid. Cat. MSS. p.* 394.) — *Two printed Copies are extant in the Bodleian Library, and among Mr. Garrick's plays in the ſame volumes with the laſt article. Both the Editor's MS. and the printed Copies begin*

Nowe Jeſu Chryſte our heven kynge.

The Cambridge Copy, thus,

Heven blys that all ſhall wynne.

Sir Degree (Degare, *or* Degore, *which laſt ſeems the true title*) *in* 5 *Parts, in diſtichs, is preſerved in the Editor's folio MS. p.* 371. *and in the public Library at Camb.* (*ubi ſupra.*) — *A printed Copy is in the Bod. Library, C.* 39. *Art. Seld. And among Mr. Garrick's plays K. vol. IX.* — *The Editor's MS. and the printed Copies begin*

Lordings, and you wyl holde you ſtyl.

The Cambridge MS. has it

Lyſtenyth, lordyngis, gente and fre.

22. Ipomydon, (*or* Chylde Ipomydon) *is preſerved among the Harl. MSS.* 2252. (44.) *It is in diſtichs and begins,*

Mekely, lordyngis, gentylle and fre.

In the Library of Lincoln Cathedral. K. k. 3. 10. *is an old imperfect printed Copy, wanting the whole firſt ſheet A.*

23. The Squyr of Lowe degre, *is one of thoſe burleſques by Chaucer in his R. of Thopas* * — *Mr. Garrick has a printed*

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* See Mr. Warton's Obſervat. Vol. 1. p. 139. note.

ted Copy of this, among his old plays, K. Vol. IX. It begins

It was a ſquyer of lowe degre,
That loved the kings daughter of Hungre.

24. Hyſtorye of K. Richard Cure [*Cœur*] de lyon [*Impr. W. de Worde*, 1528. 4to.] *is preſerved in the Bodleian Library, C.* 39. *Art. Selden. A large Extract from this Romance has been given already above p. . Richard was the peculiar patron of Chivalry, and therefore was a favourite with the old Minſtrels. See Warton's Obſerv. V.* 1. *p.* 29. *V.* 2. *p.* 40.

25. *The following I have not ſeen, but I believe they may all be referred to the Claſs of Romances.*

The Knyght of Courteſy and the Lady of Faguel (*Bodl. Lib. C.* 39. *Art. Seld. a printed Copy.*) *This Mr. Warton thins is the Story of Coucy's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howel's Letters.* [*V.* 1. *S.* 6. *L.* 20. *See Wart. Obſ. V.* 2. *p.* 40.] *The Editor has ſeen a very beautiful old ballad on this ſubject in French.*

26. *The four following are all preſerved in the MS. ſo often referred to in the public Library at Camb.* (690. *Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. in Cat. MSS. Tom.* 2. *p.* 394.) *viz.* The Erle of Tholouſe. (*No.* 27.) *beginning*

Jeſu Chryſte in Trynyte.

27. Roberd Kynge of Cyſyll (*or Sicily*) *ſhewing the fall of Pride. Of this there is alſo a Copy among the Harl. MSS.* 1703. (3.) *The Camb. MS. begins*

Princis that be prowde in preſe.

28. Le bone Florence of Rome, *beginning thus*

As ferre as men ride or gone.

29. Diocleſian the Emp. *beginning*

Sum tyme ther was a noble man.

30. *The two knightly brothers* Amys and Amelion (*among the Harl. MSS.* 2386. §. 42.) *I ſuppoſe to be an old Romance of Chivalry; as alſo the fragment of the* Lady Beleſant, the Duke of Lombardy's fair daughter, *mentioned in the ſame article. See the Catalog. Vol.* 2.

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MUSEUM

AND BALLADS.

I.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE,

— Is printed verbatim from the old MS. described in the Preface. The Editor believes it more ancient, than it will appear to be at first sight; the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

The incidents of the MANTLE *and the* KNIFE *have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of* FLORIMEL'S GIRDLE. *B. iv. C. 5. St. 3.*

That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose or else asunder teare.

So it happened to the false Florimel, st. 16, when

— Being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became,
But by no means they could it thereto frame,
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame, &c.
That all men wondred at the uncouth sight
And each one thought as to their fancies came.
But she herself did think it done for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame:
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same,
But is would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

Thereat

Thereat all knights gan laugh and ladies lowre,
Till that at laſt the gentle Amoret
Likewiſe aſſayed to prove that girdle's powre.
And having it about her middle ſet
Did find it fit withouten breach or let,
Whereat the reſt gan greatly to envie.
But Florimel exceedingly did fret
And ſnatching from her hand, &c.

As for the trial of the HORNE, *it is not peculiar to our Poet: It occurs in the old romance, intitled* Morthe Arthur, *which was tranſlated out of French in the time of K. Edw.* IV. *and firſt printed anno* 1484. *From this romance Arioſto borrowed his tale of the* Enchanted Cup, *C.* 42. *&c. See Mr. Warton's Obſervations on the Faerie Queen,* 8*vo.* 1753.

The ſtory of the HORN *in* Morthe Arthur *varies a good deal from this of our Poet, as the reader will judge from the following extract. —* "*By the way they met with* "*a knight that was ſent from Morgan le Faye to king* "*Arthur, and this knight had a fair horne all garniſhed* "*with gold, and the horne had ſuch a virtue that there* "*migth no ladye or gentlewoman drinke of that horne, but* "*if ſhe were true to her huſband: and if ſhee were falſe* "*ſhe ſhould ſpill all the drinke, and if ſhee were true unto* "*her lorde, ſhee might drink peaceably: and becauſe of* "*queene Guenever and in deſpite of Sir Launcelot du Lake,* "*this horne was ſent unto king Arthur.*„ — *This horn is intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the Britiſh hero, for he makes* "*his queene drinke thereof and an hundred* "*ladies moe, and there were but foure ladies of all thoſe* "*that drank cleane*„ *of which number the ſaid queen, proves not to be one* [*Book II. chap.* 22. *Ed.* 1632.]

In

In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose this Ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.

As for queen Guènever, *she is here represented no otherwise, than as we find her in old histories and romances. Holinshed observes, that "she was evil reported of, as noted "of incontinence and breach of faith to hir husband."* Vol. 1. p. 93.

SUCH READERS, AS HAVE NO RELISH FOR PURE ANTIQUITY, WILL FIND A MORE MODERN COPY OF THIS BALLAD AT THE END OF THE VOLUME.

IN the third day of may,
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child,
That cold much of wisdome.

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had uppon,
With 'brooches' and ringes
Full richelye bedone.

He had a sute of silke
About his middle drawne;
Without he cold of curtesye
He thought itt much shame.

God speede thee, king Arthur,
Sitting at thy meate:
And the goodly queene Guénever,
I cannott her forgett.

Ver. 7. Branches, *MS.* *Ver.* 11. heate, *MS.*

I tell you, lords, in this hall;
I hett you all to 'heede';
Except you be the more furer
Is for you to dread.

He plucked out of his poterver,
And longer wold not dwell,
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Betweene two nut-ſhells.

Have thou here, king Arthur;
Have thou heere of mee,
Give itt to thy comely queene
Shapen as itt is alreadye.

It ſhall never become that wiffe,
That hath once done amiſſe.
Then every knight in the king's court
Began to care for 'his.'

Forth came dame Guénever;
To the mantle ſhee her 'hied';
The ladye ſhee was newfangle,
But yett ſhe was affrayd.

When ſhee had taken the mantle;
She ſtoode as ſhe had beene madd:
It was from the top to the toe
As ſheeres hat itt ſhread.

One while was it 'gule';
Another while was itt greene;

Another

Ver. 21. *or* potewer. *Ver.* 32. his wiffe. *MS.*
Ver. 41. gaule. *MS.*

Another while was itt wadded:
Ill itt did her beſeeme.

Another while was itt blacke,
And bore the worſt hue:
By my troth, quoth king Arthur,
I thinke thou be not true.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Faſt with a rudd redd,
To her chamber can ſhee flee.

She curſt the weaver, and the walker,
That clothe that had wrought;
And bade a vengeance on his crowne,
That hither hath itt brought.

I had rather be in a wood,
Under a green tree;
Than in king Arthur's court
Shamed for to bee.

Kay called forth his ladye,
And bade her come neere;
Saies, Madam, and thou be guiltye,
I pray thee hold thee there.

Forth came his ladye
Shortlye and anon;
Boldlye to the mantle
Then is ſhee gone.

When ſhe had tane the mantle,
And caſt it her about;

Then was ſhe bare
'Before all the rout.'

Then every knight,
That was in the king's court,
Talked, laughed, and ſhowted
Full oft at that ſport.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Faſt, with a red rudd,
To her chamber can ſhe flee.

Forth came an old knight
Pattering ore a creede,
And he proferred tho this litle boy
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Chriſtmaſſe
Willinglye to ffeede;
For why this mantle might
Do his wiffe ſome need.

When ſhe had tane the mantle,
Of cloth that was made,
She had no more left on her,
But a taſſel and a threed:
Then every knight in the kings court
Bade evill might ſhee ſpeed.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
And faſt, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can ſhee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye,
And bade her come in;
Saith, winne this mantle, ladye,
With a little dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,
And it ſhal be thine,
If thou never did amiſſe
Since thou waſt mine.

Forth came Craddocke's ladye
Shortlye and anon;
But boldlye to the mantle
Then is ſhee gone.

When ſhee had tane the mantle,
And caſt itt her about,
Upp att her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt:
Shee ſaid, bowe downe, mantle,
And ſhame me not for nought.

Once I did amiſſe,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kiſt Craddocke's mouth
Under a greene tree;
When I kiſt Craddockes mouth
Before he marryed mee.

When ſhee had her ſhreeven,
And her ſinnes ſhee had tolde;
The mantle ſtoode about her
Right as ſhee wold:

Then was ſhe bare
'Before all the rout.'

Then every knight,
That was in the king's court,
Talked, laughed, and ſhowted
Full oft at that ſport.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Faſt, with a red rudd,
To her chamber can ſhe flee.

Forth came an old knight
Pattering ore a creede,
And he proferred tho this litle boy
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Chriſtmaſſe
Willinglye to ffeede;
For why this mantle might
Do his wiffe ſome need.

When ſhe had tane the mantle,
Of cloth that was made,
She had no more left on her,
But a taſſel and a threed:
Then every knight in the kings court
Bade evill might ſhee ſpeed.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
And faſt, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can ſhee flee.

Crad-

Craddocke called forth his ladye,
And bade her come in;
Saith, winne this mantle, ladye,
With a little dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,
And it ſhal be thine,
If thou never did amiſſe
Since thou waſt mine.

Forth came Craddocke's ladye
Shortlye and anon;
But boldlye to the mantle
Then is ſhee gone.

When ſhee had tane the mantle,
And caſt itt her about,
Upp att her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt:
Shee ſaid, bowe downe, mantle,
And ſhame me not for nought.

Once I did amiſſe,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kiſt Craddocke's mouth
Under a greene tree;
When I kiſt Craddockes mouth
Before he marryed mee.

When ſhee had her ſhreeven,
And her ſinnes ſhee had tolde;
The mantle ſtoode about her
Right as ſhee wold:

Seemelye of coulour
Glittering like gold:
Then every knight in Arthurs court
Did her behold.

Then ſpake dame Guénever
To Arthur our king;
She hath tane yonder mantle
Not with right, but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman,
That maketh her ſelf 'cleane'?
I have ſeene tane out of her bedd
Of men five teene;

Prieſts, clarkes, and wedded men
From her bedeene:
Yett ſhee taketh the mantle,
And maketh her ſelf cleane.

Then ſpake the litle boy,
That kept the mantle in hold;
Sayes, king, chaſten thy wiffe,
Of her words ſhee is too bold:

Shee is a bitch and a witch,
And whore bold:
King, in thine owne hall,
Thou art a cuckold.

The litle boy ſtoode
Looking out a dore;

'And

Ver. 136. cleare, *MS.* *Ver.* 139. by deene. *MS.*

'And there as he was lookinge
'He was ware of a wyld bore.'

He was ware of a wyld bore,
Wold have werryed a man:
He pulled forth a wood kniffe,
Faſt thither that he ran:
He brought in the bores head,
And quitted him like a man.

He brought in the bores head,
And was wonderous bold:
He ſaid there were never a cuckolds kniffe
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives
Uppon a whetſtone:
Some threw them under the table,
And ſaid they had none.

King Arthur, and the child
Stood looking upon them;
All their knives edges
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a litle knive
Of iron and of ſteele;
He britled the bores head
Wonderous weele;
That every knight in the kings court
Had a morſell.

Ver. 170. them upon. *MS.*

The litle boy had a horne,
Of red gold that ronge:
He ſaid, there was noe cuckolde
Shall drinke of my horne;
But he ſhold itt ſheede
Either behind or beforne.

Some ſhedd on their ſhoulder,
And ſome on their knee,
He that cold not hitt is mouthe,
Put it in his eye:
And he that was a cuckold
Every man might him ſee.

Craddocke wan the horne,
And the bores head:
His ladie wan the mantle
Unto her meede.
Everye ſuch lovely ladye
God ſend her well to ſpeede.

II.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

— *I chiefly taken from the fragment of an oldballad in he Editor's MS. which he has reaſon to believe more ancient than the time of* CHAUCER, *and what furniſhed that bard with his* Wife of Bath's Tale. *The original was ſo extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large ſupplements, &c. it would have been improper for this collection: theſe it has therefore received, ſuch as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, be-*

cauſe

cauſe the FRAGMENT *itſelf will ſome time or other be given to the public.*

PART THE FIRST.

KING Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
And ſeemely is to ſee;
And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride ſoe bright of blee.

And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride ſo bright in bowre:
And all his barons about him ſtoode,
That were both ſtiffe and ſtowre.

The king a royale Chriſtmaſſe kept,
With mirth and princelye cheare;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner ſette,
And cups went freely round;
Before them came a faire damſelle,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthùre,
I beg a boone of thee;
Avenge me of a carliſh knighte,
Who hath ſhent my love and mee.

In Tearne-Wadling his caſtle ſtands,
All on a hill ſoe hye,
And proudlye riſe the battlements,
And gaye the ſtreameres flye.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye faire,
May paſs that caſtle-walle:
But from that foule diſcurteous knighte,
Miſhappe will them befalle.

Hee's twyce the ſize of common men,
Wi' thewes, and ſinewes ſtronge,
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme barone 'twas our harde happe,
But yeſter morne to ſee;
When to his bowre he bore my love,
And ſore miſuſed mee.

And when I told him king Arthùre,
As lyttle ſhold him ſpare;
Goe tell, ſayd hee, that cuckold kinge,
To meete mee if he dare.

Upp then ſterted king Arthùre,
And ſware by hille and dale,
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme barone
Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my ſword Excalibar:
Goe ſaddle mee my ſteede;
Nowe, by my faye, that grimme barone
Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne Wadlinge
Benethe the caſtle walle:
"Come forth; come forth; thou proude barone,
Or yielde thyſelf my thralle."

On magicke grounde that caſtle ſtoode,
And fenc'd with many a ſpelle:
Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon,
But ſtraite his courage felle.

Forth then ruſh'd that carliſh knight,
King Arthur felte the charme:
His ſturdy ſinewes loſt their ſtrengthe,
Downe ſunke his feeble arme.

Nowe yield thee, yield thee, kinge Arthùre,
Now yield thee, unto mee:
Or fighte with mee, or loſe thy lande,
Noe better termes maye bee.

Unleſſe thou ſweare upon the rood,
And promiſe on thy faye,
Here to returne to Tearne Wadling,
Upon the new-yeare's daye:

And bringe me worde what thing it is
All women moſte deſyre:
This is thy ranſome, Arthur, he ſayes,
Ile have noe other hyre.

King Arthur then helde up his hande,
And ſware upon his faye,
Then tooke his leave of the grimme barone
And faſte hee rode awaye.

And he rode eaſt, and he rode weſt,
And did of all inquyre,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they moſt deſyre.

Some told him riches, pompe, or ſtate;
Some rayment fine and brighte;
Some told him mirthe; ſome flatterye;
And ſome a jollye knighte.

In letteres all king Arthur wrote,
And ſeal'd them with his ringe:
But ſtill his minde was helde in doubte,
Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,
He ſaw a ladye ſette
Betweene an oke, and a greene hollèye,
All clad in riche ſcarlette.

Her noſe was crookt and turnd outwàrde,
Her chin ſtoode all awrye;
And where as ſholde have been her mouthe,
Lo! there was ſet her eye:

Her haires, like ſerpents, clung aboute
Her cheekes, of deadlye hewe;
A worſe-form'd ladye than ſhe was,
No man mote ever viewe.

To hail the king in ſeemelye ſorte
This ladye was fulle faine;
But king Arthùre all ſore amaz'd,
No aunſwere made againe.

What wight art thou, the ladye ſayd,
That wilt not ſpeake to mee;
Sir, I may chance to eaſe thy paine,
Though I bee foule to ſee.

If thou wilt eaſe my paine, he ſayd,
And helpe me in my neede,
Aſk what thou wilt, thou grimme ladyè,
And it ſhall bee thy meede.

O ſweare mee this upon the roode,
And promiſe on thy faye;
And here the ſecrette I will telle,
That ſhall thy ranſome paye.

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,
And ſware upon the roode;
The ſecrette then the ladye told,
As lightlye well ſhee cou'de.

Now this ſhall be my paye, ſir king,
And this my guerdon bee,
That ſome yong, fair and courtlye knight,
Thou bringe to marrye mee.

Faſt then pricked king Arthùre
Ore hille, and dale, and downe:
And ſoone he founde the barone's bowre;
And ſoone the grimme baroùne.

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,
Hee ſtoode bothe ſtiffe and ſtronge;
And, when he had the letters reade,
Awaye the lettres flunge.

Nowe yielde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,
All forfeit unto mee;
For this is not thy paye, ſir king,
Nor may thy ranſome bee.

Yet hold thy hand, thou proude barône,
I praye thee hold thy hand;
And give mee leave to ſpeake once moe
In reſkewe of my land.

This morne, as I came over a more,
I ſaw a ladye ſette
Betwene an oke, and a greene hollèye,
All clad in riche ſcarlètte.

Shee ſayes, all women will have their wille,
This is their chief deſyre;
Now yield, as thou art a barone true,
That I have payd mine hyre.

An earlye vengeaunce light on her!
The carliſh baron ſwore:
Shee was my ſiſter tolde thee this,
And ſhee's a miſhapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,
To do her as ill a turne:
For an ever I may that foule theefe gette,
In a fyre I will her burne.

PART THE SECONDE.

Homewarde pricked king Arthùre,
And a wearye man was hee;
And ſoone he mette queene Guenever,
That bride ſo bright of blee.

What

What newes! what newes! thou noble king,
Howe, Arthur, haſt thou ſped?
Where haſt thou hung the carliſh knighte?
And where beſtow'd his head?

The carliſh knight is ſafe for mee,
And free fro mortal harme:
On magicke grounde his caſtle ſtands,
And fenc'd with many a charme.

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,
And yielde mee to his hand:
And but for a lothly ladye, there
I ſholde have loſt my land.

And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,
And ſorrowe of my life;
I ſwore a yonge, and courtlye knight,
Sholde marry her to his wife.

Then beſpake him ſir Gawàine,
That was ever a gentle knighte:
That lothly ladye I will wed;
Therefore be merrye and lighte.

Nowe naye, nowe naye, good ſir Gawaine,
My ſiſter's ſonne yee bee:
This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,
And all too foule for yee.

Her noſe is crookt and turnd outwàrde,
Her chin ſtands all awrye:
A worſe form'd ladye than ſhee is
Was never ſeen with eye.

What though her chin ſtand all awrye,
And ſhee be foule to ſee:
I'll marry her, unkle, for thy ſake,
And I'll thy ranſome bee.

Nowe thankes! nowe thankes! good ſir Gawaine,
And a bleſſing thee betyde!
To-morrow wee'll have knights and ſquires,
And wee'll goe fetch thy bride.

And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have houndes
To cover our intent;
And wee'll away to the greene forèſt,
As wee a hunting went.

Sir Lancelot, ſir Stephen bolde
They rode with them that daye;
And foremoſte of the companye
There rode the ſtewarde Kaye:

Soe did ſir Banier and ſir Bore,
And eke ſir Garratte keene,
Sir Triſtram too; that gentle knight,
To the foreſt freſhe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forrèſt,
Beneathe a faire holley tree
There ſate that ladye in riche ſcarlètte
That unſeemelye was to ſee.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,
And looked upon her ſweere;
Whoever kiſſes that ladye, he ſayes,
Of his kiſſe he ſtands in feare.

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,
And looked upon her ſnout;
Whoever kiſſes that ladye, he ſayes,
Of his kiſſe he ſtands in doubt.

Peace, brother Kay, ſayde ſir Gawaine,
And amend thee of thy life:
For there is a knight amongſt us all,
Muſt marry her to his wife.

What marry this foule queane, quoth Kay,
I'the devil's name anone;
Get mee a wife wherever I maye,
In ſooth ſhe ſhall bee none.

Then ſome tooke op their hawkes in haſte,
And ſome took up their houndes;
And ſayd they wolde not marry her,
For cities, nor for townes.

Then beſpake him king Arthure,
And ſware there by thys daye;
For a little foule ſighte and miſlikinge,
Yee ſhall not ſay her naye.

Peace, lordings, peace; ſir Gawaine ſayd,
Nor make debate and ſtrife;
This lothlye ladye I will take,
And marry her to my wife.

Nowe thankes, nów thankes, good ſir Gawaine.
And a bleſſinge be thy meede!
For as I am thine owne ladyè,
Thou never ſhalt rue this deede.

Then

Then up they took that lothly dame,
And home anone they bringe:
And there ſir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done awaye;
Come turne to me, mine owne wed-lord
Come turne to mee I praye.

Sir Gawaine ſcant could lift his head,
For ſorrowe and for care;
When, lo! inſtead of that lothelye dame,
Hee ſawe a young ladye faire.

Sweet bluſhes ſtayn'd her rud-red cheeke,
Her eyen were blacke as ſloe:
The ripening cherrye ſwellde her lippe,
And all her necke was ſnowe.

Sir Gawaine kiſs'd that lady faire,
Lying upon the ſheete:
And ſwore, as he was a true knighte,
The ſpice was never ſoe ſweete.

Sir Gawaine kiſs'd that lady brighte,
Lying there by his ſide,
"The faireſt flower is not ſoe faire,
Thou never can'ſt bee my bride.

I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,
The ſame whiche thou didſt knowe,
That was ſoe lothlye, and was wont
Upon the wild more to goe.

Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuſe, quoth ſhee,
And make thy choice with care;
Whether by night, or elſe by daye
Shall I be foule or faire;

To have thee foule ſtill in the night,
When I with thee ſhould playe;
I had rather farre, my lady deare,
To have thee foule by daye.

What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes
To drinke the ale and wine;
Alas! then I muſt hide myſelf,
I muſt not goe with mine?

My faire ladyè, ſir Gawaine ſayd,
I yield me to thy kille;
Becauſe thou art mine owne ladyè
Thou ſhalt have all thy wille.

Nowe bleſſed bee thou, ſweete Gawàine,
And the daye that I thee ſee;
For as thou ſeeſt mee at this time,
See ſhall I ever bee.

My father was an aged knighte,
And yet it chanced ſoe;
He tooke to wife a falſe ladye,
Whiche broughte me to this woe.

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,
In the greene forèſt to dwelle;
And there to abide in lothlye ſhape,
Moſt like a fiend of helle.

Midſt mores and moſſes; woods, and wilds,
To lead a loneſome life:
Till ſome yong faire and courtlye knighte,
Wolde marrye me to his wife:

Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe ſhape,
Suche was her deviliſh ſkille;
Until he wolde yielde to be rul'd by mee,
And let mee have all my wille.

Shee witchd my brother to a carliſh boore,
And made him ſtiffe and ſtronge;
And built him a bowre on magicke grounde,
To live by rapine and wronge.

But now the ſpelle is broken throughe,
And wronge is turnde to righte;
Henceforth I ſhall bee a faire ladyè,
And hee be a gentle ſknighte. ***

III.

KING RYENCE's CHALLENGE.

This ſong is more modern than many of thoſe which follow it, but is placed here for the ſake of the ſubject. It was ſung before queene Elizabeth a the grand entertainment at Kenelworth-caſtle *in* 1575, *and was probably compoſed for that occaſion. In a letter deſcribing thoſe feſtivities, it is thus mentioned;* "*A minſtral came forth with a ſollem ſong,* "*warranted for ſtory out of K. Arthur's acts, whereof I gat* "*a copy, and is this;*

So it fell out on a Pentecoſt &c. „

After

After the ſong the narrative proceeds: "*At this the min-*
"*ſtrell made a pauze and a curtezy for* primus paſſus.
"*More of the ſong is thear, but I gatt it not.*"

The ſtory in Morthe Arthur, *whence it is taken, runs as follows,* "*Came a meſſenger haſtely from king Ryence of*
"*North-Wales, — ſaying, that king Ryence had diſcomfi-*
"*ted and overcomen eleaven kings, and everiche of them*
"*did him homage, and that was this; they gave him their*
"*beardscleane flayne off. — wherefore the meſſenger came*
"*for king Arthur's beard, for king Ryence had purfeled a*
"*mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one place*
"*of the mantell, wherefore he ſent for his beard, or elſe*
"*he would enter into his lands, and brenn and ſlay, and*
"*never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well,*
"*ſaid king Arthur, thou haſt ſaid thy meſſage, which is*
"*the moſt villainous and lewdeſt meſſage that ever man*
"*heard ſent to a king. Alſo thou mayeſt ſee my beard is full*
"*young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king*
"*that — or it be long he ſhall do to me homage on both*
"*his knees, or elſe he ſhall leeſe his head.*" [B. 1. c. 24. *See alſo the ſame Romance,* B. 1. c. 92.]

The thought ſeems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's hiſt. B. 10. c. 3. *which is alluded to by* Drayton *in his* Poly. Olb. Song. 4. *and by* Spenſer *in* Faer. Qu. 6. 1. 13, 15. *See the* Obſervations on Spenſer.

The following text is compoſed of the beſt readings ſelected from three different copies. The firſt in Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans, p. 197. *The ſecond in the* Letter *abovementioned. And the third inſerted in MS. in a copy of* Morte Arthur, 1632, *in the* Bodl. Library.

"*N. B.* Stow *tells us, that king Arthur kept his round* "*table at* "*diverſe places, but eſpecially at* Carlion, Win- "cheſter, *and* Camalet *in* Somerſetſhire. *This* Camelet "*ſometimes a famous towne or caſtle, is ſituate on a very* "[*high*] *tor or hill, &c.*„ [*See an exact deſcription in* "Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631. *p.* 55.]

AS it fell out on a Pentecoſt day,
King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,
With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay;
And many bold barons ſitting in hall;
With ladies attired in purple and pall;
And heraults in hewkes, hooting on high,
Cryed, *Largez, Largez, Chevaliers tres-hardie.*

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermoſt deas
Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee,
With ſteven fulle ſtoute amids all the preas,
Sayd, Nowe ſir king Arthur, God ſave thee, and ſee!
Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well thee,
And bids thee thy beard anon to him ſend,
O elſe from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of ſtate is a rich ſcarlet mantle,
With eleven kings beards bordered * about,
And there is room lefte yet in kantle,
For thine to ſtande, to make the twelfth out:
This muſt be done, be thou never ſo ſtout;
This muſt be done, I tell thee no fable,
Maugre the teethe of all thy round table.

When

* *Perhaps* 'broidered: *ſo* "*purfelled*„ *ſignifies.*

When this mortal meſſage from his mouthe paſt,
Great was the noyſe bothe in hall and in bower:
The king fum'd; the queene ſcreecht; ladies were aghaſt;
Princes puffd; barons bluſtred; lords began lower;
Knights ſtormed; ſquires ſtartled, like ſteeds in a ſtower;
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,
Then in came ſir Kay, the 'king's' ſeneſchal.

Silence, my ſoveraignes, quoth this courteous knight,
And in that ſtound the ſtowre began ſtill:
'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight,
Of wine and waſſel he had his wille;
And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
And hundred pieces of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarf for his meſſage bold.

But ſay to ſir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,
That for his bold meſſage I him defye;
And ſhortlye with baſins and pans will him ring
Out of North-gales, where he and I
With ſwords, and not raſors, quickly ſhall trye,
Whether he, or king Arthur will prove the beſt barbor.
And therewith he ſhook his good ſword Excalàbor.

IV.

KING ARTHUR's DEATH.

A FRAGMENT

The ſubject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance Morthe Arthur, *but with ſome variations, eſpecially in the concluding ſtanzas; in which the author ſeems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welſh Bards, who*

" *believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveied* " *awaie by the Fairies into ſome pleaſant place, where he* " *ſhould remaine for a time, and then returne againe and* " *reign in as great authority as ever.*„ [Holingſhed. B. 5. c. 14.] *or as it is expreſſed in an old Chronicle printed at* Antwerp. 1493 [*by* Ger. de Leew,] " *The Bretons ſup-* " *poſen, that he* [*K. Arthur*] — *ſhall come yet and con-* " *quere all Bretaigne, for certes this is the prophicye of* " *Merlyn: He ſayd, that his deth ſhall be doubteous; and* " *ſayd ſoth, for men therof yet have doubte, and ſhullen for* " *ever more, — for men wyt not whether that he lyveth* " *or is dede.*„ *See more ancient teſtimonies in* Selden's *Notes on* Polyolbion, *Song III.*

N. B. *This ballad, which is taken from the Editor's MS. will receive illuſtration from that which immediately follows it.*

ON Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,
This ſore battayle was doom'd to bee;
Where manye a knighte cry'd, Well-awaye!
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the firſt crowinge of the cocke,
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte ſir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him theſe wordes did ſaye.

Nowe as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life; this daye
O meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

For

For ſir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knighte:
Who will within this moneth be backe,
And will aſſiſte yee in the fighte.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye;
And tolde them howe ſir Gawaine came,
And there to him theſe wordes did ſaye.

His nobles all this counſayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, hee
Shold ſend awaye an herauld at armes,
To aſke a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes king Arthure choſe,
The beſt of all that with him were:
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoſte,
In readineſſe there for to bee:
But noe man ſholde noe weapon ſturre,
Unleſſe a ſword drawne they ſhold ſee.

And Mordred on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewiſe bringe;
The beſte of all his companye,
To hold the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alſoe charged his hoſte,
In readineſſe there for to bee;
But noe man ſholde noe weapon ſturre,
But if a ſworde drawne they ſhold ſee.

For he durſte not his unkle truſte,
Nor he his nephewe, ſothe to tell:
Alacke! it was a woefulle caſe,
As ere in Chriſtentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte;
And a month's league betweene them ſette,
Before the battayle ſholde be foughte.

An addere crept forth of a buſhe,
Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee:
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Chriſtentie.

When the knighte found him wounded ſore,
And ſawe the wild-worme hanginge there;
His ſworde he from his ſcabberde drewe:
A piteous caſe as ye ſhall heare.

For when the two hoſtes ſawe the ſworde,
They joyned battaile inſtantlye;
Till of ſoe manye noble knightes,
On one ſide there were lefte but three.

For all were ſlain that durſt abide,
And but ſome fewe that fled awaye:
Ay mee! it was a bloodye fielde,
As ere was foughte on ſummer's daye.

Upon king Arthur's owne partyè,
Onlye himſelfe eſcaped there,
And Lukyn duke of Gloſter free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes,
All dead and ſcattered on the molde;
The teares faſt trickled downe his face;
That manlye face in fight ſo bolde.

Nowe reſte yee all, brave knights, he ſaid,
Soe true and faithful to your truſt:
And muſt yee then, ye valiant hearts,
Be lefte to moulder into duſt!

Moſt loyal have yee been to mee,
Moſt true and faithful unto deathe:
And, oh! to rayſe yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe?

But ſee the traitor's yet alive,
Lo where hee ſtalkes among the deade!
Nowe bitterlye he ſhall abye:
And vengence fall upon his head.

O ſtaye, my liege, then ſayd the duke;
O ſtay for love and charitie;
Remember what the viſion ſpake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

O, ſtaye mee not, thou worthye wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe:
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.

Then ſtraite he graſp'd his truſtye ſpeare,
And on his horſe then mounted hee:
As his butler holpe him to his horſe,
His bowels guſhed to his knee.

Alas! then ſayd the noble king,
That I ſhould live this ſight to ſee!
To ſee this good knight here be ſlaine,
All for his love in helping mee!

He put his ſpeare into his reſte;
And to ſir Mordred loud gan crye:
Nowe ſette thyſelf upon thy guarde,
For traitor nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his ſworde,
And fierce to meet the king ran hee:
The king his ſpeare he through him thruſt;
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordered felt the ſtroke of death,
And found that he was wounded ſoe;
He thruſte himſelfe upon the ſpeare,
And ſtrucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed ſir Mordered,
Preſentlye upon that tree:
And bloody ſtreames ranne from the kinge,
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus beſpake,
Sir knighte thou haſt beene faithfulle tryde,
Nowe take my ſword Excalibar,
That hangs ſo freelye by my ſide.

O take my ſword Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe:
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All uſe of weapons I foregoe.

And fare the well, thou truſtye ſword,
A better neer had valiant knighte,
With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,
Have I withſtood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reapd thee bloody feelde:
But nowe the fatalle houre is come.
That never more I may thee weelde.

The duke then to the river went,
And there his owne ſword in threwe hee:
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitee.

For all of coleyne was the blade;
And all the hilte of precious ſtone:
And ever alacke! then ſayd the knighte,
Muſt ſuche a ſword awaye be throwne!

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
Who ſayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee ſee?
Nothing, my liege, ſave that the winde
Blewe oer the waters faire and free.

O goe againe, then ſayd the kinge,
O good ſir Lukyn, goe againe:
Into te rivere throwe my ſword,
Nor keepe me lingeringe here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings ſcabberd in threwe hee;
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who ſayde, Sir Lukyn ſawe ye oughte?
Nothinge, my liege, ſave that the winde
Nowe with the angrye waters fought.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, ſayd the kinge,
Twice haſte thou dealt deceytfullye:
Alacke, whom may wee ever truſte,
When ſuche a knighte ſoe falſe can bee?

Saye, wouldſt thou have thy maſter dead;
All for a ſword, that wins thine eye:
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the tone of us ſhall dye.

The duke, all ſhent with this rebuke,
No aunſwere made unto the kinge:
But to the rivere tooke the ſworde,
And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the ſworde,
And flouriſhd three times in the air;
Then ſunke benethe the renninge ſtreme,
And of the duke was ſeene noe mair.

All ſore aſtonied ſtood the duke;
He ſtood as ſtill, as ſtill mote bee:
Then haſtend backe to telle the kinge;
But he was gone from benethe the tree.

Unto what place he colde not telle,
For never after he did him ſpye:

But

Ver. 178. ſee *MS.*

But hee ſawe a barge goe from the lande,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye. *

And whether the kinge were there, or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde:
For from that ſad and direfulle daye,
Hee never more was ſeene on molde.

***

* *Not unlike that paſſage in* VIRGIL.

Summoque ululârunt vertice nymphæ.

Ladies *was the word our old Engliſh writers uſed for* Nymphs: *As in the following lines of an old ſong in the Editor's MS. collection.*

" *When ſcorching Phœbus he did mount,*
" *Then Lady Venus went to hunt:*
" *To whom Diana did reſort,*
" *With all the Ladyes of hills, and valleys,*
" *Of ſprings, and floodes, &c.*

V.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

We have here a ſhort ſummary of K. Arthur's Hiſtory as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old chronicles, with the addition of a few circumſtances from the romance Morte Arthur. — *The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew, (quoted above in p.* 26.) *ſeems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have reſtored ſome of the names which were corrupted in the MS. and have tranſpoſed one ſtanza, which appeared to be miſplaced.* [viz. *that beginning at v.* 49. *which in the MS. followed v.* 36.]

Printed from the Editor's ancient manuſcript

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittaine borne,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Chriſtendome, and Heathyneſſe
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jeſus Chriſt I doe beleeve;
I am a chriſtyan bore:
The Father, Sone, and Holy Goſt
One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere
Ore Brittaine I did rayne,
After my ſavior Chriſt his byrth:
What time I did maintaine

The

Ver. 1. Bruite his. *MS.*

Ver. 8. *He began his reign A. D.* 515, *according to the Chronicles.*

The fellowſhipp of the table round,
Soe famous in thoſe dayes;
Whereatt a hundred noble knights,
And thirty ſate alwayes:

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
As bookes done yett record,
Amongſt all other nations
Wer feared through the world.

And in the caſtle off Tyntagill
King Uther mee begate
Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,
And come of his eſtate.

And when I was fifteen yeeres old,
Then was I crowned kinge:
All Brittaine that was att an uproàre,
I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme,
Who had oppreſt this land;
All Scottland then throughe manly feates
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, 'and' Norwaye,
Theſe countryes wan I all;
Iſeland, Gotheland, and Swetheland;
I made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
That now is called France:

And

Ver. 24. *She is named* Igerna *in the old Chronicles.*

And I ſlew the hardye Froll in feild
My honor to advance.

And the ugly gyant Dynabus
Soe terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of armes I ſlew:

And Lucyus the emperour of Rome
I brought to deadly wracke;
And a thouſand more of noble knightes
For feare did turne their backe:

Five kinges of paynims I did kill
Amidſt that bloody ſtrife;
Beſides the Roman emperour
Who alſoe loſt his life.

Whoſe carcaſſe I did ſend to Rome
Cladd poorlye on a beere;
And afterward I paſt mount Joye
The next approching yeere.

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett
Right as a conquerour,
And by all the cardinalls ſolempnelye
I was crowned an emperour.

One winter there I made abode:
Then word to mee was brought

Howe

Ver. 39. Froland field *MS. Froll according to the Chronicles was a Roman knight governor of Gaul.*

Ver. 49. of Pavye, *MS.* *Ver.* 51. Grecian. *MS.*

Howe Mordred had oppreſst the crowne:
What treaſon he had wrought,

At home in Brittaine with my queene;
Therefore I came with ſpeede
To Brittaine backe with all my power
To quitt that traiterous deede:

And ſoone at Sandwiche I arrivde,
Where Mordred me withſtoode:
But yett at laſt I landed there,
With effuſion of much blood.

For there my nephew ſir Gawaine dyed,
Being wounded in that ſore,
The whiche ſir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Thence chaſed I Mordered away,
Who fledd to London ryght,
From London to Wincheſter, and
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

And ſtill I him purſued with ſpeede
Till at the laſt we mett:
Wherby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreede and ſett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thouſand men
Scarce one was left a live.

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Brittaine tooke their end.

O ſee how fickle is their ſtate
That doe on fates depend!

There all the traiterous men were ſlaine
Not one eſcapte away;
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes.
Alas! that woefull day!

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne
In honor and great fame;
And thus by death was ſuddenlye
Deprived of the ſame.

VI.

A DYTTIE TO HEY DOWNE.

Copied from an old MS. in the Cotton Library, [*Veſp. A.* 25.] *intitled*, "*Divers things of Hen. viij's time.*"

WHO ſekes to tame the bluſtering winde,
Or cauſse the floods bend to his wyll,
Or els againſt dame natures kinde
To 'change' things frame by cunning ſkyll:
That man I thinke beſtoweth paine,
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who ſtrives to breake the ſturdye ſteele,
Or goeth about to ſtaye the ſunne;
Who thinks to cauſse an oke to reele,
Which never can by force be done:

That

Ver. 92. Feates. *MS.*
Ver. 4. cauſſe *MS.*

That man likewiſe beſtoweth paine,
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who thinks to ſtryve againſt the ſtreame,
And for to ſayle without a maſte;
Unleſse he thinks perhapps to faine,
His travell ys forelorne and waſte;
And ſo in cure of all his paine,
His travell ys his cheffeſt gaine.

So he lykewiſe, that goes about
To pleaſe eche eye and every eare,
Had nede to have withouten doubt
A golden gyft with hym to beare;
For evyll report ſhall be his gaine,
Though he beſtowe both toyle and paine.

God grant eche man one to amend;
God ſend us all a happy place;
And let us pray unto the end,
That we may have our princes grace:
Amen, amen! ſo ſhall we gaine
A dewe reward for all our paine.

VII.

GLASGERION.

Printed from the Editor's MS. collection.

GLaſgerion was a kinges owne ſonne,
And a harper he was goode:
He harped in the kinges chambere,
Where cuppe and caudle ſtoode.

And ſoe did he in the queenes chambere,
Till ladyes waxed glad.
And then beſpake the kinges daughter;
Theſe were the wordes ſhe ſayd.

Strike on, ſtrike on, Glaſgèrion,
Of thy ſtriking doe not blinne:
Theres never a ſtroke comes oer thy harpe,
But it glads my harte withinne.

Faire might he fall, ladye, quoth hee,
Who taught you nowe to ſpeake!
I have loved you, ladye, ſeven longe yeare
My minde I never durſt breake.

But come to my bower, my Glaſgeriòn,
When all men are att reſt:
As I am a ladye true of my promiſe,
Thou ſhalt bee a welcome gueſt.

Home then came Glaſgèrion,
A glad man, lord! was hee.
And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy;
Come hither unto mee.

For the kinges daughter of Normandye
Hath granted mee my boone:
And att her chambere muſt I bee
Beffore the cocke have crowen.

O maſter, maſter, then quoth hee,
Lay your head heere on this ſtone:

For

Ver. 6. wood. *MS.* *Ver.* 16. harte. *MS.*

For I will waken you, maſter deare,
A fore it be time to gone.

But up then roſe that lither ladd,
And hoſe and ſhoone did on:
A coller he caſt upon his necke,
He ſeemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladyes chambere,
He thrilled upon a pinn.
The lady was true of her promiſe,
And roſe and lett him in.

He did not take the lady gaye
To boulſter nor to bed:
'Nor thoughe hee had his wicked wille,
'A ſingle word he ſed.

He did not kiſſe that ladyes mouthe,
Nor when he came, nor yode:
And fore that ladye diu miſtruſt
He was of ſome churls blode.

But home then came that lither ladd,
And did off his hoſe and ſhoone;
And caſt the coller from off his necke:
He was but a churlès ſonne.

Awake, awake, my deere maſter,
The cock hath well-nigh crowen.
Awake, awake, my maſter deere,
I hold it time to be gone.

For I have ſaddled your horſe, maſtèr,
Well bridled I have your ſteede:

And I have ſerved you a good breakfaſt:
For thereof ye have need.

Up then roſe, good Glaſgeriòn,
And did on hoſe and ſhoone;
And caſt a coller about his necke:
For he was a kinge his ſonne.

And when he came to the ladyes chambere,
He thrilled upon the pinne:
The ladye was more than true of promiſe,
And roſe and let him inn.

O whether have you left with me
Your bracelet or your glove?
Or are you returned backe againe
To know more of my love?

Glaſgèrion ſwore a full great othe,
By oake, and aſhe, and thorne;
Ladye, I was never in your chambère,
Sith the time that I was borne.

O then is was your lither foot-page,
He hath beguiled mee.
Then ſhee pulled forth a little pen-knìffe,
That hanged by her knee.

Sayes, there ſhall never noe churlès blood
Within my bodye ſpring:
No churlès blood ſhall eer defile
The daughter of a kinge.

Ver. 77. little. *MS.*

Home then went Glaſgèrion,
And woe, good lord, was hee.
Sayes, come thou hither, Jacke my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

If I had killed a man to night,
Jacke, I would tell it thee:
But if I have not killed a man to night
Jacke, thou haſt killed three.

And he pulled out his bright browne ſworde
And dryed it on his ſleeve,
And he ſmote off that lither ladds head,
Who did his ladye grieve.

He ſett the ſwords poynt till his breſt,
The pummil untill a ſtone:
Throw the falſeneſſe of that lither ladd,
Theſe three lives all were gone.

*

VIII.

OLD SIR ROBIN OF PORTINGALE.

From an ancient copy in the Editor's MS. collection.

LET never again ſoe old a man
Marrye ſoe yonge a wife,
As did old 'ſir' Robin of Portingale;
Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

Ver. 100. werne all. *MS.*

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott,
He choſe her to his wife,
And thought with her to have lived in love,
But they fell to hate and ſtrife.

They ſcarce were in their wed-bed laid,
And ſcarce was hee aſleepe,
But upp ſhe roſe, and forth ſhee goes,
To the ſteward, and gan to weepe.

Sleepe you, wake you, faire ſir Gyles?
Or be you not withinn?
Sleepe you, wake you, faire ſir Gyles,
Ariſe and let me inn.

O, I am waking, ſweete, he ſaid,
Sweete ladye, what is your wille?
I have bethought me of a wyle
How my wed-lord weell ſpille.

Twenty-four good knights, ſhee ſayes,
That dwell about this towne,
Even twenty-four of my near cozèns,
Shall helpe to ding him downe.

All this beheard his litle footepage,
As he watered his maſters ſteed;
And for his maſters ſad perille
His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned, ſighed, and wept full ſore:
I ſweare by the holy roode

The

Ver. 19. unbethought. *MS.*

The teares he for his maſter wept
Were blent water and bloode.

All that beheard his deare maſtèr
As he ſtood at his garden pale:
Sayes, Ever alacke, my little foot-page,
What cauſes thee to wail?

Hath any one done to thee wronge
Any of thy fellowes here?
Or is any 'one' of thy good friends dead,
That thou ſhedſt manye a teare?

Or if it be my head bookes-man,
Aggrieved he ſhal bee:
For no man here within my howſe,
Shall doe wrong unto thee.

O, it is not your head bookes-man,
Nor none of his degree:
But 'on' to-morrow ere it be noone
All doomed to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head ſtewàrd,
And thank your gay ladèe.
If this be true, my litle foot page,
The heyre of my land thouſt bee.

If it be not true, my dear maſtèr,
No good death let me die.
If it bee not true, thou litle foot-page,
A dead corſe ſhalt thou lie.

Ver. 32. blend. *MS.* *Ver.* 47. or *MS.* *V.* 48. deemed. *MS.* *V.* 56. bee. *MS.*

O call now downe my faire ladye,
O call her downe to mee:
And tell my ladye gay how ſicke,
And like to die I bee.

Downe then came his ladye faire,
All clad in purple and pall:
The rings that were on her fingèrs,
Caſt light throughout the hall.

What is your will, my owne wed-lord?
What is your will with mee?
O ſee, my ladye deere, how ſicke,
And like to die I bee.

And thou be ſicke, my own wed-lord,
Soe ſore it grieveth mee:
But my five maydens and myſelfe
Will make the bedde for thee:

And at the waking of your firſt ſleepe,
We will a hot drinke make:
And at the waking of your firſt ſleepe,
Your ſorrowes we will ſlake.

He put a ſilk cote on his backe,
And mail of manye a fold:
And hee putt a ſteele cap on his head,
Was gilt with good red gold.

He layd a bright browne ſword by his ſide,
And another att his feete:
And twentye good knights he placed at hand,
To watch him in his ſleepe.

And about the middle time of the night,
Came twentye-four traitours inn:
Sir Giles he was the foremoſt man,
The leader of that ginn.

The old knight with his bright browne ſword,
Sir Gyles head ſoon did winn:
And ſcant of all thoſe twenty-foure,
Went out one quick agenn.

None ſave only a litle foot page,
Crept forth at a window of ſtone:
And he had two armes when he came in,
And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye
With torches burning bright:
She thought to have brought ſir Gyles a drinke,
Butt ſhe found her owne wedd knight.

The firſt thinge that ſhe ſtumbled on
It was ſir Gyles his foote:
Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is mee!
Here lyes my ſweete hart-roote.

The next thinge that ſhe ſtumbled on
It was ſir Gyles his heade:
Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is me!
Heere lyes my true love deade.

Hee cutt the pappes beſide her breſt,
And did her body ſpille;
He cutt the eares beſide her heade,
And bade her love her fille.

Up the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure put on her claiths,
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhe gaes
To ſpeir for the ſilly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cryd, wal-a-day,
For ſome of our geir will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that could be miſt,
She dancid her lane, cryd, praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg a leal poor man.

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben,
The ſervant gaed where the dochter lay,
The ſheets was cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife can ſay,
Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haſt ze find theſe traitors agen;
For ſhees be burnt, and hees be ſlein,
The wearyfou gaberlunzie man.
Some rade upo horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could ſhe ſit,
But ay did curſe and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
Fou ſnug in a glen, where nane could ſee,
The twa, with kindlie ſport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheeſe a whang.
The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo ſhe, to leave thee, I will be laith,
My winſome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou,
Illfardly wad ſhe crook her mou,
Sic a poor man ſheld nevir trow,
Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.
My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge;
And hae na learnt the beggars tonge,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,
And ſpindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed
To carrie the gaberlunzie—o.
Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout owre my ee,
A criple or blind they will cau mee:
While we ſall 'ſing and be merrie—o.'

Ver. 80. be merrie and ſing. *Common editions.*

X.

CHILD WATERS.

CHILD *is frequently uſed by our old writers, as a Title. It is repeatedly given to Prince* Arthur *in the Fairie Queen: and the ſon of a king is in the ſame poem called* Child Triſtam. [*B.* 5. *c.* 11. *ſt.* 8. 13. — *B.* 6. *c.* 2. *ſt.* 36. — *Ibid. c.* 8. *ſt.* 15.] *In an old ballad quoted in Shakeſpeare's K. Lear, the hero of Arioſto is called* Child Roland. *Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes this uſe of the word received along with their Romances from the Spaniards, with whom* Infante *ſignifies* a Prince. *Another critic tells us, that "in the old ti-* "*mes of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for* "*knighthood, during the time of their probation were called* "Infans, Varlets, Damoyſels, Bacheliers. *The moſt no-* "*ble of the youth were particularly called* Infans." *A late commentator on Spenſer obſerves, that the Saxon word* cnihr *knight, ſignifies alſo* a Child. [*See Uptone's gloſs to the F. Q.*]

The Editor's MS. collection, whence the following piece is taken, affords ſeveral other ballads, wherein the word Child *occurs as a title: but in none of theſe it ſignifies* "*Prince.*" *See the ſong intitled* Gil Morrice, *in this volume.*

CHilde Waters in his ſtable ſtoode
And ſtroakt his milke-white ſteede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Chriſt you ſave, good Childe Waters;
Sayes, Chriſt you ſave, and ſee:
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too ſhort for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele ſturre at my ſide:
My gowne of greene it is too ſtraighte;
Before, it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he ſayd,
Be mine as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he ſayd,
Be mine, as you doe ſweare;
Then take you Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
And make that childe your heyre.

Shee ſayes, I had rather have one kiſſe,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde have Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
That lye by north and ſouthe.

And I had rather have one twinklinge,
Childe Waters of thine ee:
Then I wolde have Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To morrowe, Ellen, I muſt forth ryde
Farr into the north countree;
The fayreſt ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, muſt goe with mee.

'Thoughe I am not that lady fayre,
'Yet let me go with thee':
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee,

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellèn,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you muſt cut your gowne of greene,
An inch above your knee:

Soe muſt you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee:
You muſt tell no man what is my name;
My footpage then you ſhall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his ſyde;
Yet was he never ſoe courteous a-knighte,
To ſay, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;
Yet was hee never ſoe courteous a knighte,
To ſay, put on your ſhoone.

Ride ſoftlye, ſhee ſayd, O Childe Waters,
Why doe you ryde ſo faſt?
The childe, which is no mans but thine,
My bodye itt will braſt.

Hee ſayth, ſeeſt thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme. —
I truſt in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will ſee me ſwimme.

But when ſhee came to the water ſyde,
Shee ſayled to the chinne:
Nowe the Lord of heaven be my ſpeede,
For I muſt learne to ſwimme.

The ſalt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To ſee faire Ellen ſwimme.

And when ſhee over the water was
Shee then came to his knee.
Hee ſayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellèn,
Loe yonder what I ſee.

Seeſt thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
Of red gold ſhines the yate:
Of twenty foure faire ladies there
The faireſt is my mate.

Seeſt thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
Of red golde ſhines the towre,
There are twenty four fayre ladyes there,
The fayreſt is my paramoure.

I ſee the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of redd golde ſhines the yate:
God give you good now of yourſelfe,
And of your worthye mate.

I ſee the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red golde ſhines the towre:
God give you good now of yourſelfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
A playing at the ball:

Ver. 84. worldlye. *MS.*

And Ellen the fayreſt ladye there,
Muſt bring his ſteed to the ſtall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were,
A playinge at the cheſſe;
And Ellen the fayreſt ladye there,
Muſt bring his horſe to graſſe.

And then beſpake Childe Waters ſiſter,
Theſe were the wordes ſayd ſhee:
You have the prettyeſt page, brothèr,
That ever I did ſee.

But that his bellye it is ſoe bigge,
His girdle ſtands ſoe hye:
And ever I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot page,
That has run throughe moſſe and myre,
To lye iu the chamber of any ladye,
That weares ſoe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot page,
That has run throughe moſſe and myre,
To take his ſupper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre.

Now when they had ſupped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He ſayd, come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I ſaye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And lowe into the ſtreete;

The

The fayreſt ladye that thou canſt fiude,
Hyre in mine armes to ſleepe,
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For ſiling * of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the ſtreete:
The fayreſt ladye that ſhee colde finde,
She hyred in his armes to ſleepe;
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
For ſiling of her feete.

I praye you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,
Let mee lye at your feete:
For there is noe place about this houſe,
Where I may ſaye a ſleepe.

'He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
'Down at his beds feet laye:
This done the nighte drove on apace,
And wehen it was neare the daye,

Hee ſayd, Riſe up, my little foot-page,
Give my ſteede corne and haye;
And give him nowe the good black oats,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then roſe the fayre Ellèn
And gave his ſteede corne and haye:
And ſoe ſhee did the good black oates,
To carry him the better awaye.

* *i. e. defiling.*
Ver. 132. *i. e. eſſay attempt.*

She leaned her back to the manger ſide,
And grievouſlye did groane;
Shee leaned her back to the manger ſide,
And there ſhee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard 'her woefull woe.'
Shee ſayd, Riſe up, thou Childe Watèrs,
And into thy ſtable goe.

For in thy ſtable is a ghoſt,
That grievouſlye doth grone:
Or elſe ſome woman laboures with childe,
Shee is ſo woe-begone.

Up then roſe Childe Waters ſoone,
And did on his ſhirte of ſilke;
And then he put on his othere clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the ſtable dore,
Full ſtill there hee did ſtand,
That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn,
Howe ſhee made her monànd.

Shee ſayd, Lullabye, mine own dear childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, deare:
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mothere layd on a biere.

Peace nowe, hee ſayd, good faire Ellèn,
Bee of good cheere, I praye;
And the bridall and the churchinge bothe
Shall bee upon one daye.

Ver. 164. *i. e. mouning, bemoaning, &c.*

XI.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

From a ſmall quarto MS. in the editor's poſſeſſion, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth: It's author unknown.

IN the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troope of damſelles playing
Forthe 'I yode' forſooth a maying:

When anon by a wood ſide,
Where that Maye was in his pride,
I eſpied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Muche adoe there was, god wot:
He wold love, and ſhe wold not.
She ſayde, never man was trewe:
He ſayes, never falſe to you.

He ſayde, hee had lovde her longe:
She ſayes, love cold have no wronge.
Corydon wold kiſſe her then:
She ſayes, maydes muſt kiſſe no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all:
When ſhe made the ſhepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never livde a truer youthe.

Ver. 4. the wode. *MS.*

Then with manie a prettie othe,
Yea and nay, and, faith and trothe;
Suche as ſeelie ſhepperdes uſe
When they doe not love abuſe,

Love that had bene long deluded,
Was with kiſſes ſweete concluded;
And the mayde with garlands gaye
'Crownde' the lady of the Maye.

XII.

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

This ballad is ancient, and has been popular: we find it quoted in many old plays. See Beaum. and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Peſtle. 4to. 1613. *Act.* 5. *The Varietie, a comedy,* 12mo. 1649. *Act* 4. *&c. In Sir William Davenant's play, The Witts, A.* 3, *a gallant thus boaſts of himſelf,*

" *Limber and ſound! beſides I ſing Muſgrave,*
" *And for Chevy-chace no lark comes near me.*

In the Pepys Collection is an imitation of this old ſong, in a different meaſure, by a more mode rupen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worſe.

This is given from an old printed copy corrected in part by the Editor's folio manuſcript.

AS it fell out on a highe holye daye,
As many bee in the yeare,
When yong men and maides together do goe
Their maſſes and mattins to heare,

Little

Ver. 28. Was the. *MS.*

Little Muſgràve came to the church door,
The prieſt was at the maſs,
But he had more mind of the fine womèn
Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And ſome of them were clad in greene,
And others were clad in pall,
And then came in my lord Barnardes wife,
The faireſt among them all.

Shee caſt an eye on little Muſgràve,
As bright as the ſummer ſunne:
O then bethought him little Muſgràve,
This ladyes heart I have wonne.

Quoth ſhe, I have loved thee, little Muſgràve,
Fulle long and manye a daye.
So have I loved you, ladye faire,
Yet word I never durſt ſaye.

I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,
Full daintilye bedight,
If thoult wend thither, my little Muſgràve,
Thouſt lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire,
This kindneſs yee ſhew to mee;
And whether it be to my weale or woe.
This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a tiney foot-page,
By his ladyes coach as he ranne:
Quoth he, thoughe I am my ladyes page,
Yet Ime my lord Barnardes manne.

My lord Barnàrd ſhall knowe of this
Although I loſe a limbe.
And ever whereas the bridges were broke
He layd him downe to ſwimme.

Aſleep or awake, thou lord Barnàrd,
As thou art a man of life,
Lo! this ſame night at Bucklesford-Bury
Little Muſgraves abed with thy wife.

If it be trewe, thou tiney foot-page,
This tale thou haſt told to mee,
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury
I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou tiney foot-page,
This tale thou haſt told to mee,
On the higheſt tree in Bucklesford-Bury
All hanged ſhalt thou bee.

Riſe up, riſe up, my merry men all,
And ſaddle me my ſteede,
This night muſt I to Bucklesford-Bury;
God wott, I had never more neede.

Then ſome they whiſtled, and ſome they ſang,
And ſome did loudlye ſaye,
Whenever lord Barnardes horne it blewe
Awaye, Muſgràve, awaye.

Methinkes I hear the troſtle cocke,
Methinkes I heare the jaye,
Methinkes I heare lord Barnardes horne,
I would I were awaye.

Lye ſtill, lye ſtill, thou little Muſgràve,
And huggle me from the cold,
For it is but ſome ſhephardes boye
A whiſtling his ſheepe to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche,
Thy horſe eating corne and haye?
And thou a gaye ladye within thine armes:
And wouldſt thou be awaye?

With that lord Barnard came to the dore,
And lighted upon a ſtone;
And he pulled out three ſilver keyes,
And opened the dores eche one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
He lifted up the ſheete;
How now, how now, thou little Muſgràve,
Doſt find my gaye ladye ſweete?

I find her ſweete, quoth little Muſgràve,
The more is my griefe and paine;
Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes
That I were on yonder plaine.

Ariſe, ariſe, thou little Muſgràve,
And put thy cloathes nowe on,
It ſhall never be ſaid in my countree,
That I killed a naked man.

I have two ſwordes in one ſcabbàrde,
Full deare they coſt my purſe;
And thou ſhalt have the beſt of them,
And I will have the worſe.

The firſt ſtroke that little Muſgrave ſtrucke,
He hurt lord Barnard ſore;
The next ſtroke that lord Barnard ſtrucke,
Little Muſgrave never ſtrucke more.

With that beſpake the ladye faire,
In bed whereas ſhe laye,
Althoughe thou art dead, my little Muſgràve,
Yet for thee I will praye:

And wiſhe well to thy ſoule will I,
So long as I have life;
So will I not do for thee, Barnàrd,
Thoughe I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her pappes from off her breſt;
Great pitye it was to ſee
Some drops of this faire ladyes bloode
Run trickling downe her knee.

Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrye men all,
You never were borne for my goode:
Why did you not offer to ſtay my hande,
When you ſee me wax ſo woode?

For I have ſlaine the faireſt ſir knighte,
That ever rode on a ſteede;
So have I done the faireſt lady`e,
That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, grave, lord Barnard cryde,
To putt theſe lovers in,
But lay my ladye o' the upper hande,
For ſhee comes o' the better kin.

XIII.

THE EW-BUGHTS MARION.

A Scottish Song.

This ſonnet is ſaid to be of great antiquity: that and it's ſimplicity of ſentiment have recommended it to a place here.

WILL ze gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the ſheip wi' mee?
The ſun ſhines ſweit, my Marion,
But nae half ſae ſweit as thee.
O Marions a bonnie laſs;
And the blyth blinks in her ee:
And fain wad I marrie Marion,
Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

Theires gowd in zour garters, Marion;
And ſilk on zour white hauſs-bane.
Fou faine wad I kiſſe my Marion
At eene quhan I cum hame.
Theires braw lads in Earnſlaw, Marion,
Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee
At kirk, quhan they ſee my Marion,
Bot nane of tham lues like mee.

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawney quay:
Ile gie tham au to my Marion,
Juſt on her bridal day.

And zees get a grein ſey apron,
  And waiſtcote o' London broun;
And wow bot ze will be vaporing
  Quhaneer ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and ſtout, my Marion,
  Nane dance lik mee on the greine,
And gin ze forſak me, Marion,
  Iſe een gae draw up wi' Jeane.
Sae put on zour pearlins, Marion,
  And kirtle oth cramaſie;
And ſune as my chin has nae haire on,
  I ſall cum weſt, and ſee zee.

XIV.

THE KNIGHT AND SHEPHERD's DAUGHTER.

From an old printed copy in the Editor's poſſeſſion.

THERE was a ſhepherds daughter
  Came tripping on the waye,
And there by chance a knighte ſhee mett,
  Which cauſed her to ſtaye.

Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide,
  Theſe words pronounced hee:
O I ſhall dye this daye, he ſayd,
  If Ive not my wille of thee.

The Lord forbid, the maide replyde,
  That you ſhold waxe ſo wode!
'But for all that ſhee could do or ſaye,
  'He wold not be withſtood.

Sith

Sith you have had your will of mee,
And put me to open ſhame,
Now, if you are a courteous knighte,
Tell me what is your name?

Some do call mee Jacke, ſweet heart,
And ſome do call mee Jille;
But when I come to the kings faire courte
They call me Wilfulle Wille.

He ſett his foot into the ſtirrup,
And awaye then he did ride;
She tuckt her girdle about her middle
And ranne cloſe by his ſide.

But when ſhe came to the brode watèr,
She ſett her breſt and ſwamme,
And when ſhe was got out againe,
She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knighte,
To ſaye, faire maide, will you ride?
Nor ſhe was never ſo loving a maide
To ſaye, ſir knighte abide.

When ſhe came to the kings faire courte,
She knocked at the ring
So readye was the king himſelf
To let this faire maide in.

Now Chriſt you ſave, my gracious liege,
Now Chriſt you ſave and ſee,
You have a knighte within your courte
This daye hath robbed mee.

What hath he robbed thee of, ſweet heart?
Of purple or of pall?
Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring
From off thy finger ſmall?

He hath not robbed mee, my leige,
Of purple nor of pall:
But he hath gotten my maiden head,
Which grieves mee worſt of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,
His bodye Ile give to thee;
But if he be a married man,
High hanged hee ſhall bee.

He called downe his merrye men all,
By one, by two, by three;
Sir William uſed to bee the firſt,
But nowe the laſt came hee.

He brought her downe full fortye pounde,
Tyed up withinne a glove,
Faire maid, Ile give the ſame to thee,
And ſeeke thee another love.

O Ile have none of your gold, ſhe ſayde,
Nor Ile have none of your fee,
But your faire bodye I muſt have
The king hath granted mee.

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then
Five hundred pound in golde,
Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,
Thy fault will never be tolde.

Tis not the gold that ſhall mee tempt,
  Theſe words then anſwered ſhee,
But your own bodye I muſt have,
  The king hath granted mee.

Would I had dranke the water cleare,
  When I did drinke the wine,
Rather than any ſhepherds brat
  Shold bee a ladye of mine!

Would I had drank the puddle foule,
  When I did drink the ale,
Rather than ever a ſhepherds brat
  Shold tell me ſuch a tale!

A ſhepherds brat even as I was,
  You mote have let me bee,
I never had come to the kings faire courte,
  To crave any love of thee.

He ſett her on a milk-white ſteede,
  And himſelf upon a graye;
He hung a bugle about his necke,
  And ſoe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place,
  Where marriage-rites were done,
She proved herſelf a dukes daughtèr
  And he but a ſquires ſonne.

Now marrye me, or not, ſir knight,
  Your pleaſure ſhall be free:
If you make me ladye of one good towne,
  Ile make you lord of three.

Ah! curſed bee the gold, he ſayd,
If thou hadſt not been trewe,
I ſhold have forſaken my ſweet love,
And have changd her for a newe.

And now their hearts being linked faſt,
They joyned hand in hande:
Thus he had both purſe, and perſon too,
And all at his commande.

XV.

THE SHEPHERD's ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

From the ſmal MS. volume, mentioned above in page 66.

GOOD Muſe, rocke me aſlepe
With ſome ſweete harmony:
This wearie eyes is not to kepe
Thy wary company.

Sweete Love, begon a while,
Thou ſeeſt my heavines:
Beautie is borne but to beguyle
My harte of happines.

See howe my little flocke,
That lovde to feede on highe,
Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke,
And in the valley dye.

The buſhes and the trees,
That were ſo freſhe and greene,
Doe all their deintie colors leeſe,
And not a leafe is ſeene.

The blacke birde and the thruſhe,
That made the woodes to ringe,
With all the reſt, are now at huſhe,
And not a note do ſinge.

Swete Philomene, the birde
That hath the heavenly throte,
Doth nowe, alas! not once afforde
Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a froſt,
The herbs have loſte their ſavoure;
'For haples Corydon' hath loſt
'His lovelye Phyllis' favoure.

And therefore, my ſweete Muſe,
That knoweſt what helpe is beſt,
Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge uſe
To ſett my harte at reſt:

And in a dreame bewraie
What fate ſhal be my frende;
Whether my life ſhall ſtill decaye,
Or ſoone my ſorrowes ende.

XVI.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR.

From a ancient copy in black letter, in the Pepys colle-n, intitled, "A tragical ballad on the unfortunate love f lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the down-

" fall of the browne girl. „ — In the ſame collection may be ſeen an attempt to modernize this old ſong, and reduce it to a different meaſure. A proof of it's popularity.

LORD Thomas he was a bold forreſtèr,
And a chaſer of the kings deere;
Faire Ellinor was a fine womàn,
And lord Thomas he loved her deare.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he ſayd,
And riddle us both as one;
Whether I ſhall marrye with faire Ellinòr,
And let the browne girl alone?

The browne girl ſhe has got houſes and lands,
Faire Ellinor ſhe has got none,
And therefore I charge thee on my bleſsìng,
To bring me the browne girl home.

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,
As many there are beſide,
Lord Thomas he went to faire Ellinòr,
That ſhould have been his bride.

And when he came to faire Ellinors bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was ſo readye as faire Ellinòr,
To lett lord Thomas withinn.

What newes, what newes, lord Thomas, ſhe ſayd?
What newes doſt thou bring to mee?
I am come to bid thee to my weddìng,
And that is bad newes for thee.

O God forbid, lord Thomas, ſhe ſayd,
That ſuch a thing ſhould be done;
I thought to have been thy bride my ſelfe,
And thou to have been the bridegrome.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, ſhe ſayd,
And riddle it all in one;
Whether I ſhall goe to lord Thomas his wedding,
Or whether ſhall tarry at home?

There are manye that are your friendes, daughtèr,
And manye that are your foe,
Therefore I charge you on my bleſſing,
To lord Thomas his wedding don't goe.

There are manye that are my friendes, mothèr,
But if thouſands there were my foe,
Betide me life, betide me death,
To lord Thomas his wedding Ile goe.

She cloathed herſelf in gallant attire,
And her merrye men all in greene,
And as they rid through everye towne,
They took her to be ſome queene.

But when ſhe came to lord Thomas his gate,
She knocked there at the ring;
And who was ſo readye as lord Thomàs,
To lett faire Ellinor in.

Is this your bride, faire Ellinor ſayd?
Methinks ſhe looks wonderous browne,
Thou mighteſt have had as faire a womàn,
As ever trod on the grounde.

Deſpiſe her not, fair Ellin, he ſayd,
Deſpiſe her not unto mee;
For better I love thy little fingèr,
Than all her whole bodèe.

This browne bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and ſharpe,
And betwixt the ſhort ribs and the long,
She prickd faire Ellinor's harte.

O Chriſt thee ſave, lord Thomas hee ſaid,
Methinks thou lookſt wonderous wan;
Thou uſedſt to look with as freſh a colòur,
As ever the ſun ſhone on.

Oh, art thou blind, lord Thomas? ſhe ſayd,
Or canſt thou not very well ſee?
Oh! doſt thou not ſee my owne hearts bloode
Run trickling down my knee.

Lord Thomas he had a ſword by his ſide:
As he walked about the halle,
He cut off his brides head from her ſhouldèrs,
And threw it againſt the walle.

He' ſet the hilte againſt the grounde,
And the point againſt his harte.
There were never three lovers together did meete,
That ſooner againe did parte.

*** *The reader will find a Scottiſh ſong on a ſimilar ſubject to this, in vol. 2. pag. 293. — where for "former volume," read "following volume."*

XVII.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

This elegant little ſonnet is found in the third act of an old play intitled, "Alexander and Campaſpe,„ written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer in the time of queen Elizabeth. This play was firſt printed in 1591: *but the ſong is given from a later edition.*

CUPID and my Campaſpe playd
At cards for kiſſes; Cupid payd:
He ſtakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mothers doves, and teame of ſparrows,
Loſes them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lippe, the roſe
Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)
With theſe, the cryſtal of his browe,
And then the dimple of his chinne;
All theſe did my Campaſpe winne.
At laſt he ſet her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did riſe.
O Love! has ſhe done this to thee?
What ſhall, alas! become of mee?

XVIII.

THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN,

— is given from a written copy, containing ſome improvements, (perhaps modern ones) upon the old popular ballad, intitled, "The famous flower of Serving-men: or the Lady „ turned Serving-man.„

YOU beauteous ladyes, great and ſmall,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may underſtand
What I have ſuffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire,
An ancient barons only heire,
And when my good old father dyed,
Then I became a young knightes bride.

And there my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did ſee
Then my true-love did build for mee.

And there I livde a ladye gay,
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;
For there came foes ſo fierce a band,
That ſoon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,
And brent my bower, and ſlew my knight;
And tremling hid in mans array,
I ſcant with life eſcap'd away.

In the midſt of this extremitie,
My ſervants all did from me flee:
Thus was I left myſelf alone,
With heart more cold than any ſtone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not ſuffer me to diſpaire,
Wherefore in haſte I chang'd my name
From faire Eliſe, to ſweet Williame:

And

And therewithall I cut my haire,
Reſolv'd my mans attire to weare;
And in my beaver, hoſe and band,
I travell'd far through many a land.

At lenght all wearied with my toil,
I ſate me downe to reſt awhile;
My heart it was ſo fill'd with woe,
That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that ſame place
With all his lords a hunting was,
And ſeeing me weepe, upon the ſame
Aſkt who I was, and whence I came.

Then to his grace I did replye,
I am a poore and friendleſse boye,
Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee
A ſerving-man of lowe degree.

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd,
For thee a ſervice I'll provyde;
But tell me firſt what thou canſt do,
Thou ſhalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be uſher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Or wilt be taſter of my wine,
To 'tend on me when I ſhall dine?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,
About my perſon to remaine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
And I will give thee great reward?

Chuſe, gentle youth, ſaid he, thy place.
Then I reply'd, if it pleaſe your grace,
To ſhew ſuch favour unto mee,
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee.

The king then ſmilling gave conſent,
And ſtraitwaye to his court I went;
Where I behavde ſo faitfullie,
That bee great favour ſhowſt to mee.

Now marke what fortune did provide;
The king he would a hunting ride
With all his lords and noble traine,
Sweet William muſt at home remaine.

Thus being left alone behind,
My former ſtate came in my mind.
I wept to ſee my mans array,
No longer now a ladye gay.

And meeting with a ladyes veſt,
Within the ſame myſelf I dreſt
With ſilken robes, and jewels rare,
I deckt me as a ladye faire.

And taking up a lute ſtraitwaye,
Upon the ſame I ſtrove to play,
And ſweetly to the ſame did ſing,
As made both hall and chamber ring.

" My father was as brave a lord,
" As ever Europe did afford;
" My mother was a lady bright;
" My huſband was a valiant knight:

" And

" And I myſelf a ladye gay,
" Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;
" The happieſt lady in the land,
" Had not more pleaſure at command.

" I had my muſicke every day
" Harmonious leſſons for to play;
" I had my virgins fair and free,
" Continually to wait on mee.

" But now, alas! my huſband's dead,
" And all my friends are from me fled,
" My former days are paſt and gone,
" And I am now a ſerving-man."

And fetching many a tender ſigh,
As thinking no one then was nigh,
In penſive mood I laid me lowe,
My heart was full, the tears did flowe.

The king, who had a huntinge gone,
Grewe weary of his ſport anone,
And leaving all his gallant traine,
Turn'd on the ſudden home againe:

And when he reach'd his ſtatelye tower,
Hearing one ſing within his bower,
He ſtopt to liſten, and to ſee
Who ſung there ſo melodiouſlie.

Thus heard he everye word I ſed,
And ſawe the pearlye teares I ſhed,
And found to his amazement there,
Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then ſtepping in, Faire ladye, riſe,
And dry, ſaid he, thoſe lovelye eyes;
For I have heard thy mournful tale,
The which ſhall turne to thy availe.

A crimſon dye my face orefpred,
I bluſht for ſhame, and hung my head,
To find my ſex and ſtory knowne,
When as I thought I was alone.

But to be briefe, his royall grace
Grewe ſoe enamour'd of my face,
The richeſt gifts he proffered mee,
His miſtreſs if that I would bee.

Ah! no, my liege, I firmlye ſayd,
I'll rather in my grave be layd,
And though your grace hath won my heart,
I ne'er will act ſoe baſe a part.

Faire ladye, pardon me, ſayde hee,
Thy virtue ſhall rewarded bee,
And ſince it is ſoe fairly tryde
Thou ſhalt become my royal bride.

Then ſtrait to end his amorous ſtrife,
He tooke ſweet William to his wife:
The like before was never ſeene,
A ſerving-man became a queene.

XIX.

GIL MORRICE.

A Scottish Ballad.

The following piece has lately run thro' two editions in Scotland: the second printed at Glasgow in 1755. 8vo. *Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing* "*to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;* „ *And* "*any reader that can render it more correct or complete,* „ *is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places:* (*these are from ver.* 109. *to ver.* 121. *and from ver.* 124. *to ver.* 129.)

As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces: though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements: for in the Editor's ancient MS. collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad: wherein though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revisal.

N. B. The Editor's MS instead of "*lord Barnard*„, *has* "*John Stewart*„; *and instead of* "*Gil Morrice*„, CHILD MAURICE, *which last is probably the original title. See above p.* 58.

GIL Morrice was an erlès son,
His name it waxed wide:
It was nae for his great richès,
Nor zet his mickle pride;

Bot

Bot it was for a lady gay;
That livd on Carron ſide.

Quhair ſall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoſe and ſhoen;
That will gae to lord Barnards ha',
And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin errand Willie;
And ze may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horſe-back ze ſall ride.

O no! Oh no! my maſter dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to trieſt furth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie;
My dear Willie, he ſayd:
How can ze ſtrive againſt the ſtream?
For I ſhall be obeyd.

Bot, O my maſter dear! he cryd,
In grene wod ze're zour lain;
Gi owre ſic thochts, I walde ze rede,
For fear ze ſhould be tain.
Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' ſpeid:
If ze refuſe my heigh command,
Ill gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,
'Tis a' gowd but the hem;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain:

And

Ver. 11. *ſomething ſeems wanting here.*

And there it is, a ſilken ſarke,
Hir ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour coſt;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze ſall find froſt.
The baron he's a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt,
As ze will ſee before its nicht,
How ſma' ze hae to vaunt.

And ſen I maun zour errand rin
Sae ſair againſt my will,
I'ſe mak a vow and keip it trow,
It ſall be done for ill.
And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And quhen came to graſs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',
Would neither chap nor ca':
Bot ſet his bent bow to his breiſt,
And lichtly lap the wa'.
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he ſtude at the gait;
Bot ſtraiht into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were ſet at meit.

Hail! hail! my gentle ſire and dame!
My meſſage winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod
Before that it be late.

Ze'te

Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem:
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your ſel alane.

And there it is, a ſilken ſarke,
Your ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
Ze maun gae ſpeik to Gill Morìce;
Speir nae bauld barons leave.
The lady ſtamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' hir ee;
Bot a' that ſhe coud ſay or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its ſurely to my bowr-womàn;
It neir could be to me.
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady;
I trow that ze be ſhe.
Then up and ſpack the wylie nurſe,
(The bairn upon hir knee)
If it be cum frae Gill Morìce,
It's deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ye filthy nurſe,
Sae loud's I heire ze lee;
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady:
I trow ze be nae ſhee.
Then up and ſpack the bauld baròn,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee;
Till ſiller cup and ezar diſh
In flinders he gard flee.

Gae

Ver. 88. *Perhaps*, loud ſay I heire.

Gae bring a robe of zour clidìng,
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And ſpeik wi' zour lemmàn.
O bide at hame, now lord Barnàrd,
I warde ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane.

Gil Morice ſate in gude grene wode,
He whiſtled and he ſang:
O what mean a' the folk comìng,
My mother tarries lang.
His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae Minervas loome:
His lipps like roſes drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain ſnae
Gilt by the morning beam:
His cheeks like living roſes glow:
His een like azure ſtream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant ſpring:
And like the mavis on the buſh,
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care,
And there he firſt ſpied Gill Morìce
Kameing his zellow hair:
That ſweetly wavd around his face,
That face beyond compare:

He ſang ſae ſweet it might diſpel,
A' rage but fell diſpair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
My lady loed thee weel,
The faireſt part of my body`
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the leſs now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great bewty`,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born;
That head ſall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his truſty brand,
And ſlaited on the ſtrae;
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body`
He's gar cauld-iron gae.
And he has tain Gill Morice' head
And ſet it on a ſpeir:
The meaneſt man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
Laid him acroſs his ſteid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr
And laid him on a bed.
The lady ſat on caſtil wa',
Beheld baith dale and doun;
And there ſhe ſaw Gill Morice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Bot and that zellow hair,

Than

Ver. 128. *So Milton*,
Vernal delight and joy: able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair. B. iv. v. 15.

Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.
And ſhe has tain hir Gill Morice,
And kiſsd baith mouth and chin:
I was once as fow of Gill Morice,
As the hip is o' the ſtean.

I got ze in my father's houſe,
Wi' mickle ſin and ſhame;
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain:
Oft have I by thy cradle ſitten,
And fondly ſeen thee ſleip;
Bot now I gae about thy grave,
The ſaut tears for to weip.

And ſyne ſhe kiſsd his bluidy cheik,
And ſyne his bluidy chin:
O better I loe my Gill Morice
Than a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ze ill womàn,
And an il deith mait ze dee:
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour ſon,
He'd neir bin ſlain for mee.

Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
Obraid me not for ſhame!
Wi that ſaim ſpeir O pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gill Morice head
Thy jelous rage could quell.
Let that ſaim hand now tak hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be ſaft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy ſighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blood by me's bin ſpilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather lourd it had been my ſel
Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint;
Sair, ſair I rew the deid,
That eir this curſed hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears, my winſom dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze ſee his head upon the ſpeir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

I curſe the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' ſik ſpeid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were my ain;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was ſlain. *

* *The foregoing ballad is ſaid to have furniſhed the plot to the tragedy of* DOUGLAS.

It may be proper to mention that other copies read ver. 110. *thus*

"*Shot frae the golden ſun.*"

And ver. 116. *as follows*

"*His een like azure ſheene.*"

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

SERIES THE THIRD. BOOK II.

I.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY

— *contains a ſhort ſummary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old ſtory books; and is commonly intitled,* " *A pleaſant ſong of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight ſir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became a hermit,*

" *and dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile diſtant from* " *Warwick.* „

The hiſtory of ſir Guy, tho' now very properly reſigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taſte: for taſte and wit had once their childhood. Tho' of Engliſh growth, it was early a favourite with other nations: it appeared in French in 1525: *and is alluded to the old Spaniſh romance* Tirante el blanco, *which it is believed was written not long after the year* 1430. *See advertiſement to the French tranſlation,* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

The original whence all theſe ſtories is extracted is a very ancient romance in old Engliſh verſe, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time, (*viz.*

" *Men ſpeken of romances of price,*
" *Of Horne childe and Ippotis.*
" *Of Bevis, and ſir Guy, &c. R. of Thop.*

and was uſually ſung to the harp at Chriſtmas dinners and brideales, as we learn from Puttenham's art of poetry, &c. 1589.

This ancient romance is not wholly loſt. An imperfect copy in black letter, " *Imprynted at London — for Wyllyam* " *Copland.* „ *in* 34 *ſheets* 4*to. without date, is ſtill preſerved among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays. As a ſpecimen of the poetry of this antique rhymer, take his deſcription of the dragon mentioned in ver.* 105 *of the following ballad.*

— " *A meſſenger came to the king.*
" *Syr king, he ſayd, lyſten me now,*
" *For bad tydinges I bring you,*
" *In Northumberlande there is no man,*
" *But that they be ſlayne everychone:*
" *For there dare no man route,*
" *By twenty myle rounde aboute,*

" *For*

" *For doubt of a fowle dragon,*
" *That ſleath men and beaſtes downe.*
" *He is blacke as any cole,*
" *Rugged as a rough fole;*
" *His bodye from the navill upwarde*
" *No man may it pierce it is ſo harde;*
" *His neck is great as any ſummere;*
" *He renneth as ſwifte as any diſtrere;*
" *Pawes he hath as a lyon:*
" *All that he toucheth he ſleath dead downe.*
" *Great winges he hath to flight,*
" *That is no man that bare him might.*
" *There may no man fight him agayne,*
" *But that he ſleath him certayne:*
" *For a fowler beaſt then is he,*
" *Ywis of none never heard ye.*"

The accurate Dugdale is of opinion that the ſtory of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, tho' he acknowledges the monks have ſounded out his praiſes too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Daniſh champion as a real hiſtorical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 929, *Ætat. Guy,* 70. *See his Warwickſhire.*

The following is written upon the ſame plan, as ballad V. Book I. but which is the original and which the copy, cannot be decided. This ſong is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preſerved in the margin, ver. 94. 102 *: and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's Knight of the burning peſtle, act. 2. ſc. ult.*

Printed from an ancient MS copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection.

WAS ever knight for ladyes ſake
Soe toſt in love, as I ſir Guy
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye?

Shee gave me leave myſelf to try,
The valiant knight with ſheeld and ſpeare,
Ere that her love ſhee wold grant me;
Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,
In deeds of armes the doughtyeſt knight
That in thoſe dayes in England was,
With ſworde and ſpeare in feild to fight.

An Engliſh man I was by birthe:
In faith of Chriſt a chriſtyan true:
The wicked lawes of infidells
I fought by proweſſe to ſubdue.

'Nine' hundred twenty yeere and odde
After our Saviour Chriſt his birthe,
When king Athèlſtone wore the crowne,
I lived heere upon the earthe.

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,
And, as I ſayd, of very truthe
A ladyes love did me conſtraine
To ſeeke ſtrange ventures in my youthe.

To

Ver. 9. The proud ſir Guy. *P.* *Ver.* 17. Two hundred. *M. S. and P.*

To win me fame by feates of armes
In ſtrange and ſundry heathen lands;
Where I atchieved for her ſake
Right dangerous conqueſts with my hands.

For firſt I ſayled to Normandye,
And there I ſtoutlye wan in fight
The emperours daughter of Almayne,
From manye a vallyant worthye knight.

Then paſſed I the ſeas to Greece
To helpe the emperour in his right;
Againſt the mightye ſouldans hoaſte
Of puiſſant Perſians for to fight.

Where I did ſlay of Sarazens,
And heathen pagans, manye a man;
And ſlew the ſouldans cozen deare,
Who had to name doughtye Coldràn.

Eſkeldered a famous knight
To death likewiſe I did purſue:
And Elmayne king of Tyre alſoe,
Moſt terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the ſouldans hoaſt,
Being thither on embaſſage ſent,
And brought his head awaye with mee,
I having ſlaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land
Moſt fiercelye mett me by the way
As hee a lyon did purſue,
Which I myſelf did alſoe ſlay.

Then ſoon I paſt the ſeas from Greece,
And came to Pavye land aright:
Where I the duke of Pavye killd,
His hainous treaſon to requite.

To England then I came with ſpeede,
To wedd faire Phelis ladye bright:
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might.

But when I had eſpouſed her,
I ſtayd with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this ladye faire,
And went from her beyond the ſeas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrime ſort,
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the bleſſed Holy-land,
For Jeſus Chriſt my Saviours ſake.

Where I erle Jonas did redeeme,
And all his ſonnes which were fifteene,
Who with the cruell Sarazens
In priſon there long time had beene.

I ſlew the gyant Amarant
In battel fiercelye hand to hand:
And doughty Barknard killed I,
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought:
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the feild,
And ſlewe him ſoone right valliantlye;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Daniſh tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp
The uſe of weapons ſolemnlye
At Wincheſter, whereas I fought,
In ſight of manye farr and nye.

'But firſt,' neare Winſor, I did ſlaye
A bore of paſſing might and ſtrength;
Whoſe like in England never was
For hugeneſſe both in bredth, and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yet,
Within the caſtle there doe lye:
One of his ſheild-bones to this day
Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

On Dunſmore heath I alſoe ſlewe
A monſtrous wyld and cruell beaſt,
Calld the Dun-cow of Dunſmore heath;
Which manye people had oppreſt.

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doe lye;
Which unto every lookers viewe
As wonderous ſtrange, they may eſpye.

A dragon in Northumberland,
I alſoe did in fight deſtroye,
Which did bothe man and beaſt oppreſſe,
And all the countrye ſore annoye.

Ver. 94. 102. dothlye. *MS.*

At length to Warwicke I did come,
  Like pilgrime poore and was not knowne;
And there I livd a hermites life
  A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a houſe
  Out of a craggy rocke of ſtone;
And lived like a palmer poore
  Within that cave myſelf alone:

And dailye came to begg my bread
  Of Phelis at my caſtle gate;
Not knowne unto my loving wife,
  Who dailye mourned for her mate.

Till at the laſt I fell ſore ſicke,
  Yea ſicke ſoe ſore that I muſt die;
I ſent to her a ringe of golde,
  By which ſhe knewe me preſentlye.

Then ſhee repairing to the cave
  Before that I gave up the ghoſt;
Herſelf closd up my dying eyes:
  My Phelis faire, whom I lovd moſt.

Thus dreadful death did me arreſt,
  To bring my corpes unto the grave;
And like a palmer dyed I,
  Wherby I fought my ſoule to ſave.

My body that endured this toyle,
  Though now it be conſumed to mold;
My ſtatue faire engraven in ſtone,
  In Warwicke ſtill you may behold.

II.

GUY AND AMARANT.

Though the following is not ſo properly a ſong, as a regular poem, yet as the Editor found it in his ancient folio manuſcript among the old ballads, he was willing it ſhould ſtill accompany them; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, ſuch a ſmall deviation from his plan may be pardoned.

Although this piece ſeems not imperfect, there is reaſon to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole hiſtory of ſir Guy: for upon comparing it with the common ſtory book 12mo, we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to proſe: which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out ſome few of the poetical ornaments. The diſguiſe is ſo ſlight that it is an eaſy matter to pick complete ſtanzas in any page of that book.

The author of this poem has ſhown ſome invention. Though he took the ſubject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afreſh, and made the ſtory intirely his own.

GUY journeyed ore the ſanctifyed ground,
Wheras the Jewes fayre citye ſometime ſtood,
Wherin our Saviours ſacred head was crownd,
And where for ſinfull man he ſhed his blood:
To ſee the ſepulcher was his intent,
The tombe that Joſeph unto Jeſus lent.

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,
And paſſed deſart places full of danger,

At

At laſt with a moſt woefull wight * did meet,
A man that unto ſorrow was noe ſtranger:
For he had fifteen ſonnes, made captives all
To ſlaviſh bondage, in extremeſt thrall.

A gyant called Amarant detaind them,
Whom noe man durſt encounter for his ſtrength:
Who in a caſtle, which he held, had chaind them:
Guy queſtions, where? and underſtands at length
The place not farr. — Lend me thy ſword, quoth hee,
Ile lend my manhood all thy ſonnes to free.

With that he goes, and lays upon the dore,
Like one, he ſayes, that muſt, and will come in:
The gyant he was nere ſoe rowzd before;
For noe ſuch knocking at his gate had bin:
Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and goeth out
Staring with ireful countenance about.

Sirrah, ſayes hee, what buſines haſt thou heere?
Art come to feaſt the crowes about my walls?
Didſt never heare, noe ranſome cold him cleere,
That in the compas of my furye falls:
For making me to take a porters paines,
With this ſame clubb I will daſh out thy braines.

Gyant, ſayes Guy, y'are quarrelſome I ſee,
Choller and you are ſomething neere of kin:
Moſt dangerous at a clubb belike you bee,
I have bin better armd, though nowe goe thin;
But ſhew thy utmoſt hate, enlarge thy ſpight,
Keene is my weapon, and muſt doe me right.

Soe

* *Erle Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad.*

Soe takes his ſword, ſalutes him with the ſame
About the head, the ſhoulders, and the ſides:
Whilſt his erected clubb doth death proclaime,
Standinge with huge Coloſſus' ſpacious ſtrides,
Putting ſuch vigour to his knotted beame,
That like a furnace he did ſmoke extreame.

But on the ground he ſpent his ſtrokes in vaine,
For Guy was nimble to avoyde them ſtill,
And ere he cold recover his clubb againe,
Did beate his plated coat againſt his will:
Att ſuch advantage Guy wold never fayle,
To beat him ſoundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att laſt through 'lacke of' ſtrength hee feeble grewe,
And ſayd to Guy, as thou'rt of humane race,
Shew itt in this, give natures wants their dewe,
Let me but goe, and drinke in yonder place:
Thou canſt not yeeld to 'me' a ſmaller thing,
Than to grant life, thats given by the ſpring.

I give thee leave, ſayes Guye, goe drinke thy laſt,
Go pledge the dragon, and the ſavage bore *:
Succeed the tragedyes that they have paſt,
But never thinke to drinke cold water more:
Drinke deepe to Death and unto him carouſe:
Bid him receive thee in his earthen houſe.

Soe to the ſpring he goes, and ſlakes his thirſt;
Takeing the water in extremely like
Some wraked ſhipp that on ſome rocke is burſt,
Whoſe forced hulke againſt the ſtones does ſtryke;

Scoping

* *Which Guy had ſlain before.* Ver. 64. bulke. *MS.*

Scoping it in ſoe faſt with both his hands,
That Guy admiring to behold him ſtands.

Come on, quoth Guy, lets to our worke againe,
Thou ſtayeſt about thy liquor overlong;
The fiſh, which in the river doe remaine,
Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong:
But I will 'have' their ſatisfaction made,
With gyants blood they muſt, and ſhall be payd.

Villaine, quoth Amarant, Ile cruſh thee ſtreight;
Thy life ſhall pay thy daring toungs offence:
This clubb, which is about ſome hundred weight,
Has deathes commiſſion to diſpatch thee hence:
Dreſſe thee for ravens dyett I muſt needes;
And breake thy bones, as they were made of reedes.

Incenſed much att this bold pagans boſtes,
Which worthye Guy cold ill endure to heare,
He hewes upon thoſe bigg ſupporting poſtes,
Which like two pillars did his body beare:
Amarant for thoſe wounds in choller growes,
And deſperatelye att Guy his clubb he throwes:

Which did directly on his body light,
Soe heavy, and ſo weighty there-withall,
That downe to ground on ſudden came the knight;
And, ere he cold recover from his fall,
The gyant gott his clubb againe in fiſt,
And aimd a blowe that wonderfullye miſt.

Traytor, quoth Guy, thy falſhood Ile repay,
This coward act to intercept my bloode.
Sayes Amarant, Ile murther any way,
With enemyes all vantages are good:

O cold I poyſon in thy noſtrills blowe,
Beſure of it I wold deſtroy thee ſoe.

Its well, ſaid Guy, thy honeſt thoughts appeare,
Within that beaſtlye bulke where devills dwell,
Which are thy tenants while thou liveſt heare,
But will be landlords when thou comeſt in hell:
Vile miſcreant, prepare thee for their den,
Inhumane monſter, hurtfull unto men.

But breathe thy ſelfe a time, whyle I goe drinke,
For flameing Phœbus with his fyerye eye
Torments me ſoe with burning heat, I thinke
My thirſt wold ſerve to drinke an ocean drye:
Forbear a litle, as I delt with thee.
Quoth Amarant, thou haſt noe foole of mee.

Noe, fillye wretch, my father taught more witt,
How I ſhold uſe ſuch enemyes as thou,
By all my gods I doe rejoice at itt,
To unterſtand that thirſt conſtraines thee now;
For all the treaſure, that the world containes,
One drop of water ſhall not coole thy vaines.

Releeve my foe! why, 'twere a madmans part:
Refreſh an adverſarye to my wronge:
If thou imagine this, a child thou art:
Noe, fellow, I have known the world too longe
To be ſoe ſimple: now I know thy want,
A minutes ſpace to thee I will not grant.

And with theſe words heaving aloft his clubb
Into the ayre, he ſwings the ſame about:
Then ſhakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,
And, like the Cyclops, in his pride doth ſhout,

Sirra, ſayes hee, I have you at a lift,
Now you are come unto your lateſt ſhift.

Periſh forever: with this ſtroke I ſend thee
A medicine, will doe thy thirſt much good;
Take noe more care of drinke before I end thee,
And then weele have carouſes of thy blood:
Heres at thee with a butchers downright blow,
To pleaſe my furye with thine overthrow.

Infernall, falſe, obdurate feend, ſaid Guy,
That ſeemſt a lumpe of crueltye from hell;
Ungratefull monſter, ſince thou doſt deny
The thing to mee wherin I uſed thee well:
With more revenge, than ere my ſword did make,
On thy accurſed head revenge Ile take.

Thy gyants longitude ſhall ſhorter ſhrinke,
Except thy ſun-ſcorcht ſkin be weapon proof:
Farewell my thirſt; I doe diſdaine to drinke,
Streames keepe your waters to your owne behoof;
Or let wild beaſts be welcome thereunto;
With thoſe pearle drops I will not have to do.

Here, tyrant, take a taſte of my good-will,
For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout:
You cannot chuſe but like the greeting ill;
It is not that ſame clubb will beare you out;
And take this payment on thy ſhaggye crowne. —
A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then Guy ſett foot upon the monſters breſt,
And from his ſhoulders did his head divide,
Which with a yawninge mouth did gape unbleſt.
Noe dragons jawes were ever ſeene ſoe wide

To open and to ſhut, till life was ſpent.
Then Guy tooke keyes and to the caſtle went.

Where manye woefull captives he did find,
Which had beene tyred with extremitye,
Whom he in freindly manner did unbind,
And reaſoned with them of their miſerye:
Eche told a tale with teares, and ſighes, and cryes,
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladyes in darke dungeon lay,
That were ſurpriſed in the deſart wood,
And had noe other dyett everye day,
Than fleſh of humane creatures for their food:
Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,
And in their wombes their huſbands buryed.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,
To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes;
And, as he ſearcheth, doth great clamours heare,
By which ſad ſounds direction on he goes,
Untill he findes a darkſome obſcure gate,
Armd ſtrongly ouer all with iron plate.

That he unlockes, and enters, where appeares
The ſtrangeſt object that he ever ſaw;
Men that with famiſhment of many yeares,
Were like deathes picture, which the painters draw;
Divers of them were hanged by eche thumb:
Others head-downward: by the middle ſome.

With diligence he takes them from the walls,
With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint:
Then the perplexed knight the father calls,
And ſayes, Receive thy ſonnes though poore and faint:

I promisd, you their lives, accept of that;
But did not promiſe you they ſhold be fat.

The caſtle I doe give thee, heeres the keyes.
Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell:
Procure the gentle tender ladyes eaſe,
For pittyes ſake, uſe wronged women well:
Men eaſilye revenge the wrongs men do:
But poore weake women have no ſtrength thereto.

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,
Fell on the ground, and wold have kiſt Guys feete:
Father, quoth he, refraine ſoe baſe a kiſs,
For age to honor youth I hold unmeete:
Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,
I goe to mortifie a ſinfull man.

III.

THE SHEPHERD's RESOLUTION.

This beautiful old ſong is given from a very ancient copy in the editor's folio MS. In the ſame copy was an additional ſtanza, but ſo inferior to the reſt, that it was evidently ſpurious. In that ſmall collection called "The golden garland of princely delights," may be ſeen five ſuch ſpurious ſtanzas tagged to this ſonnet. A proof how much it has been the favorite of the publick.

SHALL I, waſting in diſpayre,
Dye becauſe a womans fayre?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
Becauſe anothers roſye are?

Be ſhe fayrer than the daye,
Or the flowerye meades in Maye,
If ſhe think not well of mee,
What care I howe fayre ſhe bee?

Shall a womans goodneſſe move
Mee to periſh for her love?
O her worthye merits knowne
Make mee quite forget my owne?
Be ſhe meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove, or pelican,
If ſhe bee not ſoe to mee,
What care I how kind ſhee bee?

Be ſhe good, or kind, or fayre,
I will never more diſpayre.
If ſhe love mee, this believe,
I will dye ere ſhe ſhall grieve:
If ſhe ſlight mee, when I woe,
I will ſcorne and let her goe:
If ſhe be not made for mee,
What care I for whom ſhe bee?

IV.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

This ſeems to be the old ſong quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the burning peſtle," Acts 2d and 3d; altho' the ſix lines there preſerved are ſomewhat different from thoſe in the ballad, as it ſtands at preſent. The Reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a ſtall. It's full title is

" *Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's fright-*
" *ful dreams on his wedding night, with the ſudden death*
" *and burial of thoſe noble lovers.*„ —

The lines preſerved in the play are this diſtich,

" *You are no love for me, Margaret,*
" *I am no love for you.*„

And the following ſtanza,

" *When it was grown to dark midnight,*
" *And all were faſt aſleep,*
" *In came Margarets grimly ghoſt*
" *And ſtood at Williams feet.*„

Theſe lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the moſt beautiful ballads in our own or any language. See the ſong intituled MARGARET'S GHOST, *at the end of this volume.*

AS it fell out on a long ſummer's day
Two lovers they ſat on a hill;
They ſat together that long ſummer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

I ſee no harm by you, Margarèt,
And you ſee none by mee
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you ſhall ſee.

Fair Margaret ſate in her bower-windòw,
A combing of her hair;
She ſpyed ſweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Down

Down ſhe layd her ivory combe,
And up ſhe bound her hair;
She went her way forth of the bower,
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men faſt aſleep,
There came the ſpirit of fair Marg'ret,
And ſtood at Williams feet.

God give you joy, you lovers true,
In bride-bed faſt aſleep;
Lo! I am going to my green-graſs grave,
And I'm in my winding-ſheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from ſleep,
Sweet William to his lady ſayd,
My dear, I have cauſe to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,
Such dreames are never good.
I dreamt my bower was full of red ſwine,
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, ſuch dreams, my houred Sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of 'red' ſwine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'rets bower,
By the leave of my lady.

And when he came to fair Marg'rets bower,
He knocked at the ring;
So ready were her ſeven brethrèn
To let ſweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-ſheet,
Pray let me ſee the dead:
Methinks ſhe does look pale and wan,
She has loſt her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiſs thy pale wan lips,
Though a ſmile I cannot win.

With that beſpake the ſeven brethrèn,
Making moſt piteous mone:
You may go kiſs your jolly brown bride,
And let our ſiſter alone.

If I do kiſs my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
For I made no vow to your ſiſter dear,
By day, nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,
Of your white bread and your wine;
So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,
To-morrow ſhall be dealt at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow;
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for ſorrow.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèl,
And William in the higher:
Out of her breſt there ſprang a roſe,
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church-top
Till they could grow no higher;
And there they grew in a true lovers knot,
Made all the folke admire.

Then came the clerk of the parìſh,
As you this truth ſhall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

V.

BARBARA ALLEN's CRUELTY.

Given, with ſome correctìons, from an old printed copy in the editor's poſſeſſion, intitled "Barbara Allen's cruelty, "or the young man's tragedy."

IN Scarlet towne. where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of may,
When greene buds they were ſwellin,
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He ſent his man unto her then,
To the town, where ſhee was dwellin;
You muſt come to my maſter deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore his hart is ſtealin:
Then haſte away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is ſtealin,
Yett little better ſhall he bee,
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So ſlowly, ſlowly, ſhe came up,
And ſlowly ſhe came nye him;
And all ſhe ſayd, when there ſhe came,
Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turnd his face unto her ſtrait,
With deadlye ſorrow ſighing;
O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin:
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell, ſayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in:
Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As ſhe was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin;
And every ſtroke did ſeem to ſaye,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turnd her bodye round about,
And ſpied the corps a coming:
Laye down, laye down the corps, ſhe ſayd,
That I may look upon him.

With ſcornful eye ſhe looked downe,
Her cheeke with laughter ſwellin;
That all her friends cryd out amaine,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was ſtruck with ſorrowe,
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I ſhall dye to morrowe.

Hard harted creature him to ſlight,
Who loved me ſo dearlye:
O that I had beene more kind to him,
When he was live and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as ſhe laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him:
And ſore repented of the daye,
That ſhe did ere denye him.

Farewell, ſhe ſayd, ye virgins all,
And ſhun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

***

VI.

VI.

SWEET WILLIAM's GHOST.

A Scottish Ballad.

From Allan Ramſay's Tea Table miſcellany. The concluding ſtanza of this piece ſeems modern.

THERE came a ghoſt to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous grone,
And ay he tirled at the pin;
But anſwer made ſhe none.

Is this my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home?

Tis not thy father Philip;
Nor yet thy brother John:
But tis thy true love Willie
From Scotland new come home.

O ſweet Margret! O dear Margret!
I pray thee ſpeak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'ſe nevir get,
'Of me ſhalt nevir win,'
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiſs my cheek and chin.

If I ſhould come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man:
And ſhould I kiſs thy roſy lipp,
Thy days will not be lang.

O ſweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee ſpeak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'ſe nevir get,
'Of me ſhalt nevir win,'
Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirk yard
Afar beyond the ſea,
And it is but my ſprite, Margret,
That's ſpeaking now to thee.

She ſtretched out her lilly-white hand,
As for to do her beſt:
Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,
God ſend your ſoul good reſt.

Now ſhe has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee:
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corps followed ſhee.

Is there any room at your head, Willie?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your ſide, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?

There's nae room at my head, Margret,
There's nae room at my feet,
There's no room at my ſide, Margret,
My coffin is made ſo meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
'Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,
That you were gane away.

No more the ghoſt to Margret ſaid,
But, with a grievous grone,
Evaniſh'd in a cloud of miſt,
And left her all alone.

O ſtay, my only true love, ſtay,
The conſtant Margret cried:
Wan grew her cheeks, ſhe clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her ſaft limbs, and died.

VII.

SIR JOHN GREHME AND BARBARA ALLAN.

A Scottish Ballad.

Printed, with a few conjectural emendations, from a written copy.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the greene leaves wer a fallan;
That Sir John Grehme o' the weſt countrye,
Fell in Luve wi' Barbara Allan.

He

He ſent his man down throw the towne,
To the plaice wher ſhe was dwellan:
O haſte and cum to my maiſter deare,
Gin ye bin Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly, raiſe ſhe up,
To the plaice wher he was lyan;
And whan ſhe drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think ye're dyan.

O its I'm ſick, and very very ſick,
And its a' for Barbara Allan:
O the better for me ye'ſe never be,
Though your harts blude wer ſpillan.

Remember ye nat in the tavern, ſir,
Whan ye the cups wer fillan;
How ye maide the healths gae round and round,
And ſlighted Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealan;
Adiew! adiew! my dear friends a',
Be kind to Barbara Allan.

Then hooly, hooly, raiſe ſhe up,
And hooly, hooly left him;
And ſighan ſayd, ſhe could not ſtay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
Whan ſhe heard the deid-bell knellan;
And everye jow the deid-bell geid,
Cried, wae to Barbara Allan!

O mither, mither, mak my bed,
O mak it ſaft and narrow:
Since my luve died for me to day,
Iſe die for him to morrowe.

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VIII.

THE BAILIFF's DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with ſome improvements communicated by a lady as ſhe heard the ſame repeated in her youth. The full title is "True love requited: Or, The Bailiff's daughter of Iſling-ton,"

THere was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a ſquires ſon:
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,
That lived in Iſlington.

Yet ſhe was coye and would not believe
That he did love her ſoe,
Noe nor at any time would ſhe
Any countenance to him ſhowe.

But when his friendes did underſtand
His fond and fooliſh minde,
They ſent him up to faire London
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been ſeven long yeares,
And never his love could ſee:
Many a teare have I ſhed for her ſake,
When ſhe little thought of mee.

Then all the maids of Iſlington
Went forth to ſport and playe,
All but the bayliffes daughter deare;
She ſecretly ſtole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London ſhe would goe
Her true love to enquire.

And as ſhe went along the high-road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She ſat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She ſtarted up, with a colour ſoe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
One penny, one penny, kind ſir, ſhe ſayd,
Will eaſe me of much paine.

Before I give you one penny, ſweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne.
At Iſlington, kind ſir, ſayd ſhee,
Where I have had many a ſcorne.

I prythee, ſweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Iſlington.
She is dead, ſir, long agoe.

If ſhe be dead, then take my horſe,
My ſaddle and my bowe;
For I will into ſome farr countrye,
Where noe man ſhall me knowe.

O ſtaye, O ſtaye, thou goodlye youthe,
She ſtandeth by thy ſide;
She is here alive, ſhe is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride.

O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
Ten thouſand times therefore;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I ſhould never ſee more.

IX.

THE WILLOW-TREE.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

From the ſmall black-letter collection, intitled, "The "Golden Garland of princely delights;" collated with two other copies and corrected by conjecture.

WILLY.

HOW now, ſhepherde, what meanes that?
Why that willowe in thy hat?
Why thy ſcarffes of red and yellowe
Turn'd to branches of greene willowe?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and ſo am I;
Sorrowes live, but pleaſures die:
Phillis hath forſaken mee,
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

WILLY.

Phillis! ſhee that lov'd thee long?
Is ſhee the laſs hath done thee wrong?
Shee that lov'd thee long and beſt,
Is her love turn'd to a jeſt?

CUDDY.

Shee that long true love profeſt,
She hath robb'd my heart of reſt:
For ſhe a new love loves, not mee;
Which makes me wear the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Come then, ſhepherde, let us joine,
Since thy happ is like to mine:
For the maid I thought moſt true
Mee hath alſo bid adieu.

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appeaſe,
Companye doth ſorrowe eaſe:
Yet, Phillis, ſtill I pine for thee,
And ſtill muſt weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Shepherde, be adviſ'd by mee,
Caſt off grief and willowe-tree:
For thy grief brings her content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

CUDDY.

Herdſman, I'll be rul'd by thee,
There lyes grief and willowe-tree:
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new love every day.

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X.

THE LADY's FALL.

From the editor's ancient folio MS. collated with two printed copies in black letter; one in the Britiſh Muſeum, the other in the Pepys collection. Its old title is, "A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall. To the tune of, In Peſcod Time, &c."

MARKE well my heavy dolefull tale,
You loyall lovers all,
And heedfully beare in your breſt,
A gallant ladyes fall.
Long was ſhe woo'd, ere ſhe was wonne,
To lead a wedded life,
But folly wrought her overthrowe
Before ſhee was a wife.

Too ſoone, alas! ſhee gave conſent
And yeelded to his will,
Though he proteſted to be true,
And faithfull to her ſtill.
Shee felt her body altered quite,
Her bright hue waxed pale,
Her lovelye cheeks chang'd color white,
Her ſtrength began to fayle.

Soe that with many a ſorrowful ſigh,
This beauteous ladye milde,
With greeved hart, perceiv'd herſelfe
To have conceiv'd with childe.
Shee kept it from her parents ſight
As cloſe as cloſe might bee,

And ſoe put on her ſilken gowne
None might her ſwelling ſee.

Unto her lover ſecretly
Her greefe ſhee did bewray,
And walking with him hand in hand,
Theſe words to him did ſay;
Behold, quoth ſhee, a maids diſtreſſe
By love brought to thy bowe,
Behold I goe with childe by thee,
But none thereof doth knowe.

The little babe ſprings in my wombe
To heare its fathers voyce,
Lett it not be a baſtard call'd,
Sith I made thee my choyce:
Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe
And wed me out of hand;
O leave me not in this extreme,
In griefe alwayes to ſtand.

Thinke on thy former promiſes,
Thy oathes and vowes eche one;
Remember with what bitter teares
To mee thou madeſt thy moane.
Convay me to ſome ſecrett place,
And marry me with ſpeede;
Or with thy rapyer end my life,
Ere further ſhame proceede.

Alacke! my deareſt love, quoth hee,
My greateſt joye on earthe,

Which waye can I convay thee hence,
  Without a ſudden death?
Thy friends are all of hye degree,
  And I of meane eſtate;
Full hard it is to gett thee forthe
  Out of thy fathers gate.

Dread not thy life to ſave my fame,
  For if thou taken bee,
My ſelfe will ſtep betweene the ſwords,
  And take the harme on mee:
Soe ſhall I ſcape diſhonor quite;
  And if I ſhould be ſlaine
What could they ſay, but that true love
  Had wrought a ladyes bane.

And feare not any further harme;
  My ſelfe will ſoe deviſe,
That I will ryde away with thee
  Unknowne of mortal eyes:
Diſguiſed like ſome pretty page,
  Ile meete thee in the darke,
And all alone Ile come to thee,
  Hard by my fathers parke.

And there, quoth hee, Ile meete my deare
  If God ſoe lend me life,
On this day month without all faile
  I will make thee my wife.
Then with a ſweet and loving kiſſe,
  They parted preſentlye,
And att their partinge briniſh teares
  Stoode in eche others eye.

Att length the wiſhed day was come,
On which this beauteous mayd,
With longing eyes, and ſtrange attire,
For her true lover ſtayd:
When any perſon ſhee eſpyed
Come ryding ore the plaine,
She hop'd it was her owne true love;
But all her hopes were vaine.

Then did ſhee weepe and ſore bewayle
Her moſt unhappy fate;
Then did ſhee ſpeake theſe woefull words,
As ſuccourleſs ſhee ſate:
O falſe, forſworne, and faithleſſe man,
Diſloyall in thy love,
Haſt thou forgott thy promiſe paſt,
And wilt thou perjur'd prove?

And haſt thou now forſaken mee
In this my great diſtreſſe,
To end my dayes in open ſhame,
Which thou mightſt well redreſſe?
Woe worth the time I eer believ'd
That flattering tongue of thine;
Would God that I had never ſeene
The teares of thy falſe eyne.

And thus with many a ſorrowful ſigh,
Homewards ſhe went againe;
Noe reſt came in her waterye eyes,
Shee felt ſuch privye paine.
In travail ſtrong ſhee fell that night,
With many a bitter throwe;

What woefull pangs ſhee then did feel,
Doth eche good woman knowe.

Shee called up her waiting mayd,
That lay at her bedds feete,
Who muſing at her miſtreſs woe,
Began full faſt to weepe.
Weepe not, ſaid ſhee, but ſhutt the dores,
And windowes round about,
Let none bewray my wretched ſtate,
But keepe all perſons out.

O miſtreſs, call your mother deare,
Of women you have neede,
And of ſome ſkilfull midwifes helpe,
That better you may ſpeed.
Call not my mother for thy life,
Nor fetch no women here,
The midwifes helpe comes all too late,
My death I doe not feare.

With that the babe ſprang from her wombe
No creature being nye,
And with one ſighe, which brake her heart,
This gallant dame did dye.
The lovely little infant yonge,
The mother being dead,
Reſigned its new received breath
To him that had it made.

Next morning came her own true love,
Affrighted at the newes,
And he for ſorrow ſlew himſelfe,
Whom eche one did accuſe.

The

The mother with her new borne babe,
Were both laid in one grave,
Their parents overcome with woe,
No joy thenceforth cold have.

Take heed, you daintye damſelles all,
Of flattering words beware,
And of the honour of your name
Have an eſpecial care.
Too true, alas! this ſtory is,
As many one can tell.
By others harmes learne to be wiſe,
And you ſhall do full well.

XI.

WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY.

A Scottish Song.

This is a very ancient ſong, but we could only give it from modern copies. Some editions inſtead of the four laſt lines in the ſecond ſtanza have theſe, which have too much merit to be wholly ſuppreſſed,

" *Whan cockle ſhells turn ſiller bells,*
" *And muſcles grow on every tree,*
" *Whan froſt and ſnaw ſall warm us aw',*
" *Than ſall my love prove true to me.*"

See the Orpheus Caledonius, &c.

Arthur-ſeat mentioned in ver, 17. is a hill near Edinborough.

O Waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,

And waly waly yon burn ſide,
  Where I and my love wer wont to gae.
I leant my back nnto an āik,
  I thought it was a truſty tree;
But firſt it bow'd, and ſyne it brak,
  Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonny,
  A little time while it is new,
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld.
  And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherfore ſhuld I buſk my head?
  Or wherfore ſhuld I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forſook,
  And ſays he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-ſeat ſall be my bed,
  The ſheets ſall neir be fyl'd by me:
Saint Anton's well ſall be my drink,
  Since my true love has forſaken me.
Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
  And ſhake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
  For of my life I am wearie.

Tis not the froſt, that freezes fell,
  Nor blawing ſnaws inclemencie;
Tis not ſic cauld, that makes me cry,
  But my loves heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glaſgowe town,
  We were a comely ſight to ſee,
My love was cled i' th' black velvet,
  And I my ſell in cramaſie.

But

But had I wiſt, before I kiſst,
That love had been ſae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a caſe of gowd,
And pinnd it with a ſiller pin.
Oh oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſes knee,
And I my ſell were dead and gane!
For a maid again Iſe never be.

XII.

THE WANTON WIFE OF BATH.

From an ancient copy in black-print, in the Pepys collection. Mr. Addiſon has pronounced this an excellent ballad: See the Spectator, No. 248.

IN Bath a wanton wife did dwelle,
As Chaucer he doth write;
Who did in pleaſure ſpend her dayes,
And many a fond delight.

Upon a time ſore ſicke ſhe was
And at the length did dye;
And then her ſoul at heaven gate,
Did knocke moſt mightilye.

Firſt Adam came unto the gate:
Who knocketh there? quoth hee.
I am the wife of Bath, ſhe ſayd,
And faine would come to thee.

Thou art a ſinner, Adam ſayd,
And here no place ſhalt have.

And ſo art thou, I trowe, quoth ſhee,
'And eke a' doting knave.

I will come in, in fright, ſhe ſayd,
Of all ſuch churles as thee;
Thou wert the cauſer of our woe,
Our paine and miſery;

And firſt broke Gods commandiments,
In pleaſure of thy wife.
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
He ranne away for life.

Then downe came Jacob at the gate,
And bids her packe to hell,
Thou falſe deceiving knave, quoth ſhe,
Thou mayſt be there as well.

For thou deceiv'dſt thy father deare,
And thine own brother too.
Away 'ſlunk' Jacob preſently,
And made no more adoo.

She knockes again with might and maine,
And Lot he chides her ſtraite.
How now, quoth ſhe, thou drunken aſs,
Who bade thee here to prate?

With thy two daughters thou didſt lye,
On them two baſtardes got.
And thus moſt tauntingly ſhe chaft
Againſt poor ſilly Lot.

Who

Ver. 16. Now gip you. *P.*

Who calleth there, quoth Judith then,
With ſuch ſhrill founding notes?
This fine minkes ſurely came not here,
Quoth ſhe, for cutting throats.

Good Lord, how Judith bluſh'd for ſhame,
When ſhe heard her ſay ſoe!
King David hearing of the ſame,
He to the gate would goe.

Quoth David, who knockes there ſo loud,
And maketh all this ſtrife?
You were more kinde, good Sir, ſhe ſayd,
Unto Uriah's wife.

And when thy ſervant thou didſt cauſe
In battle to be ſlaine;
Thou cauſedſt far more ſtrife than I,
Who would come here ſo faine.

The woman's mad, quoth Solomon,
That thus doth taunt a king.
Not half ſo mad as you, ſhe ſayd,
I trowe, in manye a thing.

Thou hadſt ſeven hundred wives at once,
For whom thou didſt provide;
And yet, god wot, three hundred whores
Thou muſt maintaine beſide:

And they made thee forſake thy God,
And worſhip ſtockes and ſtones;
Beſides the charge they put thee to
In breeding of young bones.

Hadſt thou not bin beſide thy wits,
  Thou wouldſt not thus have ventur'd;
And therefore I do marvel much,
  How thou this place haſt enter'd.

I never heard, quoth Jonas then,
  So vile a ſcold as this.
Thou whore-ſon run-away, quoth ſhe,
  Thou diddeſt more amiſs.

'They ſay', quoth Thomas, womens tongues
  Of aſpen-leaves are made.
Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth ſhe,
  All is not true that's ſayd.

When Mary Magdalen heard her then,
  She came unto the gate.
Quoth ſhe, good woman, you muſt think
  Upon your former ſtate.

No ſinner enters in this place
  Quoth Mary Magdalene. Then
'Twere ill for you, fair miſtreſs mine,
  She anſwered her agen:

You for your honeſtye, quoth ſhe,
  Had once been ſton'd to death;
Had not our Saviour Chriſt come by,
  And written on the earth.

It was not by your occupation,
  You are become divine:
I hope my ſoul in Chriſt his paſſion,
  Shall be as ſafe as thine.

Uproſe

Ver. 77. I think. *P.*

Uproſe the good apoſtle Paul,
And to this wife he cryed,
Except thou ſhake thy ſins away,
Thou here ſhalt be denyed.

Remember, Paul, what thou haſt done,
All through a lewd deſire:
How thou didſt perſecute God's church,
With wrath as hot as fire.

Then up ſtarts Peter at the laſt,
And to the gate he hies:
Fond fool, quoth he, knock not ſo faſt,
Thou wearieſt Chriſt with cries.

Peter, ſaid ſhe, content thyſelfe,
For mercye may be won,
I never did deny my Chriſt,
As thou thyſelfe haſt done.

When as our Saviour Chriſt heard this,
With heavenly angels bright,
He comes unto this ſinful ſoul,
Who trembled at his ſight.

Of him for mercye ſhe did crave.
Quoth he, thou haſt refus'd
My profferd grace, and mercy both,
And much my name abus'd.

Sore have I ſinned, Lord, ſhe ſayd,
And ſpent my time in vaine,
But bring me like a wandring ſheepe
Into thy flocke againe.

O Lord my God, I will amend
My former wicked vice:
The thief for one poor ſilly word,
Paſt into paradiſe.

My lawes and my commandiments,
Saith Chriſt, were knowne to thee;
But of the ſame in any wiſe,
Nor yet one word did yee.

I grant the ſame, O Lord, quoth ſhe;
Moſt lewdly did I live:
But yet the loving father did
His prodigal ſon forgive.

So I forgive thy ſoul, he ſayd,
Through thy repenting crye;
Come enter then into my joy,
I will not thee denye.

XIII.

THE AULD GOOD-MAN.

A Scottish Song.

We have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old ſong, than that printed in the Tea-Table miſcellany, &c. which ſeems to have admitted ſome corruptions.

LATE in an evening forth I went
A little before the ſun gade down,
And there I chanc't, by accident,
To light on a battle new begun:

A man and his wife wer fawn in a ſtrife,
I canna weel tell ye haw it began;
But aye ſhe wail'd her wretched life,
And cryed evir, alake, mine auld goodman!

HE.

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a ſilly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to ſcorn:
For he did ſpend and make an end
Of gear 'his fathers nevir' wan,
He gart the poor ſtand frae the door;
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake! is liken to break,
Whan I think on my winſome John,
His blinkan ee, and gait ſae free,
Was naihting like thee, thou doſend drone;
Wi' his roſie face, and flaxen hair,
And a ſkin as white as ony ſwan,
He was large and tall, and comely withall,
Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

HE.

Why doſt thou plein? I thee maintein,
For meal and mawt thou diſna want;
But thy wild bees I canna pleaſe,
Now whan our gear gins to grow ſcant.
Of houſhold ſtuff, thou haſt enough,
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of ſicklike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,
To think on thoſe blyth days I had,
Whan I and he, together ley
In armes into a well-made bed:
But now I ſigh and may be ſad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet and fa's aſleep:
Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

Then coming was the night ſae dark,
And gane was a' the light of day?
The carle was fear'd to miſs his mark,
And therefore wad nae longer ſtay:
Then up he gat, and ran his way,
I trowe, the wife the day ſhe wan,
And aye the owreword of the fray
Was evir, alake! mine auld goodman.

XIV.

THE LADY ISABELLA's TRAGEDY.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepy's collection, collated with another in the Britiſh Muſeum H. 263. folio. It is there entitled, "The Lady Iſabella "Tragedy, or The Step-Mother's Cruelty: being a relation "of a lamentable and cruel murther, committed on the bo "dy of the Lady Iſabella, the only daughter of a noble "duke, &c. — To the tune of the Lady's Fall."

THERE

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,
And a hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble traine
Of gentrye by his ſide.

And while he did in chaſe remaine,
To ſee both ſport and playe;
His ladye went, as ſhe did feigne,
Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter faire,
Whoſe beauty ſhone ſo bright,
She was belov'd, both far and neare,
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Iſabella was ſhe call'd,
A creature faire was ſhee;
She was her fathers only joye;
As you ſhall after ſee.

Therefore her cruel ſtep-mother
Did envye her ſo much;
That daye by daye ſhe ſought her life,
Her malice it was ſuch.

She bargain'd with the maſter-cook,
To take her life awaye:
And taking of her daughters book,
She thus to her did ſaye.

Go home, ſweet daughter, I thee praye,
Go haſten preſentlie;
And tell unto the maſter-cook,
Theſe wordes that I tell thee.

And bid him dreſſe to dinner ſtreight,
That faire and milk-white doe;
That in the parke doth ſhine ſo bright,
There's none ſo faire to ſhowe.

This ladye fearing of no harme,
Obey'd her mothers will;
And preſentlye ſhe haſted home,
Her pleaſure to fulfill.

She ſtreight into the kitchen went,
Her meſſage for to tell;
And there ſhe ſpied the maſter-cook,
Who did with malice ſwell.

Nowe, maſter-cook, it muſt be ſoe,
Do that which I thee tell:
You needes muſt dreſſe the milk-white doe,
Which you do knowe full well.

Then ſtreight his cruell bloodye hands,
He on the ladye layd;
Who quivering and ſhaking ſtands,
While thus to her he ſayd:

Thou art the doe, that I muſt dreſſe;
See here, behold my knife;
For it is pointed preſentlye,
To ridd thee of thy life.

O then, cried out the ſcullion-boye,
As loud as loud might bee:
O ſave her life, good maſter-cook,
And make your pyes of mee!

For pityes ſake do not deſtroye
My ladye with your knife;
You know ſhee is her father's joye,
For Chriſtes ſake ſave her life.

I will not ſave her life, he ſayd,
Nor make my pyes of thee;
Yet if thou doſt this deed bewraye,
Thy butcher I will bee.

Now when this lord he did come home
For to ſit downe and eat;
He called for his daughter deare,
To come and carve his meat.

Now ſit you downe, his ladye ſayd,
O ſit you downe to meat:
Into ſome nunnery ſhe is gone;
Your daughter deare forget.

Then ſolemnlye he made a vowe,
Before the companie:
That he would neither eat nor drinke,
Until he did her ſee.

O then beſpake the ſcullion-boye,
With a loud voice ſo hye:
If now you will your daughter ſee,
My lord, cut up that pye;

Wherein her fleſhe is minced ſmall;
And parched with the fire;
All cauſed by her ſtep-mother,
Who did her death deſire.

And curſed bee the maſter-cook,
O curſed may he bee!
I proffered him my own hearts blood:
From death to ſet her free.

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne;
And for his daughters ſake,
He judged her cruell ſtep-mother
To be burnt at a ſtake.

Likewiſe he judg'd the maſter-cook
In boiling lead to ſtand;
And made the ſimple ſcullion-boye
The heire of all his land.

XV.

A HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

From Ben Jonſon's Maſque at the marriage of lord viſcount Hadington, on Shrove-Tueſday 1608. *One ſtanza full of dry mythology we have omitted, as we found it dropt in a copy of this ſong printed in a ſmall volume called "Le "Prince d'amour. Lond.* 1660. „ 8vo.

BEAUTIES, have yee ſeen a toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almoſt naked, wanton, blinde;
Cruel now; and then as kinde?
If he be amongſt yee, ſay;
He is Venus' run-away.

Shee,

Shee, that will but now diſcover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiſſe,
How and where herſelfe would wiſh:
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiſſe, and another.

Markes he hath about him plentie:
You may know him, among twentie.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire:
Which being ſhot, like lightning, in
Wounds the heart, but not the ſkin.

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,
He will leape from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
Yet not ſtay in any part.
And, if chance his arrow miſſes,
He will ſhoot himſelfe in kiſſes.

He doth beare a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrowes, which outbrave
Dian's ſhafts: where, if he have
Any head more ſharpe than other,
With that firſt he ſtrikes his mother.

Still the faireſt are his fuell,
When his daies are to be cruell,
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his bathes their warmeſt bloud:
Nought but wounds his hand doth ſeaſon,
And he hates none like to Reaſon.

Truſt him not: his words, though ſweet,
Seldome with his heart doe meet,
All his practice is deceit;
Everie gift is but a bait.
Not a kiſſe, but poyſon beares:
And moſt treaſon in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne;
Then the ſtraggler makes his gaine,
By preſenting maids with toyes
And would have yee thinke hem joyes:
'Tis the ambition of the elfe,
To have all childiſh, as himſelfe.

If by theſe yee pleaſe to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but ſhow him.
Though yee had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him,
Since yee heare this falſer's play,
And that he is Venus' run-away.

XVI.

THE KING OF FRANCE's DAUGHTER.

From the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, intitled, "An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtſhip to the king of France's daughter, &c. To the tune of Crimſon Velvet."

Many breaches having been made in this old ſong by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhime; we have attempted to repair them

IN

IN the dayes of old,
When faire France did flourish,
Storyes plaine have told,
Lovers felt annoye.
The queene a daughter bare,
Whom beautyes queene did nourish:
She was lovelye faire,
She was her fathers joye.
A prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit fame,
But he was exil'd, and outcast:
Love his soul did fire,
Shee granted his desire,
Their hearts in one were linked fast.
Which when her father proved,
Sorelye he was moved,
And tormented in his minde.
He sought for to prevent them;
And to discontent them
Fortune crossed 'these' lovers kinde.

When these princes twaine,
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,
Through the kinges disdaine,
Which their joyes withstoode:
The lady soone prepar'd
Her jewells and her treasure;
Having no regard
For state and royall bloode;
In homelye poore array,
She went from court away,
To meet her joye and hearts delight;

Who in a forreſt great
Had taken up his ſeat,
To wayt her coming in the night,
But, lo! what ſudden danger,
To this princely ſtranger
Chanced, as he ſate alone!
By outlawes he was robbed,
And with ponyards ſtabbed,
Uttering many a dying grone.

The princeſſe, arm'd by love,
And by chaſte deſire,
All the night did rove
Without dread at all:
Still unknowne ſhe paſt
In her ſtrange attire;
Coming at the laſt
Within echoes call,
You faire woods, quoth ſhee,
Honoured may you bee,
Harbouring my hearts delight;
Which encompaſs here
My joye and only deare,
My truſtye friend, and comelye knight.
Sweete, I come unto thee,
Sweete, I come to woo thee,
That thou mayſt not angrye bee
For my long delaying:
For thy curteous ſtaying
Soone amendes Ile make to thee.

Paſſing thus alone
Through the ſilent foreſt,

Many a grievous grone
Sounded in her eares:
She heard one complayne
And lament the foreſt,
Seeming all in payne,
Shedding deadly teares.
Farewell, my deare, quoth hee,
Whom I muſt never ſee,
For why my life is att an end,
Through villaines crueltye:
For thy ſweet ſake I dye,
To ſhow I am a faithfull friend.
Here I lye a bleeding,
While my thoughts are feeding
On the rareſt beautye found.
O hard happ, that may be!
Little knowes my ladye
My heartes blood lyes on the ground.

With that a grone he ſends
Which did burſt in ſunder
All the tender 'bands'
Of his gentle heart.
She, who knewe his voice,
At his wordes did wonder;
All her former joyes
Did to griefe convert.
Strait ſhe ran to ſee,
Who this man ſhold bee,
That ſoe like her love did ſeeme:
Her lovely lord ſhe found

Lye

Ver. 83. Strings, *MS. and P.*

Lye ſlaine upon the ground,
  Smear'd with gore a ghaſtlye ſtreame.
Which his lady ſpying,
Stricking, fainting, crying,
  Her ſorrows cold not uttered bee:
Fate, ſhe cryed, too cruell!
For thee — my deareſt jewell,
  Would God! that I had dyed for thee.

His pale lippes, alas!
  Twentye times ſhe kiſſed,
And his face did waſh,
  With her trickling teares:
Every gaping wound
  Tenderlye ſhe preſſed,
And did wipe it round
  With her golden haires.
Speake, faire love, quoth ſhee,
Speake, faire prince, to mee,
  One ſweete word of comfort give.
Lift up thy deare eyes,
Liſten to my cryes,
  Thinke in what ſad griefe I live.
All in vaine ſhe ſued,
All in vaine ſhe wooed,
  The princes life was fled and gone.
There ſtood ſhe ſtill mourning,
Till the ſuns retourning,
  And bright day was coming on.

In this great diſtreſſe
Weeping, wayling ever,

Oft

Oft ſhee cryed, alas!
What will become of mee?
To my fathers court
I returne will never:
But in lowlye ſort
Will a ſervant bee.
While thus ſhe made her mone,
Weeping all alone,
In this deepe and deadlye feare:
A for'ſter all in greene,
Moſt comelye to be ſeene,
Ranging the woods did find her there.
Moved with her ſorrowe,
Maid, quoth he, good morrowe,
What hard happ has brought thee here?
Harder happ did never
Two kinde hearts diſſever:
Here lyes ſlaine my brother deare.

Where might I remaine,
Gentle for'ſter, ſhew me,
Till I could obtaine
A ſervice in my neede?
Paines I will not ſpare.
This kinde favour doe me,
It will eaſe my care;
Heaven ſhall be thy meede.
The for'ſter all amazed,
On her beautye gazed,
Till his heart was ſet on fire.
If, faire maid, quoth hee,
You will goe with mee,
You ſhall have your hearts deſire.

He brought her to his mother,
And above all other
He ſett forth this maidens praiſe.
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
And fortune crown'd his future dayes.

Thus unknowne he wedde
With a kings faire daughter;
Children ſeven they had,
Ere ſhe told her birth.
Which when once he knew,
Humblye he beſought her
He to the world might ſhew,
Her rank and princelye worth.
He cloath'd his children then,
(Not like other men)
In partye-colours ſtrange to ſee;
The right ſide cloth of gold,
The left ſide to behold,
Of woollen cloth ſtill framed hee.
Men thereatt did wonder;
Golden fame did thunder
This ſtrange deede in every place:
The king of France came thither,
Being pleaſant weather,
In theſe woods the hart to chaſe.

The children then they bring,
So their mother will'd it,
Where the royall king,
Muſt of force come bye:

Their

Their mothers riche array,
Was of crimſon velvet:
Their fathers all of gray,
Seemelye to the eye.
Then this famous king,
Noting every thing,
Aſkt how he durſt be ſo bold
To let his wife ſoe weare,
And decke his children there,
In coſtly robes of pearl and gold.
The forreſter replying,
And the cauſe deſcrying *,
To the king theſe words did ſay,
Well may they, by their mother,
Weare rich clothes with other,
Being by birth a princeſse gay.

The king arouſed thus,
More heedfullye beheld them,
Till a crimſon bluſh
His remembrance croſt.
The more I fix my mind
On thy wife and children,
The more methinks I find
The daughter which I loſt.
I am that child, quoth ſhee,
Falling on her knee,
Pardon mee, my ſoveraine liege.
The king perceiving this,
His daughter deare did kiſs,
While joyfull teares did ſtopp his ſpeeche,

With

* *i. e. deſcribing. See Gloſs.*

With his traine he tourned,
And with them ſojourned.
Strait he dubb'd her huſband knight,
Then made him erle of Flanders,
And chiefe of his commanders,
Thus were their ſorrowes put to flight.

***

XVII.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

From Ben Johnſon's Silent Woman, Act. 1. *Sc.* 1. *Firſt acted in* 1609.

STILL to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As you were going to a feaſt;
Still to be pou'dred, ſtill perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though arts hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

Give me a looke, give me a face;
That makes ſimplicitie a grace;
Robes looſely flowing, haire as free:
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th'adulteries of art,
They ſtrike mine eyes, but not my heart.

XVIII.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The ſubject of this very popular ballad (which has been ſet in ſo favourable a light by the Spectator, No 85.) ſeems to be taken from an old play, intitled, "Two lamentable "Tragedies, The one of the murder of Maiſter Beech, a "chandler in Thames-ſtreete, &c. The other of a young "child murthered in a wood by two ruffins, with the con-"ſent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601. 4to."
Our ballad-maker has ſtrictly followed the play in the deſcription of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promiſe to take care of their iſſue: his hiring two ruffians to deſtroy his ward, under pretence of ſending to ſchool: their chuſing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle enſuing, &c. In other reſpects he has departed from the play. In the latter the ſcene is laid in Padua: there is but one child: which is murdered by a ſudden ſtab of the unrelenting ruffin: he is ſlain himſelf by his leſs bloody companion, but ere he dies gives the other a mortal wound: the latter living but juſt long enough to impeach the uncle: who in conſequence of this impeachment is arraigned and executed by the hand of juſtice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original: the language is far more obſolete, and ſuch a vein of ſimplicity runs thro' the whole performance, that had the ballad been written firſt, there is no doubt but every circumſtance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on ſome Italian novel.

Printed from two ancient copies one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection. It's title at large is, "The

„ *Children in the Wood: or, The Norfolk Gentleman's Laſt*
„ *Will and Teſtament: To the tune of Rogero, &c.* „

NOW ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes, which I ſhall write;
A doleful ſtory you ſhall heare,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account,
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far ſurmount
Moſt men of his eſtate.

Sore ſicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could ſave;
His wife by him as ſicke did lye;
And both poſſeſt one grave.
No love between theſe two was loſt,
Each was to other kinde,
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not paſſing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautyes molde:
The father left his little ſon,
As plainly doth appeare,
When he to perfect age ſhould come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd;

But

But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age ſhould come,
Their uncle ſhould poſſeſſe their wealth
For ſo the wille did run.

Now, brother, ſaid the dying man,
Look to my children deare,
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes elſe have they here;
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye,
But little while be ſure we have
Within this world to ſtaye.

You muſt be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone.
With that beſpake their mother deare,
O brother kinde, quoth ſhee,
You are the man muſt bring our babes
To wealth or miſerie.

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwiſe ſhould deal,
God will your deedes regard.
With lippes as cold as any ſtone,
They kiſt their children ſmall:
God bleſs you both, my children deare;
With that the teares did fall.

Theſe ſpeeches then their brother ſpake,
To this ſicke couple there,

The keeping of your children ſmall,
Sweet ſiſter, do not feare;
God never proſper me nor mine,
Nor aught elſe that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone;
The children home he takes,
And bringes them ſtraite unto his houſe,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept theſe pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did deviſe
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians ſtrong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they ſhould take theſe children young,
And ſlaye them in a wood:
And told his wife and all he had,
He did the children ſend
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went theſe pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They ſhould on cock-horſe ride.
They prate and prattle pleaſantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To thoſe that ſhould their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye.

So that the pretty ſpeeche they had,
Made murthers heart relent,
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full ſore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Becauſe the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fell to ſtrife,
With one another they did fight,
About the childrens life:
And he that was of mildeſt mood,
Did ſlaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
While babes did quake for feare.

He took the children by the hand,
Teares ſtanding in their eye,
And bad them ſtraitwaye follow him,
And look they did not crye:
And two long miles he ledd them on,
While they for bread complaine;
Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you ſome,
When I come back againe.

Theſe pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could ſee the man
Approaching from the town;
Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
Were all beſmear'd and dyed,

And when they ſawe the darkſome night,
They ſat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered theſe two little babes,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one anothers armes thy dyed,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial 'this' pretty 'pair'
O any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breaſt painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his houſe:
His conſcience felt an hell:
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes conſum'd,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him ſtayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal,
Two of his ſonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himſelfe was brought
To want and miſerye:
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere ſeven yeares came about.
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
Theſe children for to kill,

Was

Ver. 125. theſe . . babes. *P. P.*

Was for a robbery judged to dye,
  Such was Gods bleſſed will;
Who did confeſs the very truth,
  As here hath been diſplay'd:
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
  Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
  And overſeers eke
Of children that be fatherleſs,
  And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
  And yield to each his right,
Leſt God with ſuch like miſerye
  Your wicked minds requite.

XIX.

A LOVER OF LATE.

From the Editor's folio Manuſcript.

A Lover of late was I,
  For Cupid would have it ſoe,
The boye that hath never an eye,
  As everye man doth knowe:
I ſighed and ſobbed, and cryed, alas!
For her that laught, and call'd me aſs.

Then knew not I what to doe,
  When I ſaw it was all in vaine
A ladye ſo coy to woe,
  Who gave me the aſſe ſo plaine:

Yet would I her aſſe freelye bee,
Soe ſhee would helpe and beare with mee.

An' I were as faire as ſhee,
Or ſhee were as fond as I,
What paire cold have made, as wee,
So prettye a ſympathye:
I was as fond as ſhee was was faire,
But for all this we could not paire.

Paire with her that will for mee,
With her I will never paire;
That cunningly can be coy,
For being a little faire.
The aſſe I'll leave to her diſdaine;
And now I am myſelfe againe.

XX.

THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

It has been a favourite ſubject with our Engliſh ballad-makers to repreſent our kings converſing, either by accident or deſign, with the meaneſt of their ſubjects. Of the former kind, beſides this ſong of the King and the Miller; we have K. Edward IV. and the Tanner; K. Henry and the Soldier; K. James I. and the Tinker, &c. Of the latter ſort, are K. Alfred and the Shepherd; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c. — A few of the beſt of theſe we have admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the ſame plan, ſeem to have copied a very ancient poem, intitled JOHN THE REEVE, *which is built on an adventure of the ſame kind, that happened*

pened between K. Edward Longſhanks, and one of his Reeves or Bailiff's. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of ruſtic manners, is infinitely ſuperior to all that have been ſince written in imitation of it. The editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS. but its length rendered it improper for this work, it conſiſting of more than 900 lines. It contains alſo ſome corruptions, and the editor chuſes to defer its publication in hopes that ſome time or other he ſhall be able to remove them.

The following is printed from the editor's ancient folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, intitled "A pleaſant ballad of K. Henry II. and the "Miller of Mansfield, &c."

PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene foreſt ſo pleaſant and faire;
To ſee the harts ſkipping, and dainty does tripping:
To merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the ſame, with good regard.

All a long ſummers day, rode the king pleaſantlye,
With all his princes and nobles eche one;
Chaſing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the dark evening enforc'd hem turne home.
Then at laſt, riding faſt, he had loſt quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the laſt:
Aſking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;
Sir, quoth the miller, I meane not to jeſt,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, ſooth for to ſay,
You doe not lightlye goe out of your way.

Why, what doſt thou think of me quoth, our king merrily,
Paſſing thy judgment upon me ſo briefe?
Good faith, ſayd the miller, I meane not to flatter thee;
I gueſs thee to bee but ſome gentleman thiefe:
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Leſt that I preſentlye cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou doſt abuſe me much, quoth the king, ſaying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging doe lacke.
Thou haſt not, quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purſe;
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe.
I have gold to diſcharge all that I call;
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beeſt a true man, then quoth the miller,
I ſweare by my toll-diſh, I'll lodge thee all night.
Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
Nay, ſoft, quoth the miller, thou mayſt be a ſprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will ſhake;
With none but honeſt men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers houſe;
Where they were ſeething of puddings and ſouſe:
The miller firſt enter'd in, after him went the king;
Never came hee in ſoe ſmoakye a houſe.
Now, quoth hee, let me ſee here what you are?
Quoth our king, looke your fill, and doe not ſpare.

I like well thy countenance, thou haſt an honeſt face;
With my ſon Richard this night thou ſhalt lye.
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handſome youth,
Yet is beſt, huſband, to deal warilye.
Art thou noe run-away, prythee, youth, tell?
Shew me thy paſſport, and all ſhal be well.

Then our king preſentlye, making lowe courteſye,
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did ſay;
I have noe paſſport, nor never was ſervitor,
But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way:
And for your kindneſs here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree:

Then to the miller his wife whiſper'd ſecretlye,
Saying, it ſeemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great ſin.
Yea, quoth hee, you may ſee, he hath ſome grace,
When he doth ſpeake to his betters in place.

Well, quo'the millers wife, young man, y'ere welcome here;
And, though I ſay it, well lodged ſhall bee:
Freſh ſtraw will I have, laid on thy bed ſo brave,
Good brown ſheetes hempen likewiſe, quoth ſhee.
Aye, quoth the good man; and when that is done,
Thou ſhalt lye with no worſe, than our own ſonne.

Nay, firſt, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true?
Haſt thou noe creepers within thy gay hoſe?
Or art thou not troubled with the ſcabbado?
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are thoſe?
Art thou not lowſy, nor ſcabby, quoth hee?
If thou beeſt, ſurely thou lyeſt not with mee.

This

This caus'd the king, ſuddenlye, to laugh moſt heartilye,
Till the teares trickled faſt downe from his eyes.
Then to their ſupper were they ſet orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes;
Nappy ale, good and ſtale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I'll drinke to thee,
And to all 'cuckolds, wherever they bee.
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye,
For my good welcome in everye degree.
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy ſonne:
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote,
That we of his ſweetneſſe a little may taſte;
A faire ven'ſon paſtye brought ſhe out preſentlye;
Eate, quoth the miller, but, ſir, make no waſte.
Here's dainty lightfoote, in faith, ſayd the king,
I never before eate ſo daintye a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no daintye at all it is,
For we doe eate of it everye day.
In what place, ſayd our king, may be bought like to this?
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I thinke, ſayd our king, that it is veniſon.
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleſhed, and excellent fat:
But,

Ver. 80. courtnalls, that courteous be. *MS. and P.*

But, prythee, ſay nothing wherever thou goe:
We wold not, for two pence, the king ſhould it knowe.

Doubt not, then ſayd the king, my promiſt ſecreſye;
The king ſhall never know more on't for mee.
A cupp of lambs wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their bedds they paſt preſentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to ſeeke out the king in everye towne.

At laſt, at the millers 'cott', ſoone they eſpy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire ſteede;
To whom they came preſently, falling down on their knee;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede:
Shaking and quaking, before him he ſtood,
Thinking he ſhould have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his ſword, but nothing he ſed:
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head:
But he his kind courteſye for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

When as our royall king came home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Weſtminſter lay;
Recounting the ſports and paſtimes they had taken,
In this late progreſs along on the way;
Of them all, great and ſmall, he did proteſt,
The miller of Mansfield liked him beſt.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determin'd
Againſt St. Georges next ſumptuous feaſt,
That this old miller, our new confirmed knight,
With his ſon Richard, ſhal here be my gueſt:
For in this merryment, 'tis my deſire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young ſquire.

When as the noble lords ſaw the kinges pleaſantneſs,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts;
A purſuivant there was ſent ſtraight on the buſineſs,
The which had often-times been in thoſe parts.
When he came to the place, where they did dwell,
His meſſage orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God ſave your worſhippe, then ſaid the meſſenger,
And grant your ladye her owne hearts deſire;
And to your ſonne Richard good fortune and happineſs;
That ſweet, gentle, and gallant young ſquire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth ſay,
You muſt come to the court on St. Georges day:

Therefore, in any caſe, faile not to be in place.
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jeſt:
What ſhould we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid.
I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the leaſt.
Nay, quoth the meſſenger, you doe miſtake;
Our king he provides a great feaſt for your ſake.

Then ſayd the miller, by my troth, meſſenger,
Thou haſt contented my worſhippe full well.
Hold here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleneſs,
For theſe happy tydings, which thou doſt tell.
Lett me ſee, hear thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wayt on his maſterſhipp in everye thing.

The

The purſuivant ſmiled at their ſimplicitye,
And, making many leggs, tooke their reward;
And taking then his leave with great humilitye.
To the kings court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes moſt liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller ſay,
Here come expences and charges indeed;
Now muſt we needs be brave, tho' we ſpend all we have;
For of new garments we have great need:
Of horſes and ſerving-men we muſt have ſtore,
With bridles and ſaddles, and twentye things more.

Tuſhe, ſir John, quoth his wife, never here frett nor frowne;
You ſhall n'er be att no charges for mee,
For I will turne and trim up my old ruſſet gowne,
With everye thing elſe as fine as may bee;
And on our mill-horſes ſwift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells as we ſhall provide.

In this moſt ſtatelye ſort, rode they unto the court,
Their jolly ſonne Richard rode foremoſt of all;
Who ſet up by good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,
And ſo they jetted downe to the kings hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his ſide;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine;
Welcome, ſir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady:
Good ſir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
And ſo is the ſquire of courage ſoe free.
Quoth Dicke, abots on you; doe you know mee?

Quoth

Quoth our king gentlye, how ſhould I forget thee?
That waſt my owne bed-fellow, well it I wot.
Yea, ſir, quoth Richard, and by the ſame token,
Thou with thy farting didſt make the bed hot.
Thou whore-ſon unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,
Speake cleanly to our king, or elſe go ſhite.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With ladyes and their maids, like to the queen of ſpades,
The millers wife did ſoe orderly ſtand,
A milk-maids courteſye at every word;
And downe the folkes were ſet to the board:

Where the king royally, in princelye majeſtye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight:
When they had eaten well, then hee to jeſting fell,
Taking a bowle of wine, dranke to the knight:
Heres to you both, in wine, ale and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth ſir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the beſt ale in Nottinghamſhire:
But then ſaid our king, now I think of a thing;
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may ſay it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrilye;
In faith, I take it very unkind:
I thought thou wouldſt pledge me in ale and wine heartily.
Quoth Dicke, you are like to ſtay till I have din'd:
You feed us with twatling diſhes ſoe ſmall;
Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eate.
With that Dicke ſtraite aroſe, and pluckt one forth his hoſe,
Which with heat of his breech gan to ſweate.
The king made a proffer to ſnatch it away: —
'Tis meat for your maſter: good ſir, you muſt ſtay.

Thus in great merriment, was the time wholly ſpent;
And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
Old ſir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent
Unto their paces the king did advance:
Here with the ladyes ſuch ſport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their ſides ake.

Many thankes for their paines did the king give them,
Aſking young Richard, if he would wed
Among theſe ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?
Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, with the red head:
She's my love, ſhe's my life, her will I wed;
She hath ſworn I ſhall have her maidenhead.

Then ſir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-ſeer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye;
Now take heede you ſteale no more of my deer:
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, ſir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

XXI.

DULCINA.

Given from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys collection; the other in the editor's folio MS. The fourth ſtanza is not found in MS, and ſeems redundant.

AS at noone Dulcina reſted
In her ſweete and ſhady bower,
Came a ſhepherd, and requeſted
In her lappe to ſleep an hour:
But from her looke a wounde he tooke
So deepe, that for a further boone
The nymphe he prayes: whereto ſhe ſayes,
Foregoe me now, come to me ſoone.

But in vayne ſhee did conjure him
To departe her preſence ſoe,
Having a thouſand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him goe:
Where lippes invite, and eyes delight,
And cheekes, as freſh as roſe in june,
Perſuade delay, what boots to ſay,
Foregoe me now, come to me ſoone.

He demands, what time for pleaſure
Can there be more fit than now?
She ſayes, night gives love that leiſure,
Which the day doth not allow.
He ſayes, the ſight 'improves delight:
'Which ſhee denies; nights mirkie noone
In Venus' playes makes bold, ſhe ſayes;
Foregoe me now, come to mee ſoone.

But

But what promiſe or profeſſion
From his hands could purchaſe ſcope?
Who would ſell the ſweet poſſeſſion
Of ſuche beautye for a hope?
Or for the ſight of lingering night
Foregoe the preſent joyes of noone?
Thoug ne'er ſoe faire her ſpeeches were,
Foregoe me now, come to me ſoone.

How, at laſt, agreed theſe lovers?
Shee was fayre and he was young:
The tongue may tell what th'eye diſcovers;
Joyes unſeene are never ſung.
Did ſhee conſent, or he relent;
Accepts hee night, or grants ſhee noone;
Left he her mayd, or not; ſhe ſayd
Foregoe me now, come to me ſoone.

XXII.

THE WANDERING PRINCE OF TROY.

This excellent old ballad, which perhaps ought to have been placed earlier in the volume, is given from the editor's folio MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black letter in the Pepys collection.

The reader will ſmile to obſerve with what natural and affecting ſimplicity, our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic concluſion on the claſſic ſtory of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical juſtice with a more impartial hand, than that celebrated poet.

WHEN Troy towne had, for ten yeares 'paſt,'
Withſtood the Greeks in manful wiſe,
Then did their foes increaſe ſo faſt,
That to reſiſt nought could ſuffice:
Waſt lye thoſe walls, that were ſoe good,
And corn now grows where Troye towne ſtood.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had ſought,
At length arriving with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;
Where Dido queen, with ſumptuous feaſt,
Did entertaine this wandering gueſt.

And as in hall at meate they ſate,
The queen deſirous newes to hear,
'Says, of thy Troys unhappy fate'
Declare to me thou Trojan dear:
The heavy hap and chance ſo bad,
Which thou poore wandering prince haſt had.

And then anon this comely knight,
With words demure, as he could well,
Of their unhappy ten yeares 'fight',
So true a tale began to tell,
With words ſo ſweet, and ſighs ſo deepe,
That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thouſand ſighes he fet,
And everye ſighe brought teares amaine,
That where he ſate the place was wet,
As though he had ſeene thoſe warrs againe;

Soe

Ver. 1, 21. war. *MS. and PP.*

Soe that the queene, with ruth therefore,
Sayd, worthye prince, enough, no more.

And now the darkſome night drew on,
And twinkling ſtarres the ſkye beſpred,
When he his dolefull tale had done,
And everye one was laid in bed:
Where they full ſweetlye took their reſt,
Save only Dido's boyling breaſt.

This ſeely woman never ſlept,
But in her chamber all alone,
As one unhappy, alwaies wept,
And to the walls ſhee made her mone;
That ſhee ſhould ſo deſire in vaine
The thing, that ſhee could ne'er obtaine.

And thus in griefe ſhee ſpent the night,
Till twinkling ſtarres the ſkye were fled,
And Phœbus with his gliſtering light,
Through miſty cloudes appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
How that the Trojan ſhipps were gone.

And then the queene againſt her life
Did arme her heart as hard as ſtone,
Yet, ere ſhe bared the bloody knife,
In woefull wiſe ſhee made her mone,
And rolling on her carefull bed,
With ſighes and ſobs, theſe words ſhee ſed:

O wretched Dido queene! quoth ſhee,
I ſee thy end approacheth neare;
For he is fled away from thee,
Whom thou didſt love and hold ſo deare.

What is he gone, and paſſed bye?
O heart, prepare thyſelf to dye.

In vaine thou pleadſt I ſhould forbeare,
And ſtay my hand from bloody ſtroke;
Thee, treacherous heart, I muſt not ſpare,
Which fettered me in Cupids yoke.
Come death, quoth ſhee, reſolve my ſmart:
And with thoſe words ſhe pierc'd her heart.

When death had pierc'd the tender heart
Of Dido Carthaginian queene;
Whoſe bloody knife did end the ſmart,
Which ſhee ſuſtain'd in mournfull teene;
Æneas being ſhipt and gone,
Whoſe flattery cauſed all her mone;

Her funerall moſt coſtly made,
And all things finiſht mournfullye;
Her bodye fine in mold was laid,
Where itt conſumed ſpeedilye:
Her ſiſters teares her tombe beſtrew'd;
Her ſubjects griefe their kindneſſe ſhew'd.

Then was Æneas in an ile
In grecia, where he ſtay'd long ſpace,
Whereatt her ſiſter in ſhort while,
Writt to him to his vile diſgrace;
In ſpeeches bitter to his minde,
Shee told him plaine, hee was unkinde.

Falſe-hearted wretch, quoth ſhee, thou art,
And traiterouſlye thou haſt betraid
Unto thy lure a gentle heart,
Which unto thee much welcome made;

My

My ſiſter deare, and Carthage joy,
Whoſe folly bred her dere annoy.

Yet on her death-bed when ſhee laye,
Shee prayed for thy proſperitye,
Beſeeching god that every day
Might breed thee great felicitye:
Thus by thy meanes I loſt a friend;
Heaven ſend thee ſuch untimely end.

When he theſe lines, full fraught with gall,
Peruſed had, and weighed them right,
His lofty courage 'gan to fall;
And ſtraight appeared in his ſight
Queene Dido's ghoſt, both grim and pale;
Which made this valliant ſouldier quail.

Æneas, quoth this ghaſtly ghoſt,
My whole delight while I did live,
Thee of all men I loved moſt;
To thee my fancye I did give;
And for the welcome I thee gave,
Unthank fully thou did me grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting ſoule
To wander with me in the ayre;
Where deadlye griefe ſhall make it howle,
Becauſe of me thou tookſt no care:
Delay not time, thy glaſſe is run,
Thy date is paſt, thy death is come.

O ſtay a while, thou lovelye ſpright,
Be not ſo haſty to convay
My ſoule into eternal night,
Where it ſhall ne'er behold bright day.

O doe not frown, thy angry looke
Hath all my ſoule with horror ſhooke.

But, woe is me! all is in vaine,
And bootleſſe is my diſmall crye;
Time will not be recall'd againe,
Nor thou ſurceaſe before I dye.
O let me live, and make amends
To ſome of thy moſt deareſt friends.

But ſeeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt no pitye on me ſhowe,
Becauſe from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe:
I muſt content myſelf, to take
What lott to me thou wilt partake.

And thus, as one being in a trance,
A multitude of uglye fiends
About this woefull prince did dance;
He had no helpe of any friends:
His body then they tooke away,
And no man knew his dying day.

XXIII.

THE WITCHES' SONG

— *From Ben Jonſon's Maſque of Queens, preſented at Whitehall, Feb.* 2, 1609.

The editor thought it incumbent on him to inſert ſome old pieces on the popular ſuperſtition concerning witches, hobgoblins, fairies, and ghoſts. The laſt of theſe make their appea-

appearance in moſt of the tragical ballads; and in the following ſongs will be found ſome deſcription of the former.

It is true, this ſong of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Johnſon, is rather an extract from the various incantations of claſſic antiquity, than a diſplay of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be obſerved, that a parcel of learned wiſeacres had juſt before buſied themſelves on this ſubject, with our Britiſh Solomon James I. at their head: and theſe had ſo ranſacked all writers ancient and modern, and ſo blended and kneaded together the ſeveral ſuperſtitions of different times and nations, that thoſe of genuine Engliſh growth could no longer be traced out and diſtinguiſhed.

By good luck the whimſical belief of fairies and goblins could furniſh no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unſophiſticated.

1 WITCH.

I Have beene all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And ſoone as ſhe turn'd her beak to the ſouth,
I ſnatch'd this morſell out of her mouth.

2 WITCH.

I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The mad dogges foame, and adders eares;
The ſpurging of a deadmans eyes:
And all ſince the evening ſtarre did riſe.

3 WITCH.

I laſt night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;

And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 WITCH.

And, I ha' beene chuſing out this ſcull,
From charnell houſes that were full;
From private grots, and publike pits:
And frighted a ſexton out of his wits.

5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did creepe.
By day; and, when the childe was a-ſleepe,
At night, I ſuck'd the breath; and roſe,
And pluck'd the nodding nurſe by the noſe.

6 WITCH.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines,
The ſunne and the wind had ſhrunke his veines.
I bit off a ſinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i'the ayre.

8 WITCH.

The ſcrich-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe,
I have been getting; and made of his ſkin
A purſet, to keepe ſir Cranion in.

9 WITCH.

9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-ſhade, moone-wort, libbards-bane;
And twiſe by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch
Did ſnatch theſe bones, and then leap'e the ditch:
Yet went I back to the houſe againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breedes under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I ſcratch'd out the eyes of the owle before,
I tore the batts wing: what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypreſſe boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
The baſiliſkes bloud, and the vipers ſkin:
And, now, our orgies let's begin.

XXIV.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW,

— *alias* PUCKE, *alias* HOBGOBLIN, *in the creed of ancient ſuperſtition, was a kind of merry ſprite, whoſe character and atchievements are recorded in this ballad, and in thoſe*

thoſe well-known lines of Milton's L'Allegro, which the antiquarian Peck ſuppoſes to be owing to it;

" *Tells how the drudging* GOBLIN *ſwet*
" *To earn his cream-bowle duly ſet;*
" *When in one night, ere glimpſe of morne,*
" *His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn*
" *That ten day-labourers could not end;*
" *Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,*
" *And ſtretch'd out all the chimneys length,*
" *Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,*
" *And crop-full out of doors he flings,*
" *Ere the firſt cock his matins rings.* "

The reader will obſerve that our ſimple anceſtors had reduced all theſe whimſies to a kind of ſyſtem, as regular, and perhapps more conſiſtent, than many parts of claſſic mythology: a proof of the extenſive influence and vaſt antiquity of theſe ſuperſtitions. Mankind, and eſpecially the common people, could not every where have been ſo unanimouſly agreed concerning theſe arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales, aſſures the editor, that the exiſtence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the moſt ancient Britiſh Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the moſt common of which ſignifies, " *The ſpirits of the mountains.* " *See alſo Preface to Song XXV.*

This ſong (which Peck attributes to Ben Jonſon, tho' it is not found among his works) is given from an ancient black letter copy in the Britiſh Muſæum. It ſeems to have been originally intended for ſome Maſque.

FROM

FROM Oberon, in fairye land,
The king of ghoſts and ſhadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am ſent to viewe the night-ſports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'erſee,
And merry bee,
And make good ſport, with ho, ho, ho!

More ſwift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin ſoone,
And, in a minutes ſpace, deſcrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone.
There's not a hag
Or ghoſt ſhall wag,
Cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feates will ſpy,
And ſend them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er ſuch wanderers I meete,
As from their night-ſports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or elſe, unſeene, with them I go,
All in the nicke,
To play ſome tricke,
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Some-

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes an ox; ſometimes a hound;
And to a horſe I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My backe they ſtride,
More ſwift than wind away I go,
Ore hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and laſſes merry be,
With poſſets and with juncates fine;
Unſeene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and ſip their wine;
And, to make ſport,
I fart and ſnort;
And out the candles I do blow.
The maids I kiſs;
They ſhrieke — Who's this?
I anſwer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to pleaſe,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they ſleepe, and take their eaſe,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up ſtill;
I dreſs their hemp, I ſpin their tow.
If any 'wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When

When houſe or harth doth ſluttiſh lye,
I pinch the maidens blacke and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt ſleepe and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the uſe demand we nought;
Our owne is all we do deſire.
If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongſt them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But ſtudy how to cog and lye;
To make debate and miſchief too,
'Twixt one another ſecretlye:
I marke their gloze,
And it diſcloſe,
To them whom they have wronged ſo;
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them ſcolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins ſet
In loop-holes, where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houſes, get
Their duckes and geeſe, and lambes aſleep:
I ſpy the gin,
And enter in,
And ſeeme a vermine taken ſo.
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guiſe;
And to our fairye king, and queene,
We chant our moon-light harmonies.
When larks 'gin ſing,
Away we fling;
And babes new-borne ſteal as we go,
An elfe in bed
We leave inſtead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlins time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, ghoſts, and ſprites,
Who haunt the nightes,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feates have told,
So *Vale*, *Vale*; ho, ho, ho!

XXV.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

We have here a ſhort diſplay of the popular belief concerning FAIRIES. *It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace theſe whimſical opinions up to their origin. Whoever conſiders, how early, how extenſively, and how uniformly they have prevailed in theſe nations, will not readily aſſent to the hypotheſis of thoſe, who fetch them from the eaſt ſo late as the time of the Croiſades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon anceſtors long before they left their German foreſts, believed the exiſtence of a kind of diminutive demons, or mittle ſpecies between men and ſpirits, whom they called* DUERGAR *or* DWARFS, *and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. Hervarer Saga Olaj Verelj.* 1675. *Hickes Theſaur. &c.*

COME, follow, follow mee,
Ye, fairye elves that bee;
Come follow Mab your queene,
And trip it o'er the greene:
Hand in hand, we'll dance around,
Becauſe this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at reſt,
And ſnoring in their neſt;
Unheard, and un-eſpy'd,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, ſtooles, and ſhelves,
We trip it with our fairye elves.

And, if the houſe be foull
With platter, diſh or bowl,
Up ſtaires we nimbly creep,
And find the ſluts aſleep,
Then we pinch their armes and thighes;
None us heares, nor none us ſpies.

But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the houſhold maid,
And duely ſhe is paid:
Every night before we goe,
We drop a teſter in her ſhoe.

Then o'er a muſhroomes head
Our table-cloth we ſpread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The braines of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of ſnailes,
Between two cockles ſtew'd,
Is meat that's eaſily chew'd;
Braines of wormes, and marrow of mice
Do make a diſh, that's wonderous nice.

The graſhopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our miniſtrelſy,
Grace ſaid, we dance a while,
And ſo the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lightes us home to bed.

O'e

O'er tops of dewy graſſe
So nimbly we do paſſe,
The young and tender ſtalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk:
Yet in the morning may be ſeene
Where we the night before have beene.

XXVI.

THE FAIRIES FAREWELL.

This humourous old ſong fell from the hand of the facetious biſhop Corbet (probably in his youth) and is printed from the third edition of his poems, Lond. 1672. 12mo. It is there called, "A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fai-"ries Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be ſung or whiſt-"led to the tune of The Meadowes brown, by the learned: "by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery: Chaucer has, with equal humour, aſſigned a cauſe the very reverſe.

"In the old dayes of king Artour
"(Of which the Britons ſpeken grete honour)
"All was this lond fulfilled of fayry;
"The elf-quene, with her jolly company,
"Daunſed full oft in many a grene mede.
"This was an old opinion as I rede:
"I ſpeke of many hundred yere agoe:
"But now can no man ſee no elfes moe:
"For now the grete charite, and prayeres
"Of Limitours, and other holy freres,

" *That ſerchen every lond, and every ſtreme,*
" *As thick as motes in the ſunne beme,*
" *Bleſſing halles, chambers, kitchins, and bowres,*
" *Cities, borowes, caſtelles, and hie toures,*
" *Thropes, and bernes, ſhepens, and dairies,*
" *This maketh that there ben now no fairies:*
" *For there as wont to walken was an elfe,*
" *There walketh now the Limitour himſelfe,*
" *In undermeles and in morrownynges,*
" *And ſaieth his mattins and his holie thinges,*
" *As he goeth in his limitacioune.*
" *Wymen may now go ſafely up and doune,*
" *In every buſh, and under every tree,*
" *There is none other incubus but he:*
" *And he ne will don hem no diſhonour.* "

Wife of Bath's Tale.

Dr. Richard Corbet, having been biſhop of Oxford about three years, and afterwards as long Bp. of Norwich, died in 1635, *Ætat.* 52.

FArewell rewards and fairies!
Good houſewives now may ſay;
For now foul ſluts in dairies,
Do fare as well as they:
And though they ſweep their hearths no leſs
Than maids were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleanlineſs
Finds ſix pence in her ſhoe?

Lament, lament old abbies,
The fairies laſt command;
They did but change prieſts babies,
But ſome have chang'd your land:

And

And all your children ſtoln from thence
Are now grown Puritans,
Who live as changelings ever ſince,
For love of your demains.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of ſleep and ſloth,
Theſe pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciſs to milking roſe,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witneſs thoſe rings and round-delayes
Of theirs, which yet remain;
Were footed in queene Maries dayes
On many a graſſy plain.
But ſince of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profeſſion:
Their ſongs were *Ave Maries*,
Their dances were proceſſion.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the ſeas,
Or further from religion fled,
Or elſe they take their eaſe.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;

" *That ſerchen every lond, and every ſtreme,*
" *As thick as motes in the ſunne beme,*
" *Bleſſing halles, chambers, kitchins, and bowres,*
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But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the ſeas,
Or further from religion fled,
Or elſe they take their eaſe.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;

And whoſo kept not ſecretly
Their mirth, was puniſh'd ſure:
It was a juſt and chriſtian deed
To pinch ſuch black and blue:
O how the common-wealth doth need
Such juſtices, as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A regiſtrer they have,
Who can preſerve their charters;
A man both wiſe and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in ſtore, con twenty thanks
To William for the ſame.

To William Churne of Staffordſhire
Give laud and praiſes due,
Who every meal can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience,
And pray you for his noddle:
For all the fairies evidence
Were loſt, if it were addle.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK III.

I.

THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE.

The incidents in this, and the other ballad of ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, *are chiefly taken from the old ſtory-book of the Seven Champions of Chriſtendome; which, tho' now the play-thing of children, was once in high repute. Bp. Hall in his ſatires, publiſhed in* 1597, *ranks*

"*St. George's ſorell, and his croſs of blood*,,

among the moſt popular ſtories of his time: nor did Spenſer himſelf diſdain to borrow hints from it, as an ingenious critic has lately ſhewn. See Mr. Warton's new edit. of his Obſervations.

The author of this romance was one Richard Johnſon, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications: viz. — "*The nine worthies of London*: 1592. 4*to*. —„ *The pleaſant walks of Moor-fields*: 1607. 4*to*. — "*A crown garland of Goulden Roſes, gathered, &c.* 1612. 8*vo*. —„ *The life and death of Rob. Cecill, E. of Saliſbury*: 1612. 4*to*. — "*The hiſt. of Tom of Lincoln*, 4*to*.„ *is alſo by R. J. who likewiſe reprinted* "*Don Flores of Greece*, 4*to*.„

The Seven Champions, tho' written in a wild inflated ſtyle, contains ſome ſtrong Gothic painting; which ſeems, for the moſt part, copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At leaſt the ſtory of St. George and the fair Sabra, is taken almoſt verbatim from the old poetical legend of "*Syr Bevis of Hampton*.„

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time, [*ſee above pag.* 104.] *and ſo continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran thro' ſeveral editions; two of which are in black-letter*, 4*to*, "*imprinted by Wyllyam* "*Copland*„ *without date; containing great variations.*

As a ſpecimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhimiſt, and as a proof how cloſely the author of the Seven Champions has followed him, take a deſcription of the dragon ſlain by ſir Bevis.

"— *Whan the dragon, that foule is,*
"*Had a ſyhgt of ſyr Bevis*
"*He caſt up a loude cry,*
"*As it had thondred in the ſky;*
"*He turned his bely towarde the ſon;*
"*It was greater than any tonne:*
"*His ſcales was bryghter then the glas,*
"*And harder they were than any bras:*

Betwene

" *Betwene his ſhulder and his tayle,*
" *Was forty fote withoute fayle.*
" *He waltred out of his denne,*
" *And Bevis pricked his ſtede then,*
" *And to hym a ſpere he thraſte*
" *That all to ſhyvers he it braſte;*
" *The dragon then gan Bevis aſſayle,*
" *And ſmote ſyr Bevis with his tayle,*
" *Then downe went horſe and man,*
" *And two rybbes of Bevis bruſed than.*

After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, ſir Bevis

" *Hit him under the wynge*
" *As he was in his flyenge,*
" *There he was tender without ſcale,*
" *And Bevis thought to be his bale.*
" *He ſmote after, as I you ſaye,*
" *With his good ſword Morglaye.*
" *Up to the hiltes Morglay yode*
" *Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude;*
" *To the ground fell the dragon,*
" *Great joye ſyr Bevis begon.*
" *Under the ſcales al on hight*
" *He ſmote off his head forth right,*
" *And put it on a ſpere: &c.* *Sign. K. iv.*

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the Seven Champions, ſee Chap. III. viz. " *The dragon no ſoo-*
" *ner had a ſight of him* [*St. George*] *but he gave ſuch a*
" *terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements.*
. . . . " *Betwixt his ſhoulders and his tail were fifty feet in*
" *diſtance, his ſcales gliſtering as bright as ſilver, but far*
" *more hard than braſs; his belly of the colour of gold, but*
" *bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his den, &c.*

. . . . " *The champion . . . gave the dragon ſuch a thruſt with* " *his ſpear, that it ſhivered in a thouſand pieces : whereat* " *the furious dragon ſo fiercely ſmote him with his venomous* " *tail, that down fell man and horſe ; in which fall two* " *of St. George's ribs were ſore bruiſed, &c. — At length* . . . *St. George* " *ſmote the dragon under the wing where* " *it was tender without ſcale, whereby his good ſword Aſcalon* " *with an eaſie paſſage went to the very hilt through both* " *the dragon's heart, liver, bone and blood — Then St. Ge-* " *orge — cut off the dragon's head and pitcht it upon the trun-* " *cheon of a ſpear, &c.* "

The Hiſtory of the Seven Champions being written juſt before the decline of books of chivalry was never, I believe, tranſlated into any foreign language : But " *Le Roman de* " *Beuves of Hantonne,* " *was publiſhed at Paris in* 1502, *4to. Let. Gothique.*

The learned Selden tells us that about the Norman invaſion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whoſe reſidence was at Dunčton in Wiltſhire ; but obſerves that the monkiſh enlargements of his ſtory, have made his very exiſtence doubted. See Notes on Poly-Olbion, Song III.

As for the martial Hiſtory of St. George, it is given up, as entirely apocryphal. The equeſtrian figure, worn by the knights of the garter, has been underſtood to be an emblem of the chriſtian warrior, in his ſpiritual armour, vanquiſhing the old ſerpent. But a learned writer has lately ſhewn that it is neither more nor leſs, than a charm or amulet borrowed from ſome eaſtern hereticks ; which having been originally worn as a protečtion from the malignity of the air, at length was conſidered, as a preſervative from wounds, and an means to inſure vičtory in battle. For it ſeems the ancient orientals repreſented the ſun by a man on horſeback ; the ſun's rays by a ſpear ; and any noxious exhalation by a ſerpent. See Petingall's diſſertation, 4to.

It

It cannot be denied, but that a great part of the following ballad is modern: for which reaſon it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its ſubject procured it a place here.

LISTEN, lords, in bower and hall,
I ſing the wonderous birth
Of brave St. George, whoſe valorous arm
Rid monſters from the earth:

Diſtreſſed ladies to relieve
He travell'd many a day;
In honour of the chriſtian faith,
Which ſhall endure for aye.

I Coventry ſometime did dwell
A knight of worthy fame,
High ſteward of this noble realme;
Lord Albret was his name.

He had to wife a princelye dame,
Whoſe beauty did excell.
This virtuous lady, being with child,
In ſudden ſadneſs fell:

For thirty nights no ſooner ſleepe
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,
But, lo! a foul and fearful dreame
Her fancy did ſurprize:

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
Conceiv'd within her womb;
Whoſe mortal fangs her body rent
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and ſad was ſhe;
She nouriſht conſtant woe:
Yet ſtrove to hide it from her lord,
Leſt he ſhould ſorrow know.

In vain ſhe ſtrove, her tender lord,
Who watch'd her ſlighteſt look,
Diſcover'd ſoon her ſecret paine,
And ſoon that paine partook.

And when to him the fearful cauſe
She weeping did impart,
With kindeſt ſpeech he ſtrove to heal
The anguiſh of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady deare,
Thoſe pearly drops refraine;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll try to eaſe thy paine.

And for this foul and fearful dreame,
That cauſeth all thy woe,
Truſt me I'll travel far away
But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace,
And ſhedding many a teare,
To the weïrd lady of the woods
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weïrd lady of the woods,
Full long and many a daye,
Thro' lonely ſhades, and thickets rough
He winds his weary waye.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell
With diſmal yews o'erhung;
Where cypreſs ſpred it's mournful boughes,
And pois'nous nightſhade ſprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloome,
He hears no chearful ſound;
But ſhrill night-ravens yelling ſcreame,
And ſerpents hiſs around.

The ſhriek of fiends, ard damned ghoſts
Ran howling thro' his eare:
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Tho' all unus'd to feare.

Three times he ſtrives to win his waye,
And pierce thoſe ſickly dewes:
Three times to bear his trembling corſe
His knocking knees refuſe.

At length upon his beating breaſt
He ſigns the holy croſſe;
And, rouzing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallow'd moſſe.

Beneath a pendent craggy cliffe,
All vaulted like a grave,
And opening in the ſolid rocke,
He found the inchanted cave.

An iron grate clos'd up the mouthe,
All hideous and forlorne;
And, faſten'd by a ſilver chaine,
Near hung a brazen horne.

Then offering up a milk-white lambe
Three times he blowes amaine:
Three times a deepe and hollow ſound
Did anſwer him againe.

" Sir knight, thy lady beares a ſon,
" Who, like a dragon bright,
" Shall prove right dreadful to his foes,
" And terrible in fight.

" His name advanc'd in future times
" On banners ſhall be worne:
" But lo! thy lady's life muſt paſſe
" Before he can be borne. "

All ſore oppreſt with feare and doubt
Long time lord Albret ſtood;
At length he winds his doubtful waye,
Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to claſp his lovelye dame
Then faſt he travels backe:
But when he reach'd his caſtle gate,
His gate was hung with blacke.

In every court and hall he found
A ſullen ſilence reigne;
Save where, amid the lonely towers,
He heard her maidens 'plaine;

And bitterly lament and weepe,
With many a grievous grone:
Then ſore his bleeding heart miſgave,
His lady's life was gone.

With

With faultering ſtep he enters in,
Yet half affraid to goe;
With trembling voice aſks why they grieve,
Yet fears the cauſe to knowe.

" Three times the ſun hath roſe and ſet;
" They ſaid, then ſtopt to weepe:
" Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare
" In death's eternal ſleepe.

" For, ah! in travel ſore ſhe fell,
" So ſore that ſhe muſt dye;
" Unleſs ſome ſhrewd and cunning leech
" Could eaſe her preſentlye.

" But when a cunning leech was fet,
" Too ſoon declared hee,
" She, or her babe muſt loſe its life,
" Both ſaved could not bee.

" Now take my life, thy lady ſaid,
" My little infant ſave:
" And O commend me to my lord,
" When I am laid in grave.

" O tell him how that precious babe
" Coſt him a tender wife;
" And teach my ſon to liſp her name,
" Who died to ſave his life.

" Then calling ſtill upon thy name,
" And praying ſtill for thee;
" Without repining or complaint,
" Her gentle ſoul did flee. "

What tongue can paint lord Albret's woe,
The bitter tears he ſhed,
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,
To find his lady dead?

He beat his breaſt: he tore his hair:
And ſhedding many a teare,
At length he aſkt to ſee his ſon;
The ſon that coſt ſo deare.

New ſorrowe ſeiz'd the damſells all:
At length they faultering ſaye;
"Alas! my lord, how ſhall we tell?
"Thy ſon is ſtole away.

"Faire as the ſweeteſt flower of ſpring,
"Such was his infant mien:
"And on his little body ſtampt
"Three wonderous marks were ſeen:

"A blood-red croſs was on his arme;
"A dragon on his breaſt:
"A little garter all of gold
"Was round his leg expreſt.

"Three carefull nurſes we provide
"Our little lord to keepe:
"One gave him ſucke, one gave him food,
"And one did lull to ſleepe.

"But lo! all in the dead of night,
"We heard a fearful ſound:
"Loud thunder clapt; the caſtle ſhook;
"And lightning flaſht around.

"Dead

" Dead with affright at firſt we lay;
" But rouſing up anon,
" We rann to ſee our little lord:
" Our little lord was gone!

" But how or where we could not tell;
" For lying on the ground,
" In deep and magic ſlumbers laid,
" The nurſes there we found.

O grief on grief! lord Albret ſaid:
No more his tongue cou'd ſay,
When falling in a deadly ſwoone,
Long time he lifeleſs lay.

At length reſtor'd to life and ſenſe
He nouriſht endleſs woe,
No future joy his heart could taſte,
No future comfort knowe.

So withers on the mountain top
A fair and ſtately oake,
Whoſe vigorous arms are torne away,
By ſome rude thunder-ſtroke.

At length his caſtle irkſome grew,
He loathes his wonted home;
His native country he forſakes
In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
Clad in a palmer's gowne;
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
His beard as thiſtle downe.

At length, all wearied, down in death
He laid his reverend head.
Meantime amid the lonely wilds
His little ſon was bred.

There the weïrd lady of the woods
Had borne him far away,
And train'd him up in feates of armes,
And every martial play.

***

II.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

The ſubject of this ballad is ſufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it, This was written by GEORGE LILLO *a jeweller of London, and firſt acted about* 1730. — *As for the ballad, it was printed at leaſt as early as the middle of the laſt century.*

It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a ſtrange intermixture of Roman and black letter. It is alſo collated with another copy in the Aſhmole collection at Oxford, which is thus intitled. "*An excellent ballad of* "GEORGE BARNWELL, *an apprentice of London, who* "... *thrice robbed his maſter and murdered his uncle in* "*Ludlow. The tune is* "*The Merchant.*"

This tragical narrative ſeems to relate a real fact; but when it happened I have not been able to diſcover.

THE FIRST PART.

ALL youths of fair England
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my ſtory that I tell,
And to my ſong give ear.

A

A London lad I was,
A merchant's prentice bound;
My name George Barnwell; that did ſpend
My maſter many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I upon a day,
Was walking through the ſtreet
About my maſter's buſineſs,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame,
And ſumptuous in attire;
With ſmiling look ſhe greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kiſs,
And ſaid, if I would come to her,
I ſhould have more than this.

Fair miſtreſs, then quoth I,
If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
For I abroad muſt go,

To gather monies in,
That are my maſter's due:
And ere that I do home return,
I'll come and viſit you.

Good Barnwell, then quoth ſhe,
  Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And aſk for Mrs. Millwood's houſe,
  Next door unto the Gun.

And truſt me on my truth,
  If thou keep touch with me,
My deareſt friend, as my own heart
  Thou ſhalt right welcome be.

Thus parted we in peace,
  And home I paſſed right;
Then went abroad, and gathered in,
  By ſix o'clock at night.

An hundred pound and one:
  With bag under my arm
I went to Mrs. Millwood's houſe,
  And thought on little harm;

And knocking at the door,
  Straightway herſelf came down;
Ruſtling in moſt brave attire,
  With hood and ſilken gown.

Who through her beauty bright,
  So glorioufly did ſhine,
That ſhe amaz'd my dazzling eyes,
  She ſeemed ſo divine.

She took me by the hand,
  And with a modeſt grace,
Welcome, ſweet Barnwell, then quoth ſhe,
  Unto this homely place.

And ſince I have thee found
As good as thy word to be;
A homely ſupper ere we part,
Thou ſhalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I,
Fair miſtreſs, I you pray;
For why, out of my maſter's houſe
So long I dare not ſtay.

Alas, good Sir, ſhe ſaid,
Are you ſo ſtrictly ty'd,
You may not with your deareſt friend
One hour or two abide?

Faith, then the caſe is hard,
If it be ſo, quoth ſhe;
I would I were a prentice bound,
To live along with thee:

Therefore my deareſt George,
Liſt well what I ſhall ſay,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd deſire,
Nor think it not immodeſty,
I ſhould thy love require.

With that ſhe turn'd aſide,
And with a bluſhing red,
A mournful motion ſhe bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief ſhe had,
All wrought with ſilk and gold:
Which ſhe to ſtay her trickling tears
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my ſight
Was wondrous rare and ſtrange;
And in my ſoul and inward thought,
It wrought a ſudden change:

That I ſo hardy grew,
To take her by the hand:
Saying, Sweet miſtreſs, why do you
So dull and penſive ſtand?

Call me no miſtreſs now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy ſervant, Millwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldſt here alledge,
Thou art in years a boy;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy.

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found ſuch grace,
But ſeeing now ſo fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace.

I ſupt with her that night,
With joys that did abound;
And for the ſame paid preſently,
In money twice three pound.

An hundred kiſſes then,
For my farewel ſhe gave;
Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when ſhall I
Again thy company have?

O ſtay not hence too long,
Sweet George, have me in mind.
Her words bewitcht my childiſhneſs,
She uttered them ſo kind:

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday without fail,
With my ſweet Sarah once again,
To tell ſome pleaſant tale.

When ſhe heard me ſay ſo,
The tears fell from her eye;
O George, quoth ſhe, if thou doſt fail,
Thy Sarah ſure will dye.

Though long, yet loe! at laſt,
The apointed day was come,
That I muſt with my Sarah meet;
Having a mighty ſum

Of money in my hand,
Unto her houſe went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed,
In ſaddeſt ſort did lye.

What ails my heart's delight;
My Sarah dear, quoth I;
Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor ſighing pine, and die.

But tell me, deareſt friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou ſhalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I ſpend.

With that ſhe turn'd her head,
And ſickly thus did ſay,
Oh me, ſweet George, my grief is great,
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;
And God he knows, quoth ſhe,
I have it not. Tuſh, riſe, I ſaid,
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay.
Then from my bag into her lap,
I caſt ten pound ſtraightway.

All blithe and pleaſant then,
To banqueting we go;
She proffered me to lye with her,
And ſaid it ſhould be ſo.

And after that ſame time,
I gave her ſtore of coyn,
Yea, ſometimes fifty pound at once;
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did paſs on;
Until my maſter then
Did call to have his reckoning in
Caſt up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to ſay:
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my maſter ſtraight
I ran in ſecret ſort;
And unto Sarah Millwood there
My caſe I did report.

But how ſhe us'd this youth,
In this his care and woe,
And all a ſtrumpet's wiley ways,
The SECOND PART may ſhowe.

THE SECOND PART.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight:
I am undone unleſs thou ſtand
My faithful friend this night.

Our maſter to accompts,
Hath juſt occaſion found;
And I am caught behind the hand,
Above two hundred pound:

And now his wrath to 'ſcape,
My love I fly to thee,
Hoping ſome time I may remaine
In ſafety here with thee.

With that ſhe knit her brows,
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth ſhe, What ſhould I have to do
With any prentice boy?

And ſeing you have purloyn'd
Your maſter's goods away,
The caſe is bad, and therefore here
You ſhall no longer ſtay.

Why dear, thou knowſt, I ſaid,
How all which I could get,
I gave it, and did ſpend it all
Upon thee every whit.

Quoth ſhe, Thou art a knave,
To charge me in this ſort,
Being a woman of credit fair,
And know of good report.

Therefore I tell thee flatt,
Be packing with good ſpeed,
I do defie thee from my heart,
And ſcorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendſhip that
You did to me proteſt?
Is this the great affection which
You ſo to me expreſt?

Now fie on ſubtle ſhrews!
The beſt is, I may ſpeed
To get a lodging any where
For money in my need.

False woman, now farewell,
Whilſt twenty pound doth laſt,
My anchor in ſome other haven
With freedom I will caſt.

When ſhe perceiv'd by this,
I had ſtore of money there:
Stay, George, quoth ſhe, thou art too quick:
Why, man, I did but jeer:

Doſt think for all my ſpeech,
That I would let thee go?
Faith no, ſaid ſhe, my love to thee
I wiſs is more than ſo.

You ſcorne a prentice boy,
I heard you juſt now ſwear,
Wherefore I will not trouble you. —
— Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

Thou ſhalt not go to-night,
What chance ſoe're befall:
But man we'll have a bed for thee,
Or elſe the devil take all.

So I by wiles bewitcht,
And ſnar'd with fancy ſtill,
Had then no power to put away,
Or to withſtand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,
And cheer upon good cheer;
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilſt in her company,
I had ſuch merriment;
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her ſpent.

A fig for care and thought!
When all my gold is gone,
In faith, my girl, we will have more,
Whoever I light upon.

My father's rich, why then
Should I want ſtore of gold?
Nay with a father ſure, quoth ſhe,
A ſon may well make bold.

I've a ſiſter richly wed,
I'll rob her ere I'll want.
Nay, then quoth Sarah, they may well
Conſider of your ſcant.

Nay, I an uncle have,
At Ludlow he doth dwell:
He is a grazier, which in wealth
Doth all the reſt excell.

Ere I will live in lack,
And have no coyn for thee:
I'll rob his houſe, and murder him.
Why ſhould you not? quoth ſhe:

Was I a man, ere I
Would live in poor eſtate;
On father, friends, and all my kin,
I would my talons grate.

For without money, George,
A man is but a beaſt:
But bringing money, thou ſhalt be
Always my welcome gueſt.

For ſhouldſt thou be purſued
With twenty hues and cryes,
And with a warrant ſearched for
With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou ſhalt be ſafe;
Such privy ways there be,
That if they ſought an hundred years
They could not find out thee.

And ſo carouſing both
Their pleaſures to content:
George Barnwell had in little ſpace
His money wholly ſpent.

Which done, to Ludlow ſtraight
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle there;
His minion would it ſo.

And once he thought to take
His father by the way;
But that he fear'd his maſter had
Took order for his ſtay.

Unto his uncle then
He rode with might and main,
Who with a welcome and good cheer
Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's ſpace he ſtayed,
Until it chanced ſo,
His uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

His kinſman rode with him,
Where he did ſee right plain,
Great ſtore of money he had took:
When coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,
He ſtruck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head;
So ſore he crackt his crown.

Then ſeizing fourſcore pound,
To London ſtraight he hyed,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruell fact deſcryed.

Tuſh, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have
To have good cheer in jolly ſort,
And deck us fine and brave.

Thus lived in filthy ſort,
Until their ſtore was gone:
When means to get them any more,
I wis, poor George he had none.

Therefore in railing ſort,
She thruſt him out of door:
Which is the juſt reward of thoſe,
Who ſpend upon a whore.

O!

O! do me not disgrace
In this my need, quoth he.
She call'd him thief and murderer,
With all the spight might be:

To the constable she sent,
To have him apprehended;
And shewed how far in each degreee,
He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway;
Where fear and sting of conscience
Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,
He did a letter write;
In which is own and Sarah's fault
He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was,
And then to Ludlow sent:
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd and hang'd,
For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,
Such was her greatest gains:
For murder in Polonia,
Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,
That after harlots haunt;
Who in the spoil of other men,
About the streets do flaunt.

III.

St. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

The following ballad is given (with ſome corrections) from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection: one of which is in 12*mo*, *the other in folio.*

OF Hector's deeds did Homer ſing;
And of the ſack of ſtately Troy,
What griefs fair Helena did bring,
Which was ſir Paris' only joy:
And by my pen I will recite
St. George's deeds, an Engliſh knight.

Againſt the Sarazens ſo rude
Fought he full long and many a day;
Where many gyants he ſubdu'd,
In honour of the chriſtian way:
And after many adventures paſt
To Egypt land he came at laſt.

Now, as the ſtory plain doth tell,
Within that countrey there did reſt
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full ſore oppreſt:
Who by his poiſonous breath each day,
Did many of the city ſlay.

The grief whereof did grow ſo great
Throughout the limits of the land,
That they their wiſe-men did intreat
To ſhew their cunning out of hand;
What way they might this fiend deſtroy,
That did the countrey thus annoy.

The wiſe-men all before the king
This anſwer fram'd incontinent;
The dragon none to death might bring
By any means they could invent:
His ſkin more hard than braſs was found,
That ſword nor ſpear, could pierce nor wound.

When this the people underſtood,
They cryed out moſt piteouſlye,
The dragon's breath infects their blood,
That every day in heaps they dye:
Among them ſuch a plague it bred,
The living ſcarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
For to appeaſe the dragon's rage,
But to preſent ſome virgin clear,
Whoſe blood his fury might aſſwage;
Each day he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wiſe-men found,
Which truly muſt obſerved be;
Wherefore throughout the city round
A virgin pure of good degree
Was by the kings commiſſion ſtill
Taken up to ſerve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
Untimely crop ſome virgin flowr,
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour:
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king
That heavy meſſage to declare,
Which did his heart with ſorrow ſting;
She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir:
O let us all be poiſoned here,
Ere ſhe ſhould dye, that is my dear.

Then roſe the people preſently,
And to the king in rage they went;
They ſaid his daughter deare ſhould dye,
The dragon's fury to prevent:
Our daughters all are dead, quoth they,
And have been made the dragons prey:

And by their blood we reſcued were,
And thou haſt ſav'd thy life thereby;
And now in ſooth it is but faire,
For us thy daughter ſo ſhould die.
O ſave my daughter, ſaid the king;
And let ME feel the dragon's ſting.

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,
And to her father dear did ſay,
O father, ſtrive not thus for me,
But let me be the dragon's prey;
It may be, for my ſake alone
This plague upon the land was thrown.

Tis better I ſhould dye, ſhe ſaid,
Than all your ſubjects periſh quite;
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his ſpite:
And after he hath ſuckt my gore,
Your land ſhall feel the grief no more.

What

What haſt thou done, my daughter dear,
For to deſerve this heavy ſcourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our ſtate to purge;
Then ought I die, to ſtint the ſtrife,
And to preſerve thy happy life.

Like mad-men, all the people cried,
Thy death to us can do no good;
Our ſafety only doth abide
In making her the dragon's food.
Lo! here I am, I come, quoth ſhe,
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay ſtay, dear daughter, quoth the queen,
And as thou art a virgin bright,
That haſt for vertue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in white;
And crown thy head with flowers ſweet,
An ornament for virgins meet.

And when ſhe was attired ſo,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the ſtake then did ſhe go;
To which her tender limbs they bind:
And being bound to ſtake a thrall
She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth ſhe,
And my ſweet mother meek and mild;
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
For you may have another child:
Since for my country's good I dye,
Death I receive moſt willinglye.

The king and queen and all their train
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as ſhe did there weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by.

And ſeeing there a lady bright
So rudely tyed unto a ſtake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He ſtraight to her his way did take:
Tell me, ſweet maiden, then quoth he,
What caitif thus abuſeth thee?

And, lo! by Chriſt his croſs I vow,
Which here is figured on my breaſt,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his cheſt;
And ſpeaking thus whereas he ſtood,
The dragon iſſued from the wood.

The lady that did firſt eſpy
The dreadful dragon coming ſo,
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
And willed him away to go;
Here comes that curſed fiend, quoth ſhe,
That ſoon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery dragon ſoon eſpy'd,
And like a knight of courage ſtout,
Againſt him did moſt fiercely ride;
And with ſuch blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horſe's feet.

For

For with his launce that was ſo ſtrong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thruſt along,
For he could pierce no other place:
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon ſtraight he ſlew.

The favour of his poiſoned breath
Could do this holy knight no harm.
Thus he the lady ſav'd from death,
And home he led her by the arm;
Which when king Ptolemy did ſee,
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
Had ſlain the dragon in the field,
To court he brought the lady fair,
Which to their hearts much joy did yield.
He in the court of Egypt ſtaid
Till he moſt falſely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,
He counted her his only joy;
But when their love was brought to light
It turn'd unto their great annoy:
Th' Morocco king was in the court,
Who to the orchard did reſort:

Dayly to take the pleaſant air,
For pleaſure ſake he us'd to walk,
Under a wall he oft did hear
St. George with lady Sabra talk:
Their love he ſhew'd unto the king,
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Thoſe kings together did deviſe
To make the chriſtian knight away,
With letters him in curteous wiſe
They ſtraightway ſent to Perſia:
But wrote to th' ſophy him to kill,
And treacherouſly his blood to ſpill.

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and moſt ſubtilly
By much vile meanes they had regard
To work his death moſt cruelly;
Who, as through Perſia land he rode,
With zeal deſtroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he ſtraight was thrown
Into a dungeon dark and deep;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
He bitterly did wail and weep:
Yet like a knight of courage ſtout,
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the king of Perſia
By night this valiant champion ſlew,
Though he had faſted many a day;
And then away from thence he flew
On the beſt ſteed the ſophy had;
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Chriſtendom he made his flight
But met a gyant by the way,
With whom in combat he did fight
Moſt valiantly a ſummer's day:
Who yet, for all his bats of ſteel,
Was forc'd the ſting of death to feel.

Back o'er the ſeas with many bands
Of warlike ſouldiers ſoon he paſt,
Vowing upon thoſe heathen lands
To work revenge; which at the laſt,
Ere thrice three years were gone and ſpent,
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save onely Egypt land he ſpar'd
For Sabra bright her only ſake,
And, ere for her he had regard,
He meant a tryal, kind to make:
Mean while the king o'ercome in field
Unto ſaint George did quickly yield.

Then ſtraight Morocco's king he ſlew
And took fair Sabra to his wife,
But meant to try if ſhe were true
Ere with her he would lead his life:
And, tho' he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
The brave St. George conducted ſtrait,
An eunuch alſo with them came,
Who did upon the lady wait;
Theſe three from Egygt went alone.
Now mark St. Georg'es valour ſhown.

When as they in a foreſt were
The lady did deſire to reſt,
Mean while St. George to kill a deer,
For their repaſt did think it beſt:
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilſt he did go to kill the deer.

But lo! all in his abſence came
Two hungry lyons fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the ſame
In pieces ſmall, the truth to tell;
Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby they ſhew'd, ſhe was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
And did behold this heavy chance,
Then for his lovely virgin's ſake
His courage ſtrait he did advance,
And came into the lions ſight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit diſmay
Who, like a ſtout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry lyons ſlay
Within the lady Sabra's ſight:
Who all this while ſad and demure,
There ſtood moſt like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did ſurely know
This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erſt was woe,
And all his love did ſoon renew:
He ſet her on a palfrey ſteed,
And towards England came with ſpeed.

Where being in ſhort ſpace arriv'd
Unto his native dwelling place;
Therein with his dear love he liv'd
And fortune did his nuptials grace:
They many years of joy did ſee,
And led their lives at Coventry.

IV.

IV.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

This excellent ſong is ancient: but we could only give it from modern copies.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves;
Under the fontains,
And under the graves;
Over floods that are deepeſt,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are ſteepeſt,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye;
Where there is no ſpace
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture
Leſt herſelf faſt ſhe lay;
If love come he will enter,
And ſoon find out his way.

You may eſteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight;
But if ſhe, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Sed a thouſand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to loſe him,
By having him confin'd;
And ſome do ſuppoſe him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er ſo cloſe ye wall him,
Do the beſt that you may,
Blind love, if ſo ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To ſtoop to your fiſt;
Or you may inveigle
The phenix of the eaſt;
The lioneſs, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er ſtop a lover:
He will find out his way.

V.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY's POLICY.

Given (with ſome corrections) from a MS copy. and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection.

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, ſir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, ſir.

Shall

Shall you and I, O lady faire,
Among the graſs lye downe-a;
And I will have a ſpecial care
Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the graſs there is a dewe,
Will ſpoil my damaſke gowne, ſir:
My gown, and kirtle they are newe,
And coſt me many a crowne, ſir.

I have a cloak of ſcarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throwe it;
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head;
We'll play, and none ſhall knowe it.

O yonder ſtands my ſteed ſo free
Among the cocks of hay, ſir;
And if the pinner ſhould chance to ſee,
He'll take my ſteed away, ſir.

Upon my finger I have a ring,
Its made of fineſt gold-a;
And, lady, it thy ſteed ſhall bring
Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall;
Fair chambers there are three, ſir:
And you ſhall have the beſt of all,
And I'll your chamberlain bee, ſir.

He mounted himſelf on his ſteed ſo tall,
And her on her dapple gray, ſir:
And there they rode to her father's hall,
Faſt pricking along the way, ſir.

To her father's hall they arrived ſtrait;
'Twas moated round about-a;
She ſlipped herſelf within the gate,
And lockt the knight without-a.

Here is a ſilver penny to ſpend,
And take it for your pain, ſir;
And two of my father's men I'll ſend
To wait on you back again, ſir.

He from his ſcabbard drew his brand,
And whet it upon his ſleeve-a:
And curſed, he ſaid, be every man,
That will a maid believe-a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire,
And whip'd it upon her gown-a;
And curſt be every maiden faire,
That will with men lye down-a!

A tree there is, that lowly grows,
And ſome do call it rue, ſir:
The ſmalleſt dunghill cock that crows,
Would make a capon of you, ſir.

A flower there is, that ſhineth bright,
Some call it mary-gold-a:
He that wold not when he might,
He ſhall not when he wold-a.

The knight was riding another day,
With cloak and hat and feather:
He met again with that lady gay,
Who was angling in the river.

Now,

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
You ſhall no more eſcape me;
Remember, how not long agoe
You falſely did intrap me.

The lady bluſhed ſcarlet red,
And trembled at the ſtranger:
How ſhall I guard my maidenhed
From this approaching danger?

He from his ſaddle down did light,
In all his riche attyer;
And cryed, as I am a noble knight,
I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,
Who ſeemingly conſented;
And would no more diſputing ſtand:
She had a plot invented.

Looke yonder, good ſir knight, I pray,
Methinks I now diſcover,
A riding upon his dapple gray,
My former conſtant lover.

On tip-toe peering ſtood the knight,
Faſt by the rivers brink-a;
The lady puſht with all her might:
Sir knight now ſwim or ſink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in,
The bottom faire he ſounded;
Then riſing up, he cried amain,
Help, helpe, or elſe I'm drowned!

Now, fare-you-well, ſir knight, adieu!
You ſee what comes of fooling:
That is the fitteſt place for you;
Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her fathers park,
Juſt at the cloſe of eve-a,
Again ſhe met with her angry ſparke;
Which made this lady grieve-a.

Falſe lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee:
And thou ſhalt ſorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dar'dſt to jeer me.

I pray, ſir knight, be not ſo warm
With a young ſilly maid-a:
I vow and ſwear I thought no harm,
'Twas a gentle jeſt I playd-a.

A gentle jeſt, in ſoothe! he cry'd,
To tumble me in and leave me:
What if I had in the river dy'd? —
That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injur'd out of meaſure;
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleaſure.

Well then, if I muſt grant your ſuit,
Yet think of your boots and ſpurs, ſir:
Let me pull off both ſpur and boot,
Or elſe you cannot ſtir, ſir.

He

He ſet him down upon the graſs,
And beg'd her kind aſſiſtance:
Now, ſmiling thought this lovely laſs,
I'll make you keep your diſtance.

Then pulling of his boots half-way;
Sir knight, now I'm your betters:
You ſhall not make of me your prey;
Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight when ſhe had ſerved ſoe,
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled:
For he could neither ſtand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, ſir knight, the clock ſtrikes ten,
Yet do not move nor ſtir, ſir:
I'll ſend you my father's ſerving men,
To pull off your boots and ſpurs, ſir,

This merry jeſt you muſt excuſe,
You are but a ſtingleſs nettle:
You'd never have ſtood for boots or ſhoes,
Had you been a man of mettle.

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a:
Next morning a ſhepherd paſt that way,
Who ſet him right again-a.

Then mounting upon his ſteed ſo tall,
By hill and dale he ſwore-a:
I'll ride at once to her father's hall;
She ſhall eſcape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard,
I'll challenge all her kindred;
Each daſtard ſoul ſhall ſtand affeard;
My wrath ſhall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's houſe,
Which every ſide was moated:
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought ſhee, ſir knight, to quench your rage,
Once more I will endeavour;
This water ſhall your fury 'ſwage,
Or elſe it ſhall burn for ever.

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley:
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, ſir:
Therefore a-croſs the water come;
And I am all your own, ſir.

Falſe maid, thou can'ſt no more deceive,
I ſcorn the treacherous bait-a:
If thou would'ſt have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
My father has the keys, ſir.
But I have for my love prepar'd
A ſhorter way and eaſier.

Over the moathe I've laid a plank
  Full ſeventeen feet in meaſure:
Then ſtep a-croſs to the other bank,
  And there we'll take our pleaſure.

Theſe words ſhe had no ſooner ſpoke,
  But ſtrait he came tripping over:
The plank was ſaw'd, it ſnapping broke;
  And ſous'd the unhappy lover.

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VI.

WHY SO PALE?

From ſir John Suckling's poems. This ſprightly knight was born in 1613, *and cut off by a fever about the* 29*th year of his age.*

WHY ſo pale and wan, fond lover?
  Prethee, why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
  Looking ill prevail?
  Prethee why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute, young ſinner?
  Prethee why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
  Saying nothing doe't?
  Prethee why ſo mute?

Quit, quit for ſhame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

VII.

THE SPANISH VIRGIN, OR EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

The ſubject of this ballad is taken from a folio collection of tragical ſtories, intitled "The theatre of God's judgments," by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor, 1642. Pt. 2. p. 89. — The text is given (with ſome corrections) from two copies; one of them in black letter in the Pepys collection. In this every ſtanza is accompanied with the following diſtich by way of burden,

"*Oh jealouſie! thou art nurſt in hell:*
"*Depart from hence, and therein dwell.*"

ALL tender hearts, that ake to hear
Of thoſe that ſuffer wrong;
All you, that never ſhed a tear,
Give heed unto my ſong.

Fair Iſabella's tragedy
My tale doth far exceed:
Alas! that ſo much cruelty
In female hearts ſhould breed!

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,
Who was of high degree;
Whoſe wayward temper did create,
Much woe and miſery.

Strange

Strange jealouſies ſo fill'd her head
With many a vain ſurmize,
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed,
And did her love deſpiſe.

A gentlewoman paſſing fair
Did on this lady wait;
With braveſt dames ſhe might compare;
Her beauty was compleat.

Her lady caſt a jealous eye
Upon this gentle maid;
And taxt her with diſloyaltye;
And did her oft upbraid.

In ſilence ſtill this maiden meek
Her bitter taunts would bear;
While oft adown her lovely cheek
Would ſteal the falling tear.

In vain in humble ſort ſhe ſtrove
Her fury to diſarm;
As well the meekneſs of the dove
The bloody hawke might charm.

Her lord of humour light and gay,
And innocent the while,
As oft, as ſhe came in his way,
Would on the damſell ſmile.

And oft before his lady's face,
As thinking her her friend,
He would the maiden's modeſt grace,
And comelineſs commend.

All which incens'd his lady ſo
  She burnt with wrath extreame;
At length the fire that long did glow,
  Burſt forth into a flame.

For on a day it ſo befell,
  When he was gone from home,
The lady all with rage did ſwell,
  And to the damſell come.

And charging her with great offence,
  And many a grievous fault;
She bade her ſervants drag her thence,
  Into a diſmal vault.

There lay beneath the common-ſhore
  A dungeon dark and deep:
Where they were wont, in days of yore,
  Offenders great to keep.

There never light of chearful day
  Diſpers'd the hideous gloom:
But dank and noiſome vapours play
  Around the wretched room.

And adders, ſnakes and toads therein,
  As afterwards was known,
Long in this loathſome vault had bin,
  And were to monſters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place,
  The fair one innocent
Was caſt, before her lady's face;
  Her malice to content.

This

This maid no ſooner enter'd is,
But ſtrait, alas! ſhe hears
The toads to croak, and ſnakes to hiſs:
Then grievouſly ſhe fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,
And fiercely her aſſail:
Which makes the damſel ſorely weep,
And her ſad fate bewail.

With her fair hands ſhe ſtrives in vain
Her body to defend:
With ſhrieks, and cries ſhe doth complain,
But all is to no end.

A ſervant liſtning near the door,
Struck with her doleful noiſe,
Strait ran his lady to implore;
But ſhe'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes agen
To mark the maiden's groans;
And plainly hears, within the den,
How ſhe herſelf bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies
With all the haſte he may:
She into furious paſſion flies,
And orders him away.

Still back again does he return
To hear her tender cries;
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn;
Which fill'd him with ſurprize.

In grief, and horror, and affright,
He liſtens at the walls;
But finding all was ſilent quite,
He to his lady calls.

Too ſure, O lady, now quoth he,
Your cruelty hath ſped:
Make haſt, for ſhame, and come and ſee;
I fear the virgin's dead.

She ſtarts to hear her ſudden fate,
And does with torches run:
But all her haſt was now too late,
For death his worſt had done.

The door being open'd ſtrait they found
The virgin ſtretch'd along;
Two dreadful ſnakes had wrapt her round,
Which her to death had ſtung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her waſt
Had twin'd his fatal wreath:
The other cloſe her neck embrac'd,
And ſtopt her gentle breath.

The ſnakes, being from her body thruſt,
Their bellies were ſo fill'd,
That with exceſs of blood they burſt,
Thus with their prey were kill'd.

The wicked lady at this ſight,
With horror ſtrait ran mad;
So raving dy'd as was moſt right,
Cauſe ſhe no pity had.

Let me adviſe you, ladies all,
Of jealouſy beware:
It cauſeth many a one to fall,
And is the devil's ſnare.

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VIII.

THE ASPIRING SHEPHERD.

From the Editor's ancient folio Manuſcript.

HE is a foole that baſelye dallies,
Where eche peaſant mates with him:
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies
Having noble hills to climbe.
No, no, thoſe clownes, be ſcar'd with frownes,
Shall never my eſteeme obtaine;
And ſuch as you, fond fools, adieu!
Ye ſeeke to captive me in vaine.

I doe ſcorne to vow a dutye,
Where eche luſtfull ladd may woe:
Give me her whoſe 'ſun-like' beautye
Buzzards dare not gaze unto.
Shee it is, affords my bliſſe,
For whom I will refuſe no paine:
And ſuch as you, fond fools, adieu!
Ye ſeeke to captive me in vaine.

Ver. 11. ſeemlye. *MS.*

IX.

CONSTANT PENELOPE.

The ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys collection, where the original is preserved in blackletter, and is intitled, "A looking-glaſs for ladies, "or a mirrour for married women. Tune Queen Dido, or "Troy town."

WHEN Greeks, and Trojans fell at ſtrife,
And lords in armour bright were ſeen;
When many a gallant loſt his life
Abont fair Hellen, beauties queen;
Ulyſſes, general ſo free,
Did leave his dear Penelope.

When ſhe this wofull news did hear,
That he would to the warrs of Troy;
For grief ſhe ſhed full many a tear,
At parting from her only joy;
Her ladies all about her came,
To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulyſſes, with a heavy heart,
Unto her then did mildly ſay,
The time is come that we muſt part,
My honour calls me hence away;
Yet in my abſence, deareſt, be
My conſtant wife, Penelope.

Let

Let me no longer live, ſhe ſayd,
Then to my lord I true remain;
My honour ſhall not be betray'd
Until I ſee my love again:
For ever I will conſtant prove,
As is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy chear,
And to the ſhips his way he took;
Her tender eyes dropt many a tear,
Still caſting many a longing look:
She ſaw him on the ſurges glide,
And unto Neptune thus ſhe cry'd.

Thou god, whoſe power is in the deep,
And ruleſt in the ocean main,
My loving lord in ſafety keep
Till he return to me again:
That I his perſon may behold,
To me more precious far than gold.

Then ſtraight the ſhips with nimble ſails
Were all convey'd out of her ſight;
Her cruel fate ſhe then bewails,
Since ſhe had loſt her hearts delight:
Now ſhall my practice be, quoth ſhe,
True vertue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,
My charity I will extend;
Since for my woe there is no cure,
The helpleſs now I will befriend:
The widow and the fatherleſs,
I will relieve, when in diſtreſs.

Thus ſhe continued year by year
In doing good to every one;
Her fame was noiſed every where,
To young and old the ſame was known;
No company that ſhe would mind,
Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulyſſes fought for fame,
'Mongſt Trojans hazarding his life:
Young gallants, hearing of her name,
Came flocking for to tempt his wife;
For ſhe was lovely, young, and fair,
No lady might with her compare.

With coſtly gifts and jewels fine,
They did endeavour her to win;
With banquets, and the choiceſt wine,
For to allure her unto ſin:
Moſt perſons were of high degree,
Who courted fair Penelope.

With modeſty and comely grace,
Their wanton ſuits ſhe did denye;
No tempting charms could e'er deface
Her deareſt huſband's memorye;
But conſtant ſhe would ſtill remain,
Hopeing to ſee him once again.

Her book her dayly comfort was,
And that ſhe often did peruſe;
She ſeldom looked in her glaſs;
Powder and paint ſhe ne'er would uſe,
I wiſh all ladies were as free
From pride, as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,
And likewiſe in her ſpinning-wheel;
Her maids about her every night
Did uſe the diſtaff, and the reel:
The ſpiders, that on rafters twine,
Scarce ſpin a thread more ſoft and fine.

Sometimes ſhe would bewail the loſs
And abſence of her deareſt love:
Sometimes ſhe thought the ſeas to croſs,
Her fortune on the waves to prove:
I fear my lord is ſlain, quoth ſhe,
He ſtays ſo from Penelope.

At length the ten years ſiege of Troy
Did end; in flames the city burn'd;
And to the Grecians was great joy,
To ſee the towers to aſhes turn'd:
Then came Ulyſſes home to ſee
His conſtant, dear, Penelope.

O blame her not if ſhe was glad,
When ſhe her lord again had ſeen.
Thrice-welcome home, my dear, ſhe ſaid,
A long time abſent thou haſt been:
The wars ſhall never more deprive
Me of my lord whilſt I'me alive.

Fair ladies all example take;
And hence a worthy leſſon learn,
All youthful follies to forſake,
And vice from virtue to diſcern;
And let all women ſtrive to be,
As conſtant as Penelope.

X.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

By Col. Richard Lovelace: from a ſcarce volume of his poems intitled, "Lucaſta, Lond. 1649. 12mo. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired, if it had ſomewhat more of ſimplicity.

TELL me not, ſweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
O thy chaſte breaſt, and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flie.

True; a new miſtreſſe now I chaſe,
The firſt foe in the field;
And with a ſtronger faith imbrace
A ſword, a horſe, a ſhield.

Yet this inconſtancy is ſuch,
As you too ſhall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, ſo much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

XI.

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

It would be in vain to put off this ballad for ancient nor yet is it altogether modern. The original is an old MS. poem in the Editor's poſſeſſion; which being in a wretched corrupt ſtate, the ſubject was thought worthy of ſome embelliſhments.

The old ſtory-book of Valentine and Orſon (which ſuggeſted the plan of this tale, but it is not ſtrictly followed in

in it) *is originally a tranſlation from the French, being one of their earlieſt attempts at romance. See "Le Biblio-"theque de Romans, &c.*"

The circumſtance of the bridge of bells, is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has alſo been copied in the Seven Champions. The original lines are.

"*Over the dyke a bridge there lay,*
"*That man and beeſt might paſſe away:*
"*Under the brydge were ſixty belles;*
"*Right as the Romans telles;*
"*That there might no man paſſe in,*
"*But all they rang with a gyn.*"

Sign. E. iv.

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colours freſh and fine,
Then holy clerkes their mattins ſing
To good Saint Valentine!

The king of France that morning fair
He would a hunting ride:
To Artois foreſt prancing forth
In all his princely pride.

To grace his ſports a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend;
And with their loud and cheerful cryes
The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep foreſt ſwift they paſs,
Through woods and thickets wild;
When down within a lonely dell
They found a new-born child:

All

All in a ſcarlet kercher lay'd
Of ſilk ſo fine and thin:
A golden mantle wrapt him round
Pinn'd with a ſilver pin.

The ſudden fight ſurpriz'd them all;
The courtiers gather'd round;
They look, they call, the mother ſeek;
No mother could be found.

At length the king himſelf drew near,
And as he gazing ſtands,
The pretty babe look'd up and ſmil'd,
And ſtretch'd his little hands.

Now, by the rood, king Pepin ſays,
This child is paſſing fair:
I wot he is of gentle blood;
Perhaps ſome prince's heir.

Goe bear him home unto my court
With all the care ye may:
Let him be chriſten'd Valentine,
In honour of this day:

And look me out ſome cunning nurſe;
Well nurtur'd let him bee;
Nor ought be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree.

They look'd him out a cunning nurſe;
And nurtur'd well was hee;
Nor ought was wanting that became
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grewe the little Valentine
  Belov'd of king and peers;
And ſhew'd in all he ſpake or did
  A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms
  He did himſelf advance,
That ere he grewe to man's eſtate
  He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began
  To ſhade his youthful chin;
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight,
  That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
  I beg a boon of thee!
The firſt adventure, that befalls,
  May be reſerv'd for me.

The firſt adventure ſhall be thine;
  The king did ſmiling ſay.
Nor many days, when lo! there came
  Three palmers clad in graye.

Help, gracious lord, they weeping ſay'd;
  And knelt as it was meet:
From Artoys foreſt we be come,
  With weak and wearye feet.

Within thoſe deep and drearye woods
  There wends a ſavage boy;
Whoſe fierce and mortal rage doth yield
  Thy ſubjects dire annoy.

'Mong

'Mòng ruthleſs beares he ſure was bred;
He lurks within their den:
With beares he lives; with beares he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

To more than ſavage ſtrength he joins
A more than human ſkill:
For arms, no cunning may ſuffice
His cruel rage to ſtill.

Up then roſe ſir Valentine,
And claim'd that arduous deed.
Go forth and conquer, ſay'd the king,
And great ſhall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white ſteed,
His armour white as ſnow;
As well beſeem'd a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe:

To Artoys foreſt he repairs
With all the haſte he may:
And ſoon he ſpies the ſavage youth
A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His ſhaggy ſhoulders round:
His eager eye all fiery glow'd:
His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails:
His limbs were thick and ſtrong;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

Soon as ſir Valentine approach'd,
He ſtarts with ſudden ſpring;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the foreſts ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell
Hath ſpyed a paſſing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat;
So ſprung the ſavage foe;

So lightly leap'd with furious force
The gentle knight to ſeize:
But met his tall uplifted ſpear,
Which ſunk him on his knees.

A ſecond ſtroke ſo ſtiff and ſtern
Had laid the ſavage low;
But ſpringing up, he rais'd his club,
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And ſhun'd the coming ſtroke;
Upon his taper ſpear it fell,
And all to ſhivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his ſteed,
He drew his burniſht brand:
The ſavage quick as lightning flew
To wreſt it from his hand.

Three times he graſp'd the ſilver hilt;
Three times he felt the blade;
Three times it fell with furious force;
Three ghaſtly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd;
His eye-ball flaſh'd with fire;
Each hairy limb with fury ſhook;
And all his heart was ire.

Then cloſing faſt with furious gripe
He claſp'd the champion round,
And with a ſtrong and ſudden twiſt
He laid him on the ground.

But ſoon the knight with active ſpring,
O'erturn'd his hairy foe:
And now between their ſturdy fiſts
Paſt many a bruiſing blow.

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
And there they ſtruggled long:
Skilful and active was the knight;
The ſavage he was ſtrong.

But brutal force and ſavage ſtrength
To art and ſkill muſt yield:
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding ſtrait his conquer'd foe
Faſt with an iron chain,
He tyes him to his horſe's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive ſoon
Sir Valentine doth bring;
And kneeling downe upon his knee,
Preſents him to the king.

With loſs of blood and loſs of ſtrength,
The ſavage tamer grew;
And to ſir Valentine became
A ſervant try'd and true.

And 'cauſe with beares he erſt was bred,
Urſine they call his name:
A name which unto future times
The Muſes ſhall proclame.

PART THE SECOND.

IN high renown with prince and peere
Now liv'd ſir Valentine:
His high renown with prince and peere
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day
Prepar'd a ſumptuous feaſt;
And there came lords, and dainty dames,
And many a noble gueſt.

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,
Their revelry, and mirth;
A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
Of baſe and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, ſo groſsly urg'd,
His generous heart did wound:
And ſtrait he vow'd he ne'er would reſt
Till he his parents found.

Then biddind king and peers adieu,
Early one ſummer's day,
With faithful Urſine by his ſide,
From court he takes his way.

O'er hill and valley, moſs and moor,
For many a day they paſs;
At length upon a moated lake,
They found a bridge of braſs.

Beyond it roſe a caſtle fair
Y-built of marble ſtone:
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittred in the ſun.

Beneath the bridge, with ſtrange device,
A hundred bells were hung;
That man, nor beaſt, might paſs thereon,
But ſtrait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly croſſing o'er,
The jangling ſound bedeaft their ears,
And rung from ſhore to ſhore.

Quick at the ſound the caſtle gates
Unlock'd and opened wide,
And ſtrait a gyant huge and grim
Stalk'd forth with ſtately ſtride.

Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will;
He cried with hideous roar;
Or elſe the wolves ſhall eat your fleſh,
And ravens drink your gore.

Vain boaſter, ſaid the youthful knight,
I ſcorn thy threats and thee:
I truſt to force thy brazen gates,
And ſet thy captives free.

Then putting ſpurs unto his ſteed,
He aim'd a dreadful thruſt;
The ſpear againſt the gyant glanc'd,
And caus'd the blood to burſt.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirl'd his mace of ſteel:
The very wind of ſuch a blow
Had made the champion reel.

It haply miſt; and now the knight
His glittering ſword diſplay'd,
And riding round with whirlwind ſpeed
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monſtrous oak
Unceaſing axes hew:
So faſt around the gyant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall
Some hapleſs woodman cruſh:
With ſuch a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion ruſh.

A fearful blow, alas! there came,
Both horſe and knight it took,
And laid them ſenſeleſs in the duſt;
So fatal was the ſtroke.

Then ſmiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant ſtrides in haſte;
And, ſtooping, aims a ſecond ſtroke:
Now caytiff breathe thy laſt!

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
Upon his ſcull deſcend:
From Urſine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to ſave his friend.

Down ſunk the gyant gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes:
The hairy youth repeats his blows:
He gaſps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly ſir Valentine reviv'd
With Urſine's timely care:
And now to ſearch the caſtle walls
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd knights
They found where'er they came:
At length within a lonely cell
They ſaw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears;
Her cheeks were pale with woe:
And long ſir Valentine beſought
Her doleful tale to know.

"Alas! young knight, ſhe weeping ſaid,
"Condole my wretched fate:
"A childleſs mother here you ſee;
"A wife without a mate.

"Theſe

" Theſe twenty winters here forlorn
" I've drawn my hated breath ;
" Sole witneſs of a monſter's crimes,
" And wiſhing aye for death.

" Know, I am ſiſter of a king;
" And in my early years
" Was married to a mighty prince,
" The faireſt of his peers.

" With him I ſweetly liv'd in love
" A twelvemonth and a day ;
" When, lo! a foul and treacherous prieſt
" Y-wrought our loves' decay.

" His ſeeming goodneſs wan him pow'r ;
" He had his maſter's ear:
" And long to me and all the world
" He did a ſaint appear.

" One day, when we were all alone,
" He proffer'd odious love:
" The wretch with horrour I repuls'd,
" And from my preſence drove.

" He feign'd remorſe, and piteous beg'd
" His crime I'd not reveal ;
" Which, won by's ſeeming penitence,
" I promis'd to conceal.

" With treaſon, villainy, and wrong
" My goodneſs he repay'd:
" With jealous doubts he fill'd my lord,
" And me to woe betray'd.

" He hid a ſlave within my bed,
" Then rais'd a bitter cry:
" My lord, poſſeſt with rage, condemn'd
" Me, all unheard, to dye.

" But 'cauſe I then was great with child,
" At length my life he ſpar'd:
" But bade me inſtant quit the realme,
" One truſty knight my guard.

" Forth on my journey I depart,
" Oppreſt with grief and woe;
" And tow'rds my brother's diſtant court,
" With breaking heart, I goe.

" Long time thro' ſundry foreign lands
" We ſlowly pace along:
" At length within a foreſt wild
" I fell in labour ſtrong.

" And while the knight for ſuccour ſought,
" And left me there forlorn,
" My childbed pains ſo faſt increaſt
" Two lovely boys were born.

" The eldeſt fair, and ſmooth, as ſnow
" That tips the mountain hoar:
" The younger's little body rough
" With hairs was cover'd o'er.

" But here afreſh begin my woes:
" While tender care I took
" To ſhield my eldeſt from the cold,
" And wrap him in my cloak;

" A

" A prowling bear burſt from the wood,
" And ſeiz'd my younger ſon:
" Affection lent my weakneſs wings,
" And after them I run.

" But all forewearied, weak and ſpent,
" I quickly ſwoon'd away:
" And there beneath the greenwood ſhade
" Longtime I lifeleſs lay.

" At length the knight brought me relief,
" And rais'd me from the ground:
" But neither of my pretty babes
" Could ever more be found.

" And, while in ſearch we wander'd far,
" We met that gyant grim:
" Who ruthleſs ſlew my truſty knight,
" And bare me off with him.

" But charm'd, by heav'n, or elſe my griefs,
" He offer'd me no wrong:
" Save that within theſe lonely walls
" I've been immur'd ſo long. "

Now, ſurely, ſaid the youthful knight,
Ye are lady Belliſance,
Wife to the Grecian emperor;
Your brother's king of France.

For in your royal brother's court
Myſelf my breeding had;
Where oft the ſtory of your woes
Hath made my boſom ſad.

If ſo, know your accuſer's dead,
And dying own'd his crime:
And long your lord hath ſought you out
Thro' every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn
Of his much-wronged wife,
He vow'd thenceforth within his court
To lead a hermit's life.

Now heaven is kind! the lady ſaid;
And dropt a joyful tear:
Shall I once more behold my lord?
That lord I love ſo dear?

But, madam, ſaid ſir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee;
Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,
If you the ſame ſhould ſee?

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,
In which himſelf was found;
The lady gave a ſudden ſhriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd,
His tale ſhe heard anon:
And ſoon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her ſon.

But who's this hairy youth? ſhe ſaid;
He much reſembles thee:
The bear devour'd my younger ſon,
Or ſure that ſon were he.

Madam, this youth with beares was bred,
And rear'd within their den.
But recollect ye any mark
To know your ſon agen?

Upon his little ſide, quoth ſhe,
Was ſtampt a bloody roſe.
Here, lady, ſee the crimſon mark
Upon his body grows!

Then claſping both her new-found ſons,
She bath'd their cheeks with tears;
And ſoon towards her brother's court
Her joyful courſe ſhe ſteers.

What pen can paint king Pepin's joy,
His ſiſter thus reſtor'd;
And ſoon a meſſenger was ſent
To chear her drooping lord:

Who came in haſte with all his peers,
To fetch her home to Greece:
Where many happy years they reign'd
In perfect love and peace.

To them ſir Urſine did ſucceed,
And long the ſcepter bare.
Sir Valentine he ſtay'd in France,
And was his uncle's heir.

***

XII.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

*This humorous ſong (as a former Editor * has well obſerved) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what Don Quixote is to proſe narratives of that kind: — a lively ſatire on their extravagant fictions. But altho' the ſatire is thus general; the ſubject of this ballad ſeems local and peculiar: ſo that many of the fineſt ſtrokes of humour are loſt for want of our knowing the particular facts to which they allude. Theſe we have in vain endeavoured to recover; and are therefore obliged to acquieſce in the common account; namely, thas this ballad alludes to a conteſt at law between an overgrown Yorkſhire attorney and a neigbouring gentleman. The former, it ſeems, had ſtript three orphans of their inheritance, and by his incroachments and rapaciouſneſs was become a nuſance to the whole country; when the latter generouſly eſpouſed the cauſe of the oppreſſed, and gained a complete victory over his antagoniſt, who with meer ſpite and vexation broke his heart.*

In handling this ſubject the Author has brought in moſt of the common incidents which occur in Romance. The deſcription of the dragon † — his outrages — the people flying to the knight for ſuccour — his care in chuſing his armour — his being dreſt for fight by a young damſell — and moſt of the circumſtances of the battle and victory (allowing for the burleſque turn given to them) are what occur in every book of chivalry whether in proſe or verſe.

If any one piece, more than other, is more particularly levelled at, it ſeems to be the old rhiming legend of ſir Bevis.

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* *Collection*, 3 *vol.* 1727.

† *See above pag.* 90. *&* *p.* 188.

vis. There a DRAGON *is attacked from a* WELL *in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad:*

There was a well, ſo have I wynne,
And Bevis ſtumbled ryght therein.
* * *
Than was he glad without fayle,
And reſted a whyle for his avayle;
And dranke of that water his fyll;
And than he lepte out, with good wyll,
And with Morglay his brande,
He aſſayled the dragon, I underſtande:
On the dragon he ſmote ſo faſte,
Where that he hit the ſcales braſte:
The dragon then faynted ſore,
And caſt a galon and more
Out of his mouthe of venim ſtrong,
And on ſyr Bevis he it ſtong:
It was venymous y-wis.

This ſeems to be meant by the dragon of Wantley's ſtink, ver. 110. *As the politick knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon &c. ſeems evidently to allude to the following,*

Bevis bleſſed himſelfe, and forth yode,
And lepte out with haſte full good;
And Bevis unto the dragon gone is;
And the dragon alſo to Bevis.
Longe, and harde was that fyght
Betwene the dragon, and that knyght:
But ever whan ſyr Bevis was hurt ſore,
He went to the well, and waſhed him thore;
He was as hole as any man,
Ever freſhe as whan he began:

The

The dragon ſawe it might not avayle
Beſyde the well to hold batayle;
He thought he would, wyth ſome wyle,
Out of that place Bevis begyle;
He woulde have flowen then awaye,
But Bevis lepte after with good Morglaye,
And hyt him under the wynge,
As he was in his flyenge &c.

Sign. M. jv. L. j. &c.

After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only thro' the medium of Spenſer, who has aſſumed moſt of them in his Faery Queen. At leaſt ſome particulars in the deſcription of the dragon, &c. ſeem evidently borrowed from the latter, See Book, 1. Canto 11. where the dragon's two wynges like ſayls — huge long tayl — "with ſtings — his cruel-rending clawes — and yron "teeth — his breath of ſmothering ſmoke and ſulphur„ — and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great reſemblance to paſſages in the following ballad; tho' it muſt be confeſſed that theſe particulars are common to all old writers of Romance.

The following ballad appears to have been written late in the laſt century: at leaſt we have met with none but modern copies; the text is given from one in Roman letter in the Pepys collection, collated with two or three others.

OLD ſtories tell, how Hercules
A dragon ſlew at Lerna,
With ſeven heads, and fourteen eyes,
To ſee and well diſcern-a:
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne're don't, I warrant ye:
But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,
He ſlew the dragon of Wantley.

This

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each ſhoulder;
With a ſting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough, as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horſe
Held ſeventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite ſo big,
But very near, I'll tell ye.
Devoured he, poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one ſup, he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All ſorts of cattle this dragon did eat,
Some ſay he did eat up trees,
And that the foreſts ſure he would
Devour up by degrees:
For houſes and churches, were to him geeſe and turkies;
He eat all, and left none behind,
But ſome ſtones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkſhire, near fair Rotherham.
The place I know it well;
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;

But

Ver. 29. were to him gorſe and birches. *Other Copies.*

But there is a hedge, juſt on the hill edge,
And Matthew's houſe hard by it;
O there and then, was this dragon's den,
You could not chuſe but ſpy it.

Some ſay, this dragon was a witch;
Some ſay, he was a devil,
For from his noſe a ſmoke aroſe,
And with it burning ſnivel;
Which he caſt off, when he did cough,
In a well that he did ſtand by;
Which made it look, juſt like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring;
For he could wreſtle, play at quarter-ſtaff, kick, cuff and huff,
Call ſon of a whore, do any kind of thing:
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain
He ſwung a horſe till he was dead;
And that which is ſtranger, he for very anger
Eat him all up but his head.

Theſe children, as I told, being eat;
Men, women, girls and boys,
Sighing and ſobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noiſe:
O ſave us all, More of More-Hall,
Thou peerleſs knight of theſe woods;
Do but ſlay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want;
But I want, I want in ſooth,
A fair maid of ſixteen, that's briſk, 'and keen,'
And ſmiles about the mouth;
Hair black as ſloe, ſkin white as ſnow,
With bluſhes her cheeks adorning;
To 'noynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
And to dreſs me in the morning.

This being done he did engage
To hew the dragon down;
But firſt he went, new armour to
Beſpeak at Sheffield town;
With ſpikes all about, not within but without,
Of ſteel ſo ſharp and ſtrong;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er
Some five or ſix inches long.

Had you but ſeen him in this dreſs,
How fierce he look'd and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig:
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horſe, and each hog:
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some ſtrange outlandiſh hedge-hog.

To ſee this fight, all people then
Got up on trees and houſes,
On churches ſome, and chimneys too;
But theſe put on their trowſes,

Not to ſpoil their hoſe. As ſoon as he roſe,
To make him ſtrong and mighty,
He drank by the tale, ſix pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not ſtrength that always wins,
For wit doth ſtrength excel;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well;
Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
And ſo he did in truth;
And as he ſtoop'd low, he roſe up and cry'd, boh!
And hit him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out,
Thou diſturb'ſt me in my drink:
And then he turn'd, and . . . . at him;
Good lack how he did ſtink!
Beſhrew thy ſoul, thy body's foul,
Thy dung ſmells not like balſam;
Thou ſon of a whore, thou ſtink'ſt ſo ſore,
Sure thy diet is unwholſome.

Our politick knight, on the other ſide,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the dragon ſuch a douſe,
He knew not what to think:
By cock, quoth he, ſay you ſo: do you ſee?
And then at him he let fly
With hand and with foot, and ſo they went to't,
And the word it was, hey boys, hey!

Your

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't underſtand:
Then to it they fell at all,
Like two wild boars ſo fierce, if I may
Compare great things with ſmall.
Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight
Our champion on the ground;
Tho' their ſtrength it was great, their ſkill it was neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
The dragon gave him a knock,
Which made him to reel, and ſtraitway he thought,
To lift him as high as a rock,
And thence let him fall. But More of More-Hall,
Like a valiant ſon of Mars,
As he came like a lout, ſo he turn'd him about,
And hit him a kick on the . . . .

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep ſigh,
And turn'd ſix times together,
Sobbing and tearing, curſing and ſwearing
Out of his throat of leather;
More of More-Hall! O thou raſcal!
Would I had ſeen thee never;
With the thing at thy foot, thou haſt prick'd my ... gut,
And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd,
Alack, alack, for grief;
Had you but miſt that place, you could
Have done me no miſchief.

Then his head he ſhaked, trembled and quaked,
And down he laid and cry'd;
Firſt on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kickt, ... and dy'd.

XIII.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

The First Part.

As the former ſong is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances; ſo this is a burleſque of their ſtyle; particularly of the rambling tranſitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts, ſo frequent in many of them.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, "imprinted at London, 1612." It is more ancient than many of the preceding; but we place it here for the ſake of connecting it with the Second Part.

WHY doe you boaſt of Arthur and his knightes,
Knowing 'well' how many men have endured fightes?
For beſides king Arthur, and Lancelot du lake,
Or ſir Triſtram de Lionel, that fought for ladies ſake;
Read in old hiſtories, and there you ſhall ſee
How St. George, St. George the dragon made to flee.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Mark our father Abraham, when firſt he reſckued Lot
Onely with his houſehold, what conqueſt there he got:
David,

David, was elected a prophet and a king,
He ſlew the great Goliah, with a ſtone within a ſling:
Yet theſe were not knightes of the table round;
Nor St. George, St. George, who the dragon did confound.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the Amorites, and put them all to flight:
Hercules his labours 'were' on the plaines of Baſſe;
And Sampſon ſlew a thouſand with the jawbone of an aſſe
And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a mighty ſpoyle.
And St. George, St. George he did the dragon foyle.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

The warres of ancient monarches it were too long to tell,
And likewiſe of the Romans, how farre they did excell;
Hannyball and Scipio in many a fielde did fighte:
Orlando Furioſo he was a worthy knighte:
Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did builde:
But St. George, St. George the dragon made to yielde.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

The noble Alphonſo, that was the Spaniſh king,
The order of the red ſcarffes and bandrolles in did bring:
For he had a troope of mighty knightes, when firſt he did begin,
Which ſought adventures farre and neare, that conqueſt they might win:

The rankes of the Pagans he often put to flight.
But St. George, St. George did with the dragon fight.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Many 'knights' have fought with proud Tamberlaine:
Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did maintaine:
Rowland of Beame, and good 'ſir' Olivere
In the foreſt of Acon ſlew both woolfe and beare:
Beſides that noble Hollander, 'ſir' Goward with the bill.
But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood did ſpill.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Valentine and Orſon were of king Pepin's blood:
Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and good:
The four ſons of Aymon, that follow'd Charlemaine:
Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine:
Theſe were all French knightes that lived in that age.
But St. George, St. George the dragon did aſſuage.
St. George he was for England: St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Bevis conquered Aſcupart, and after ſlew the boare,
And then he croſt beyond the ſeas to combat with the moore:
Sir Iſenbras, and Eglamore they were knightes moſt bold;
And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath told.
There were many Engliſh knights that Pagans did convert.
But St. George, St. George pluckt out the dragon's heart.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

The

The noble earl of Warwick, that was call'd ſir Guy,
The infidels and pagans ſtoutly did defie;
He ſlew the giant Brandimore, and after was the death
Of that moſt gaſtly dun cowe, the divell of Dunſmore heath:
Beſides his noble deeds all done beyond the ſeas.
But St. George, St. George the dragon did appeaſe.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Richard Coeur-de-lion erſt king of this land,
He the lion gored with his naked hand *:
The falſe duke of Auſtria nothing did he feare;
But his ſon he killed with a boxe on the eare:
Beſides his famous actes done in the holy lande.
But St. George, St. George the dragon did withſtande.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,
And quartered their arms, his honour to advance:
He their cities razed, and threw their caſtles downe,
And his head he honoured with a double crowne:
He thumped the French-men, and after home he came.
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.
St. George he was for England: St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

St. David of Wales the Welſh-men much advance;
St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance:

* *Alluding to the fabulous Exploits attributed to this King in the Old Romances.*

St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,
Seven yeares he kept his horſe, and then ſtole him away:
For which knaviſh act, as ſlaves they doe remaine.
But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath ſlaine.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

XIV.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

THE SECOND PART.

— *was written about the end of the laſt century by* JOHN GRUBB *M. A. of Chriſt Church, Oxford. All that we can learn concerning this facetious writer is contained in a few extracts from the univerſity Regiſter; by which it appears that he was matriculated in* 1667, *aged* 20 *years, being the ſon of John Grubb* "*de Acton Burnel in Comitatu Salop.* "*pauperis.*" *He took his degree of Batchelor of Arts, Jun.* 7, 1671. *And became Maſter of Arts Jun.* 28, 1675. *He was ſtill living in Oxford, when a celebrated wit* * *wrote the following Diſtich:*

Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas,
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trapp, Young, Carey,
Tickel, Evans.

Theſe were Bub Dodington (the late Lord Melcombe, St. G
Dr. Stubbes, our Poet Grubb, Mr. Crabb, Dr. Trapp the Poetry Profeſſor, Dr. Edw. Young the poet, Walter Carey, Thomas Tickel Eſq; and Dr. Evans the Epigrammatiſt.

The Editor has never met with any two copies of the following ballad in which the ſtanzas were ranged alike, he has there-

* *The author of Pſyche in Dodſley's Miſcel. Vol.* 3.

therefore thrown them into what ſeemed to him the moſt natural order. The verſes were originally written in long lines as Alexandrines, but the narrowneſs of the page made it neceſſary to ſubdivide them.

THE ſtory of king Arthur
Is very memorable,
The number of his valiant knights,
And roundneſs of his table:
The knights around his table in
A circle ſate, d' ye ſee;
And altogether made up one
Large hoop of chivalry.
He had a ſword, both broad and ſharp,
Y-cleped Caliburn,
Would cut a flint more eaſily,
Than pen-knife cuts a corn;
As caſe-knife does a capon carve,
So would it carve a rock,
And ſplit a man at ſingle flaſh,
From noddle down to nock.
He was the cream of Brecknock,
And flower of all the Welſh;
But George he did the dragon fell,
And gave him a plaguy ſquelſh.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Pendragon, like his father Jove,
Was fed with milk of goat;
And like him made a noble ſhield
Of ſhe-goat's ſhaggy coat:

St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,
Seven yeares he kept his horſe, and then ſtole him away:
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The knights around his table in
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And altogether made up one
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Would cut a flint more eaſily,
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As caſe-knife does a capon carve,
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St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Pendragon, like his father Jove,
Was fed with milk of goat;
And like him made a noble ſhield
Of ſhe-goat's ſhaggy coat:

On top of burniſht helmet he
Did wear a creſt of leeks;
And onions' heads, with dreadful nods,
Drew tears down hoſtile cheeks.
Itch, and Welſh blood did make him hot,
And very prone to ire;
H' was ting'd with brimſtone, like a match,
And would as ſoon take fire:
As brimſtone he took inwardly
When ſcurf gave him occaſion.
His poſtern puff of wind was a
Sulphureous exhalation.
The Briton never tergivers'd,
But was for adverſe drubbing,
And never turn'd his back for aught,
But to a poſt for ſcrubbing.
His ſword would ſerve for battle, or
For dinner, if you pleaſe;
When it had ſlain a Cheſhire man,
'Twould toſt a Cheſhire cheeſe.
He wounded, and, in their own blood,
Did anabaptize Pagans.
But George he made the dragon an
Example to all dragons.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,
Challeng'd a gyant ſavage;
And ſtreight came out the unweildy lout
Brim-full of wrath and cabbage:
He had a phiz of latitude,
And was full thick i' th' middle;

The

The cheeks of puffed trumpeter,
And paunch of ſquire Beadle.*
But the knight fell'd him, like an oak,
And did upon his back tread;
The valiant knight his weazon cut,
And Atropus his packthread.
Beſides he fought with a dun cow,
As ſay the poets witty,
A dreadfull dun, and horned too,
Like dun of Oxford city:
The fervent dog-days made her mad,
By cauſing heat of weather,
Syrius and Procyon baited her,
As bull-dogs did her father:
Graſiers, nor butchers this fell beaſt,
E'er of her frolick hindred:
John Dorſet** ſhe'd knock down as flat,
As John knocks down her kindred:
Her heels would lay ye all along,
And kick into a ſwoon;
Frewin's*** cow-heels keep up your corpſe,
But hers would beat you down:
She vanquiſht many a ſturdy wight,
And proud was of the honour;
Was pufft by mauling butchers ſo,
As if themſelves had blown her:

At

* *Men of bulk anſwerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.*

** *A butcher at Oxford.*

*** *A cook, who on faſt nights was famous for ſelling cow-heel and tripe.*

At once ſhe kickt, and puſht at Guy,
But all that would not fright him;
Who waved his whinyard o'er ſir-loyn,
As if he'd gone to knight him;
He let her blood, her frenzy to cure,
And eke he did her gall rip;
His trenchant blade, like cook's long ſpit,
Ran thro' the monſter's bald-rib:
He rear'd up the vaſt crooked rib,
Inſtead of arch triumphal.
But George hit th' dragon ſuch a pelt,
As made him on his bum fall.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,
The Turkiſh ſquadrons ſlew;
And fetch'd the pagan creſcent down,
With half-moon made of yew;
His truſty bow proud Turks did gall,
With ſhowers of arrows thick,
And bow-ſtrings, without throtling, ſent
Grand-Viſiers to old Nick:
Much turbants, and much Pagan pates
He made to humble in duſt,
And heads of Saracens he fixt
On ſpears, as on a ſign-poſt:
He coop'd in cage grim Bajazet,
Prop of Mahomet's religion,
As if he had been the whiſpering bird,
That prompted him; the pidgeon.
In Turkey-leather ſcabbard, he
Did ſheath his blade ſo trenchant.

But

But George he ſwinged the dragon's tail,
And cut off every inch on't.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

The amazon Thaleſtris
Was beautiful, and bold;
She ſeared her breaſts with iron hot,
And bang'd her foes with cold:
Her hand was like the tool, wherewith
Jove keeps proud mortals under;
It ſhone juſt like his lightning,
And batter'd like his thunder:
Her eye darts lightning, that would blaſt
The proudeſt he, that ſwagger'd,
And melt the rapier of his ſoul,
In its corporeal ſcabbard.
Her beauty, and her drum to foes
Did cauſe amazement double;
As timorous larks amazed are
With light, and with a low-bell:
With beauty, and that lapland-charm, *
Poor men ſhe did bewitch-all;
Still a blind whining lover had,
As Pallas had her ſcrich-owl.
She kept the chaſtneſs of a nun
In armour, as in cloyſter.
But George undid the dragon juſt
As you'd undo an oiſter.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Great

* *Her drum.*

Great Hercules, the offspring
Of Jove, and fair Alcmene:
One part of him celeſtial was,
The other part terrene.
To ſcale the walls of's cradle
Two fiery ſnakes combin'd,
And, juſt like unto ſwadling cloaths,
About the infant twin'd:
But he put out theſe dragons' fires,
And did their hiſſing ſtop;
As red-hot iron with hiſſing noiſe
Is quencht in blackſmith's ſhop.
He cleans'd a ſtable, and rubb'd down
The horſes of new-comers;
And out of horſe-dung he rais'd fame,
As Tom Wrench * does cucumbers.
He made a river help him through;
Alpheus was under groom;
The ſtream, grumbling at office mean
Run murmuring thro' the room:
This liquid oſtler to prevent
Being tired with that long work,
His father Neptune's trident took,
Inſtead of three-tooth'd dung-fork.
This Hercules, as ſoldier, and
As ſpinſter, could take pains;
His club it ſometimes would ſpin flax,
And ſometimes knock out brains:
H' was forc'd to ſpin his miſs a ſhift,
By Juno's wrath and her-ſpite;
Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,
As cooks whip barking turn-ſpit.

From

* *Who kept Paradiſe gardens at Oxford.*

From man, or churn he well knew how
To get him laſting fame:
He'd baſte a giant, till the blood
And milk to butter came.
Often he fought with huge battoon,
And oftentimes he boxed;
Tapt a freſh monſter once a month,
As Hervey * doth freſh hogſhead.
To ſtiff Antæus he gave a hug,
Such as folks give in Cornwall.
But George he did the dragon kill,
As dead as any door-nail.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

The Gemini, ſprung from an egg,
Were put into a cradle:
Their brains with knocks and bottled ale,
Were often-times full addle:
And, ſcarcely hatch'd, theſe ſons of him,
That hurls the bolt triſulcate,
With helmet-ſhell on tender head,
Did buſtle with red-ey'd pole-cat.
Caſtor a horſeman, Pollux tho'
A boxer was, I wiſt:
The one was fam'd for iron heel;
Th' other for leaden fiſt.
Pollux to ſhew he was a god,
When he was in a paſſion,
With fiſt made noſes fall down flat,
By way of adoration:

This

* *A noted Alehouſe-keeper at Oxford.*

This fiſt, as ſure as French diſeaſe,
Demoliſh'd noſes' ridges;
He like a certain lord * was fam'd
For breaking down of bridges.
Caſtor the flame of fiery ſteed,
With well-ſpur'd boot took down;
As men, with leathern buckets, do
Quench fire in country town.
His famous horſe, that liv'd on oats
Is ſung on oaten quill;
By bards' immortal provender
The nag ſurviveth ſtill.
This brood of eggs on none but rogues
Employ'd their whole artillery:
And flew as naturally at brogues,
As eggs at knave in pillory.
Much ſweat they ſpent in furious fight,
Much blood they did effund:
Their whites they vented thro' the pore;
Their yolks thro' gaping wound:
Then both were cleans-d from blood and duſt
To make a heavenly ſign;
The lads, juſt like their armour, were
Scowr'd and hang'd up to ſhine;
Such were the heavenly double-dicks,
The ſons of Jove and Tindar.
But George he cut the dragon up,
As 't had bin duck or windar.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Gorgon

* *Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges about Oxford, the beginning of the Revolution.*

Gorgon a twiſted adder wore
For knot upon her ſhoulder:
She kemb'd her hiſſing periwig,
And curling ſnakes did powder.
Theſe ſnakes they made ſtiff changelings
Of all the folks they hiſt on;
They turned barbers into hones,
And maſons into free-ſtone:
Sworded magnetic Amazon
Her ſhield to load-ſtone changes;
Then amorous ſword by magic belt
Clung faſt unto her haunches.
This ſhield long village did protect,
And kept the army from-town,
And chang'd the bullies into rocks,
That came t' invade Long-compton *.
She poſt-diluvian ſtone ummans,
And Pyrrha's work unravels;
And ſtares Deucalion's hardy boys
Into their primitive pebbles.
Red noſes ſhe to rubies turns,
And noddles into bricks.
But George made dragon laxative;
And gave him a bloody flix.
St. George he was for England: St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

By boar-ſpear Meleager
Acquir'd a laſting name,
And out of haunch of baſted ſwine,
He hew'd eternal fame.

* *See the account of Rolricht Stones, in Dr. Plott's Hiſt. of Oxfordſhire.*

This beaſt each hero's trouzers ript,
And rudely ſhew'd his bare-breech,
Prickt but the wem, and out there came
Heroic guts and garbadge.
Legs were ſecur'd by iron bolts
No more, than peas by peaſcods;
Braſs helmets, with incloſed ſculls,
Wou'd crackle in's mouth like cheſnuts.
His tawny hairs erected were
By rage, that was reſiſtleſs;
And wrath, inſtead of cobler's wax,
Did ſtiffen his riſing briſtles.
His tuſks lay'd dogs to ſleep, that whip
Nor bugle-horn cou'd wake 'um:
It made them vent both their laſt blood,
And their laſt album-grecum.
But the knight gor'd him with his ſpear,
To make of him a tame one,
And arrows thick, inſtead of cloves,
He ſtuck in monſter's gammon.
For monumental pillar, that
His victory might be known,
He rais'd up, in cylindric form,
A coller of the brawn.
He ſent his ſhade to ſhades below,
In Stygian mud to wallow:
And eke the ſtout St. George eftſoon,
He made the dragon follow.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Achilles of old Chiron learnt
The great horſe for to ride;

H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part,
The hinnible to beſtride.
Bright ſilver feet, and ſhining face
Had this ſtout hero's mother;
As rapier's ſilver'd at one end,
And wounds us at the other.
Her feet were bright, his feet were ſwift,
As hawk purſuing ſparrow:
Her's had the metal, his the ſpeed
Of Barfoot's * ſilver arrow.
Thetis to double pedagogue
Commits her deareſt boy;
Who bred him from a ſlender twig
To be the ſcourge of Troy:
But ere he laſht the Trojans, h' was
In Stygian waters ſteept;
As birch is ſoaked firſt in piſs,
When boys are to be whipt.
With ſkin exceeding hard, he roſe
From lake, as black and muddy,
As lobſters from the ocean riſe,
With ſhell about their body:
And, as from lobſter's broken claw,
Pick out the fiſh you might:
So might you from one unſhell'd heel
Dig pieces of the knight.
His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns
And hen-roofts, ſays the ſong;
Carried away both corn and eggs,
Like ants from whence they ſprung.

* *A famous letter-carrier at Oxford: vid. his picture there.*

Himſelf tore Hector's pantaloons,
And ſent him down bare-breech'd
To pedant Radamanthus, in
A poſture to be ſwitch'd.
But George he made the dragon look,
As if he had been bewitch'd.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Full fatal to the Romans was
The Carthaginian Hanni-
bal, him I mean; who gave to them
A deviliſh thump at Cannæ:
Moors thick, as goats on Penmenmaure,
Stood on the Alpes's front:
Their one-eyed guide *, like blinking mole,
Bor'd thro' the hindring mount:
Who, baffled by the maſſy rock,
Took vinegar for relief;
Like plowmen, when they hew their way
Thro' ſtubborn rump of beef.
As dancing louts from humid toes
Caſt atoms of ill ſavour
To blinking Hyatt **, when on vile crowd
He merriment does endeavour,
And on harmonious timber ſaws
A wretched tune to quiver:
Juſt ſo the Romans ſtunk at ſight
Of Affrican carnivor,

The

* *Hannibal had but one eye.*

** *A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddle well as play on them: well-known in Oxford.*

The tawny ſurface of his phiz
Did ſerve inſtead of vizzard.
But George he made the dragon have
A grumbling in his gizzard.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

The valour of Domitian,
It muſt not be forgotten;
Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,
Freed ſuppliant veal and mutton.
A ſquadron of flies errant,
Againſt the foe appears;
With regiments of buzzing knights,
And ſwarms of volunteers:
The warlike waſp encourag'd 'em,
With animating hum;
And the loud brazen hornet next,
He was their kettle-drum:
The Spaniſh don Cantharido
Did him moſt ſorely peſter,
And rais'd on ſkin of vent'rous knight
Full many a plaguy bliſter.
A bee whipt thro' his button hole,
As thro' key hole a witch,
And ſtabb'd him with her little tuck
Drawn out of ſcabbard breech:
But the undaunted knight lifts up
An arm ſo big and brawny,
And flaſht her ſo, that here lay head,
And there lay bag and honey:
Then 'mongſt the rout he flew as ſwift,
As weapon made by Cyclops,

And bravely quell'd ſeditious buz,
By dint of maſſy fly-flops.
Surviving flies do curſes breathe,
And maggots too at Cæſar.
But George he ſhav'd the dragon's beard,
And Aſkelon * was his razor.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

XV.

LUCY AND COLIN

— *was written by Thomas Tickel, Eſq. the celebrated friend of Mr. Addiſon and editor of his works. He was ſon of a Clergyman in the north of England, had his education at Queen's college Oxon, was under-ſecretary to Mr. Addiſon and Mr. Craggs, when ſucceſſively ſecretaries of ſtate; and was laſtly (in June, 1724.) appointed ſecretary to the Lords Juſtices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addiſon's patronage by a poem in praiſe of the opera of Roſamond written while he was at the Univerſity.*

OF Leinſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo fair a face.

Till luckleſs love, and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lip, and damaſk cheek,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh!

* *The name of St. George's ſword.*

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye purjured ſwains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, ſhrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound;
And thus, in dying words, beſpoke
The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
"Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay:
"I ſee a hand, you cannot ſee,
"Which beckons me away.

"By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
"In early youth I die.
"Am I to blame, becauſe his bride
"Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;
"Vows due to me alone:
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
"Nor think him all thy own.

" To-morrow in the church to wed,
" Impatient, both prepare;
" But know, fond maid, and know, falſe man,
" That Lucy will be there.

" Then bear my corſe; ye comrades, bear,
" The bridegroom blithe to meet;
" He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
" In in my winding-ſheet. „

She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd; — her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were thoſe nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mould with her, beneath one ſod
For ever now remains.

Oft

Oft at their grave the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the ſacred green.

But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

XVI.

MARGARET's GHOST

— *is the elegant production of David Mallet, Eſq. who in the laſt edition of his poems, 3 vols. 1759, informs us that the plan was ſuggeſted by the four verſes quoted above in pag. 121, which he ſuppoſed to be the beginning of ſome ballad now loſt.*

" *Theſe lines, ſays he, naked of ornament and ſimple, as* " *they are, ſtruck my fancy; and bringing freſh into my* " *mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave* " *birth to the following poem, which was written many years* " *ago.* "

The two introductory lines (and one or two others elſewhere) had originally more of the ballad ſimplicity, viz.

" *When all was wrapt in dark midnight,*
" *And all were faſt aſleep, &c.*

'TWAS at the ſilent ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her ſable ſhrowd.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

"Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
"Come from her midnight grave;
"Now let thy pity hear the maid,
"Thy love refus'd to ſave.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour,
"When injur'd ghoſts complain;
"Now yawning graves give up their dead,
"To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
"Thy pledge, and broken oath:

"And

Ver. 25. the mirk and fearful hour. *1ſt. Edit.*

" And give me back my maiden vow,
" And give me back my troth.

" Why did you promiſe love to me.
" And not that promiſe keep?
" Why did you ſwear mine eyes were bright,
" Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

" How could you ſay my face was fair,
" And yet that face forſake?
" How could you win my virgin heart,
" Yet leave that heart to break?

" Why did you ſay my lip was ſweet,
" And made the ſcarlet pale?
" And why did I, young witleſs maid,
" Believe the flattering tale?

" That face, alas! no more is fair;
" Theſe lips no longer red:
" Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
" And every charm is fled.

" The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
" This winding-ſheet I wear:
" And cold and weary laſts our night,
" Till that laſt morn appear.

" But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!
" A long and laſt adieu!
" Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
" Who dy'd for love of you."

The

The lark ſung loud; the morning ſmil'd,
With beams of roſy red:
Pale William ſhook in ev'ry limb
And raving left his bed.

He hyed him to the fatal place,
Where Margaret's body lay;
And ſtretch'd him on the graſs-green turf,
That wrapt her breathleſs clay:

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word ſpake never more.

XVII.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE,

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND.

Since the former ſheets of this volume were printed off, Mr. Warton has publiſhed a new edition of his ingenious obſervations on Spenſer, in which he has given his opinion that the fiction of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from an old French piece intitled LE COURT MANTEL *quoted by M. de St. Palaye in his curious "Memoires ſur l'ancienne Chevalerie." Paris, 1759. 2 tom. 12mo. who tells us the ſtory reſembles that of Arioſto's inchanted cup. 'Tis poſſible our Engliſh poet may have taken the hint of this ſubject from that old French romance, but he does not appear to have copied*

Ver. 57. Now birds did ſing, and morning ſmile,
And ſhew her glittering head. *1ſt. Ed.*

pied it in the manner of execution: to which (if one may judge from the ſpecimen given in the Memoires) that of the ballad does not bear the leaſt reſemblance. After all 'tis moſt likely that all the old ſtories concerning K. Arthur are originally of Britiſh growth, and that what the French and other ſouthern nations have of this kind were at firſt exported from this iſland. See Memoires de l'Acad. des Inſcrip. tom. xx. *p.* 352.

IN Carleile dwelt king Arthur,
A prince of paſſing might;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beſet with many a knight.

And there he kept his Chriſtmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo! a ſtraunge and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle, and a mantle
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone.

He had a ſarke of ſilk
About his middle meet;
And thus, with ſeemely courteſy,
He did king Arthur greet.

" God ſpeed thee, brave king Arthur,
" Thus feaſting in thy bowre.
" And Guenever thy goodly queen,
" That fair and peerleſſe flowre.

" Ye

" Ye gallant lords, and lordings,
" I wiſh you all take heed,
" Leſt, what ye deem a blooming roſe
" Should prove a cankred weed.„

Then ſtraitway from his boſome
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous ſhape, and hew.

" Now have thou here, king Arthur,
" Have thou here of mee,
" And give unto thy comely queen,
" All-ſhapen as you ſee.

" No wife it ſhall become,
" That once hath been to blame.„
Then every knight in Arthur's court
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And firſt came lady Guenever,
The mantle ſhe muſt trye.
This dame, ſhe was new-fangled
And of a roving eye.

When ſhe had tane the mantle,
And all was with it cladde,
From top to toe it ſhiver'd down,
As tho' with ſheers beſhradde.

One while it was too long,
Another while too ſhort,
And wrinkled on her ſhoulders
In moſt unſeemly ſort.

Now green, now red it ſeemed,
Then all of ſable hue.
" Beſhrewe me, quoth king Arthur,
" I think thou beeſt not true. „

Down ſhe threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not ſtay;
But ſtorming like a fury,
To her chamber flung away.

She curſt the whoreſon weaver,
That had the mantle wrought:
And doubly curſt the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought.

" I had rather live in deſarts
" Beneath the green-wood tree:
" Than here, baſe king, among thy groomes,
" The ſport of them and thee. „

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,
And bade her to come near:
" Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
" I pray thee now forbear. „

This lady, pertly gigling,
With forward ſtep came on,
And boldly to the little boy
With fearleſs face is gone.

When ſhe had tane the mantle,
With purpoſe for to wear:
It ſhrunk up to her ſhoulder,
And left her b**ſide bare.

Then every merry knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,
To ſee that pleaſant ſport.

Downe ſhe threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
But with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber ſlunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,
A pattering o'er his creed;
And proffer'd to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed;

" And all the time of Chriſtmaſs
" Plumb-porridge ſhall be thine,
" If thou wilt let my lady fair
" Within the mantle ſhine. "

A ſaint his lady ſeemed,
With ſtep demure, and ſlow,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace does goe.

When ſhe the ſame had taken,
That was ſo fine and thin,
It ſhrivell'd all about her,
And ſhow'd her dainty ſkin.

Ah! little did HER mincing,
Or HIS long prayers beſtead;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a taſſel and a thread.

Down ſhe threwe the mantle,
With terror and diſmay,
And, with a face of ſcarlet,
To her chamber hied away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare:
" Come win this mantle, lady,
" And do me credit here.

" Come win this mantle, lady,
" For now it ſhall be thine,
" If thou haſt never done amiſs,
" Sith firſt I made thee mine. „

The lady gently bluſhing,
With modeſt grace came on,
And now to trye the wondrous charm
Courageouſly is gone.

When ſhe had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it ſeemed
To wrinkle and to cracke.

" Lye ſtill, ſhee cryed, O mantle!
" And ſhame me not for nought,
" I'll freely own whate'er amiſs,
" Or blamefull I have wrought.

" Once I kiſt ſir Cradocke
" Beneathe tke green-wood tree:
" Once I kiſt ſir Cradocke's mouth
" Before he married mee. „

When thus ſhe had her ſhriven,
And her worſt fault had told,
The mantle ſoon became her
Right comely as it ſhold.

Moſt rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering ſhone:
And much the knights in Arthur's court
Admir'd her every one.

Then towards king Arthur's table
The boy he turn'd his eye:
Where ſtood a boar's-head garniſhed
With bayes and roſemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he, "There's never a cuckold's knife,
"Can carve this head of brawne."

Then ſome their whittles rubbed
On whetſtone, and on hone:
Some threwe them under the table,
And ſwore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife
Of ſteel and iron made;
And in a inſtant thro' the ſkull
He thruſt the ſhining blade.

He thruſt the ſhining blade
Full eaſily and faſt:
And every knight in Arthurs court
A morſel had to taſte.

The boy brought forth a horne,
All golden was the rim:
Said he, "No cuckolde ever can
" Set mouth unto the brim.

" No cuckold can this little horne
" Lift fairly to his head:
" But or on this, or that ſide,
" He ſhall the liquor ſhed."

Some ſhed it on their ſhoulder,
Some ſhed it on their thigh:
And hee that could not hit his mouth,
Was ſure to hit his eye.

Thus he, that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man:
But Cradock lifted eaſily,
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle
Were this fair couple's meed:
And all ſuch conſtant lovers,
God ſend them well to ſpeed.

Then down in rage came Guenever,
And thus could ſpightful ſay,
" Sir Cradock's wife moſt wrongfully
" Hath borne the prize away.

" See yonder ſhameleſs woman,
" That makes herſelfe ſo clean;
" Yet from her pillow taken
" Thrice five gallants have been.

" Prieſts, clarkes and wedded men
" Have her lewd pillow preſt;
" Yet ſhe the wonderous prize forſooth
" Muſt beare from all the reſt. „

Then beſpake the little boy,
Who had the ſame in hold:
" Chaſtize thy wife, king Arthur,
" Of ſpeech ſhe is too bold:

" Of ſpeech ſhe is too bold,
" Of carriage all too free;
" Sir king, ſhe hath within thy hall
" A cuckold made of thee.

" All frolick light and wanton
" She hath her carriage borne:
" And given thee for a kingly crown
" To wear a cuckold's horne. „

*** *A Friend veri converſant with Britiſh Antiquities, ſig now informs me that the ſtory of the* BOY AND THE MANTLE *is taken from what is related in ſome of the old Welſ MSS, of Tegarn Earfron, one of King Arthur's miſtreſſe She is ſaid to have poſſeſſed a mantle that would not fit a immodeſt or incontinent woman; this (which, the old wr ters ſay, was reckoned among the curioſities of Britain) frequently alluded to by the old Welſh Bards.*

CARLEILE, *ſo often mentioned in the Ballads of K. A thur, is probably a corruption of* CAER-LEON, *an ancie Britiſh city on the river Uſke in Monmouthſhire, whi was one of the places of K. Arthur's chief reſidence.*

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

A GLOS-

A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE THIRD.

Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.

A.

A', au. s. *all.*
Abye. *suffer, pay for.*
Aff. s. *off.*
Affore. *before.*
Aik. s. *oak.* Aith. s. *oath.*
Ane. s. *one; an, a.*
Ann. *if.*
Astonied. *astonished: stunned.*
Auld. s. *old.*
Avowe. *vow.*
Awa'. s. *away.*
Aye. *ever; also, ah! alas!*
Azont. s. *beyond.*
Azont the ingle. *Beyond the fire. The fires were formerly in the middle of the rooms.*

B.

Ban. *curse.*
Banderolles. *streamers, little flags* *.
Bauld. s. *bold.*
Bedeene. *immediately.*
Bedone. *wrought, made up.*
Beere. s. *bier.*
Ben. s. *within, within doors.*
Bent. s. *long grass; also, wild fields, where bents, &c. grow.*
Bernes. *barns.*
Beseeme. *become.*
Beshradde. *cut into shreds.*
Beshrew me! *a lesser form of imprecation.*
Blee. *complexion.*
Blent. *blended.*
Blinkan, blinkand. s. *twinkling, sparkling.*
Blinks. s. *twinkles, sparkles.*
Blinne. *cease, give over.*
Blyth, blithe. *sprightly, joyous.*
Blyth. p. 65. *joy, sprightliness.*
Bookesman. *clerk, secretary.*
Boon. *favour, request, petition.*
Bore. *born.*
Bower, bowre. *any bowed or arched room; a parlour, chamber; also a dwellin in general.*
Bowre-woman. s. *chamber-maid.*
Brae. s. *the side of a hill, a declivity.*
Brakes. *thickets of brambles.*
brand. *sword.*
Brast. *burst.*
Braw. s. *brave.*
Brayde. *drewe out, unsheathed.*

* *But pag.* 265. *Ver.* 8. *probably alludes to* "*An Ancient Order of Knighthood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Alphonsus, king of Spain, . . to wear a red ribband of three fingers breadth.*" *See Ames Typog. p.* 327.

Brenn. s. *burn.*
Bridal. *the nuptial feaſt.*
Brigue. *bridge.*
Britled. *carved.*
Brooches. *ornaments of jewels.*
Brocht. s. *brought.*
Bugle, bugle-horn. *a hunting horn.*
Burn, bourne. *brook.*
Buſk. *dreſs, deck.*
But if. *unleſs.*
Butt. s. *out, out of doors.*

C.

Cadgily. s. *merrily, chearfully.*
Can. 'gan, *began.*
Caitiff. *a ſlave.*
Canna. s. *cannot.*
Canty. s. *chearful, chatty.*
Carle. *a chul, clown.*
Carliſh. *churliſh, diſcourteous.*
Cau. s. *call.*
Cauld. s. *cold.*
Certes. *certainly.*
Chevaliers. f. *knights.*
Chap. s. *knock.*
Chriſtentie. *Chriſtendome.*
Churl. *clown.*
Church-ale. *a wake, a feaſt in commemoration of the dedication of a church.*
Claiths. s. *cloaths.*
Clead. s. *clothed.*
Cled. s. *clad, cloathed.*
Clerks. *clergymen, literati, &c.*
Cliding. s. *cloathing.*
Cold, could. *p.* 3. *knew.*
Coleyne. *Cologn-ſteel.*
Con thanks. *give thanks.*
Courtnals. *p.* 160.
Cramaſie. s. *crimſon.*
Cranion. *ſkull.*
Crinkle. *run in and out, run into flexures, wrinkle.*
Crook. *twiſt, wrinkle, diſtort.*
Crowt. *to pucker up.*
Cum. s. *come.*

D.

Dank. *moiſt, damp.*
Deas, deis. *the high-table in a hall.*
Dealan, deland. s. *dealing.*
Dee. s. *die.*
Deerly. *p.* 25. *preciouſly, richly.*
Deid. s. *dead.*
Deid-bell. s. *paſſing bell.*
Dell. *narrow valley.*
Delt. *dealt.*
Deſcrye, deſcrive. *deſcribe.*
Demains. *demeſnes; eſtate in lands or morney.*
Ding. *knock, beat.*
Din, dinne. *noiſe, buſtle.*
Dight. *decked.*
Diſna. s. *doeſt not.*
Diſtrere. *the horſe rode by a knight in the turnament.*
Dolend. s. *drowſy, cold, frozen.*
Doublet. *a man's inner garment; waiſtcoat.*
Doubt. *fear.*
Doubteous. *doubtful.*
Drapping. s. *dropping.*
Dreiry. s. *dreary.*
Dule. s. *dole, ſorrow.*
Dwellan, dwelland. s. *dwelling.*
Dyan, dyand. s. *dying.*

E.

Earn. s. *to curdle, make cheeſe.*
Eather. s. *either.*
Ee; een, eyne. s. *eye; eyes.*
Een. *even, evening.*
Effund. *pour forth.*
Eftſoon. *in a ſhort time.*
Eir. s. *e'er, ever.*
Enouch. s. *enough.*
Eke. *alſo.*
Evaniſhed. s. *vaniſhed.*
Everiche. *every, each.*
Everychone. *every one.*
Ew-bughts. s. *the folds in which the ews are kept.*

Ezar.

Ezar. s. *p.* 84. *probably, azure.*

F.

Fain. *glad, fond, well-pleased.*
Falds. s. *thou foldest.*
Fallan', falland. s. *falling.*
Falser. *a deceiver, hypocrite.*
Fa's. s. *thou fallest.*
Faw'n. s. *fallen.*
Faye. *faith.*
Fee. *reward, recompence; also, land.*
Fet. *fetched.*
Find froſt. *find miſchance, or diſaſter.*
Fit. s. *feet.*
Fillan', filland. s. *filling.*
Five teen. *fifteen.*
Flindars. s. *pieces, ſplinters.*
Flayne s. *flayed.*
Forewearied. *much-wearied.*
Forthy. *therefore.*
Fou', fow. s. *full.*
Furth. *forth.*
Frae. s. fro: *from.*
Fyled, fyling. *defiled, defiling.*
Foregoe. *quit, give up, reſign.*

G.

Gae. s. *gave.*
Gae, gaes. s. *go, goes.*
Gaed, gade. s. *went.*
Gaberlunzie, gaberlunyie. s. *a wallet.*
Gaberlunzie-man. s. *a-wallet-man* i. e. *tinker, beggar, &c.*
Gan. *began.*
Gane. s. *gone.*
Gang. s. *go.*
Gar. s. *make.*
Gart, garred. s. *made.*
Geid. s. *gave.*
Geir. s. *geer, goods, furniture.*
Gibed. *jeered.*
Gie. s. *give.*
Giff. *if.*
Gin. s. *if.*
Gin, gyn. *engine, contrivance.*
Gins. *begins.*
Gip. *p.* 128.
Glee. *merriment, joy.*
Glen. s. *a narrow valley.*
Glowr. s. *ſtare.*
Gloze. *canting, diſſimulation, fair outſide.*
Good-eens. s. *good evens.*
Gowd. s. *gold.*
Greet. s. *weep.*
Groomes. *attendants, ſervants.*
Gude, guid. s. *good.*
Guerdon. *reward.*
Gule. *red.*

H.

Ha'. s. *hall.*
Hame. *home.*
Hauſs-bane. *the top of the ſtocking.*
Hee's. s. *he ſhall: alſo, he has.*
Heathenneſs. *the heathen part of the world.*
Hem. *'em, them.*
Hett, hight. *bid command.*
Hewkes. *heralds coats.*
Hind. s. *behind.*
Hings. s. *hangs.*
Hip. *the berry, which contains the ſtones or ſeeds of the doroſe.*
Hir, hir lain. s. *her, herſelf alone.*
Hole. *whole.*
Hooly. s. *ſlowly.*
Hoſe. *ſtockings.*
Huggle. *hug, claſp.*

I.

Ilfardly. s. *ill-favouredly, uglily.*
Ilka. s. *each, every one.*
Impe. *a little demon.*
Ingle. s. *fire.*
Jow. s. *jowl.*
Ireful. *angry, furious.*
Iſe. s. *I ſhall.*

K.

Kame. s. *comb.*
Kameing. s. *combing.*
Kantle. *piece. p.* 25.
Kauk. s. *chalk.*
Keel. s. *raddle.*
Kempt. *combing.*
Ken. s. *know.*
Kilted s. *tucked up.*
Kirk. s. *church.*
Kirn. s. *churn.*
Kirtle. *a petticoat, upper garment, woman's gown.*
Kists. s. *chests.*
Kith. *acquaintance.*
Knellan, knelland. s. *knelling, ringing the knell.*

L.

Lacke. *want.*
Laith. s. *loth.*
Lane. s. *lone.* her lane. *by herself.*
Lang. s. *long.*
Lap. s. *leaped.*
Largez. f. *give.*
Leal. s. *honest.* f. *loyal.*
Lee. *field, plain.*
Lee. s. *lie.*
Leech. *physician.*
Leese. s. *lose.*
Leid. s. *lyed.*
Lemman. *lover.*
Leugh. s. *laughed.*
Lewd. *ignorant, scandalous.*
Lichtly. s. *lightly, easily, nimbly*
Lig. s. *lie.*
Limitours. *friars licensed to beg within certain limits.*
Limitacioune. *a certain precinct allowed to a limitour.*
Lither. *naughty, wicked.*
Lo'e, loed. s. *love, loved.*
Lothly. *loathsome.*
Loud's I heire. *perhaps, loud as I hear. p.* 84.
Lourd, lour. s. lever. *rather.*
Lues. luve. s. *loves, love.*
Lyan, lyand. s. *lying.*

M.

Mair. *more.*
Mait. s. *might.*
Mark. *a coin in value* 13*s.* 4*d.*
Maugre. *in spite of.*
Mavis. s. *a thrush.*
Maun. s. *must.*
Mawt. s. *malt.*
Meed. *reward.*
Micht. *might.*
Mickle. *much, great.*
Midge. *a small insect, a kind of gnat.*
Minstral. s. minstrel. *musician.*
Minstrelsie. *musick.*
Minny. s. *mother.*
Mirkie. *dark, black.*
Mishap. *misfortune.*
Mither. s. *mother.*
Moe. *more.*
Mold. *mould, ground.*
Monand. *moaning, bemoaning.*
Mores. *mors, marsh grounds.*
Morrownynges. *mornings.*
Mosses. *swampy grounds covered with moss.*
Mote, mought. *might.*
Mou. s. *mouth.*

N.

Na, nae. s. *no.*
Naithing. s. *no thing.*
Nane. s. *none.*
Newfangle. newfangled. *fond of novelty.*
Nicht. s. *night.*
Noble. *a coin in value* 6*s.* 8*d.*
North-gales. *North Wales.*
Nurtured. *educatet, bred up.*

O.

Obraid. s. *upbraid.*
Ony. s. *any.*
Out-brayde. *drew out, unsheathed.*

Owre

Owre. s. *over.*
Owre-word. s. *the laſt word.*
Owches. *boſſes, or buttons of gold.*

P.

Pall. *a cloak, or mantle of ſtate.*
Palmer. *a pilgrim, who having been at the holy land carried a palm branch in his hand.*
Paramour. *gallant, lover, miſtreſs.*
Partake. *p.* 172. *participate, aſſign to.*
Pattering. *murmuring, mumbling.*
Pauky. s. *ſly, cunning.*
Paynim. *Pagan.*
Pearlins. s. *p.* 66. *a coarſe ſort of bone lace.*
Peer: peerleſs. *equal: without equal.*
Peering. *peeping, looking narrowly.*
Perill. *danger.*
Philomene. *Philomel, the nightingale.*
Plaine. *complain.*
Plein. *complain.*
Porcupig. *porcupine.* f. porcepic.
Poterver. *p.* 4. *perhaps Pocket.*
Piece. s. *p.* 113. *a little.*
Preas. *preſs.*
Pricked. *ſpurred forward, travelled a good round pace.*
Priving. s. *proving, taſting.*
Proweſs. *bravery, valour, military gallantry.*
Puiſſant. *ſtrong, powerful.*
Purfel. *an ornament of embroidery.*
Purfelled. *embroidered.*

Q.

Quail. *ſhrink, flinch, yield.*
Quay. s. *heifer, young cow.*
Quean. *ſorry, baſe woman.*
Quell. *ſubdue.*
Quelch. *a blow or bang.*
Quha. s. *who.*
Quhair. s. *where.*
Quhan, whan. s. *when.*
Quhaneer. s. *whene'er.*
Quhen. s. *when.*
Quick. *alive, living.*
Quitt. *requite.*
Quo. *quoth.*

R.

Rade. s. *rode.*
Raiſe. s. *roſe.*
Reade, rede. s. *adviſe.*
Reeve. *bailif.*
Renneth, renning. *runneth, running.*
Reft. *bereft.*
Regiſtrer. *the officer, who keeps the public regiſter. Tis* Regiſter *in Corbet's poems* 1672. 8vo.
Riddle. *p.* 72. 73. *ſeems to be a corruption of* Reade, *i. e. adviſe.*
Rin. s. *run.* Rin errand, *a contracted way of ſpeaking for* "*run on an errand.*"
Rood. *croſs, crucifix.*
Route. *p.* 90. *go about, travel.*
Rudd. *red, ruddy.*
Rud-red. *deep red, ruddy.*
Ruth. *pity.*
Ruthfull. *rueful, woeful.*

S.

Sa, fae. s. *ſo.*
Saft. s. *ſoft.*
Saim. s. *ſame.*
Sair. s. *ſore.*
Sall. s. *ſhall.*
Sarke. s. *ſhirt.*
Saut. s. *ſalt.*
Say, eſſay. *attempt.*
Scant. *ſcarce.*
Seely. *ſilly.*

Seething. *boiling.*
Sed. *ſaid.*
Sel, ſell. s. *ſelf.*
Sen. s. *ſince.*
Seneſchall. *maſter of the ceremonies.*
Sey. s. *ſay, a kind of woollen ſtuff.*
Shee's. s. *ſhe ſhall.*
Sheene. *ſhining.*
Shield-bone. p. 195. *the blade-bone.*
Shent. *ſhamed, diſgraced, abuſed.*
Shepens. *ſheep-pens.*
Shoone. *ſhoes.*
Shope. *ſhaped.*
Shread. *cut into ſmall pieces.*
Shreeven, ſhriven. *confeſſed her ſins.*
Shullen. *ſhall.*
Sic, ſich. *ſuch.*
Sick-like. s. *ſuch-like.*
Sighan, ſighand. s. *ſighing.*
Siller. s. *ſilver.*
Sith. *ſince.*
Slaited. s. *whetted; or perhaps, whiped.*
Sleath. *ſlayeth.*
Slee. s. *ſly.*
Sna', ſnaw. s. *ſnow.*
Sooth. *truth, true.*
Soth, ſothe. *ditto.*
Sould. s. *ſhould.*
Souldan. *ſultan.*
Spack. s. *ſpake.*
Sped. *ſpeeded, ſucceeded.*
Speik. s. *ſpeak.*
Speir. s. *aſk, inquire,*
Speir. s. *ſpear.*
Spill. *ſpoil, deſtroy, kill.*
Spillan, ſpilland. s. *ſpilling.*
Spindles. and whorles. *the inſtruments uſed in Scotland, before the introduction of ſpinning-wheels.*
Spurging. *froth that purges out.*
Sqelſh. *a blow, or bang.*
Stean. s. *ſtone.*
Steven. *voice, ſound.*
Stint. *ſtop.*
Stound. *ſpace, moment, hour, time.*
Stow'n. s. *ſtolen.*
Stowre. *ſtrong, robuſt, fierce.*
Stower, ſtowre. *ſtir, diſturbance, fight.*
Stude, ſtuid. s. *ſtood.*
Summere. *a ſumper horſe.*
Surceaſe. *ceaſe.*
Sune. s. *ſoon.*
Sweere, ſwire. *neck.*
Syne. s. *then, afterwards.*

T.

Teene. *ſorrow, grief.*
Thewes. *mannes.* *In p. 12. it ſignifies limbs.*
Than. s. *then.*
Thair. s. *there.*
Thir. s. *this, theſe.*
Tho. *then.*
Thrall. *captive.*
Thrall. *captivity.*
Thralldome. *ditto.*
Thrang. *cloſe.*
Thrilled. *twirled, turned round*
Thropes. *villages.*
Thocht. *thought.*
Tirled. *twirled, turned round.*
Tone, t'one. *the one.*
Tor. *a tower; alſo a high-pointed rock, or hill.*
Tres-hardie. f. *thrice-hardy.*
Trenchant. f. *cutting.*
Trieſt furth. s. *draw forth to an aſſignation.*
Triſulcate. *three-forked, three-pointed.*
Trow. *believe, truſt; alſo, verily.*
Troth. *truth, faith, fidelity.*

Tuſh.

Tuſh. *an interjection of contempt, or impatience.*
Twa. s. *two.* Twayne. *two.*

U.

Unctuous. *fat, clammy, oily.*
Undermeles. *afternoons.*
Unkempt. *uncombed.*
Ure. *uſe.*

W.

Wadded. *p.* 5. *perhaps from* woad, *i. e. of a blue colour.*
Wae, waefo'. s. *woe, woeful.*
Wad. s. walde. *would.*
Walker. *a fuller of cloth.*
Waltered, weltered. *rolled along. Alſo, wallowed.*
Waly. *an interjection of grief.*
Warde. s. *adviſe, forewarn.*
Waſſel. *drinking, good cheer.*
Wax. *to grow, become.*
Wat. s. *wet. Alſo, knew*
Wate. s. *blamed.*
Wayward. *perverſe.*
Weale. *welfare.*
Wear-in. s. *worry in, drive in.*
Wearifou'. s. *weariſome, tireſome, diſturbing.*
Wee. s. *little.*
Weede. *clothing, dreſs.*
Weel. *well. Alſo, we'll.*
Weird. *wizzard, witch. Properly, fate, peſtiny.*
Welkin. *the ſky.*
Well away. *exclam. of pity.*
Wende, weened. *thought.*
Wend. *to go.*
Werryed. *worryed.*
Wha. s. *who.*
Whair. s. *where.*
Whan. s. *when.*
Whang. s. *p.* 33. *a large ſlice.*
Whilk. s. *which.*
Whit. *jot.*
Whittles. *knives.*
Whorles. [*See* Spindles.]
Wi'. s. *with.*
Wight. *human creature, man or woman.*
Wild-worm. *ſerpent.*
Wis. *know.*
Wit, weet. *know. underſtand.*
Woe. *woeful, ſorrowful.*
Wode, wod. *wood. Alſo, mad.*
Woe-man. *a ſorrowful man.*
Woe-worth. *woe be to* [*you.*]
Wood, wode. *mad, furious.*
Wot *krow, think.*
Wow. s. *exclam. of wonder.*
Wracke. *ruin, deſtruction.*
Wynne, win. *joy.*
Wyt, wit, weet. *know.*
Wyte. *blame.*

Y.

Yate. *gate.*
Yeſe. s. *ye ſhall.*
Yode. *went.*
Y-built. *built.*
Ys. *is.* Yf. *if.* Yn. *in.*
Y-wrought. *wrought.*
Y-wys. *truely, verily.*

Z.

Ze. s. *ye.* zee're. s. *ye are.*
Zees. s. *ye ſhall.*
Zellow. s. *yellow.*
Zet. s. *yet.*
Zong. s. *yong.*
Zou. s. *you.* zour. s. *your.*
Zour-lane. your-lane. s. *alone, by yourſelf.*
Zouth. s. *youth.*

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

VOL. I.

Alate. *late.*

Bauzen's ſkinne. *ſheep's leather dreſſed, and coloured red.* f. bazane. — *Or, perhaps, badger's ſkin, for* Bauſon *is a badger in Old Engliſh.*

Bearing arrow. — *Or, perhaps,* bering *or* birring, *i. e. a whirring, or, whizzing* arrow: *from* Iſl. Bir, *Ventus, or,* A. S. Beꝛe. *fremitus.*

Bode. *p.* 96. *abode, ſtayed.*

Dell. *part.* every dell. *every part.*

Depured. *purified, run clear.*

Downae. s. *am not able. Properly, cannot take the trouble.*

Drovyers, drovers. *ſuch as drive herds of cattle; and probably, deer, &c.*

Dryvars. *idem.*

Flyte. *to contend with words, ſcold.*

Forbode. *commandment. p.* 144. Over God's forbode. [*præter dei præceptum ſit.*] *q. d. God forbid.*

Gamon. *p.* 38. *to make game, to ſport.* A. S. Gamenian. *jocari.*

Harried, &c. *robbed, pillaged.*

Harlocke. *p.* 258. *perhaps,* Charlocke. *or, wild rape, which bears a yellow flower, and grows among corn, &c.*

Holtes. *woods, growes.*

Hoved. *heaved. or, perhaps, hovered, hung moving. Gl. Ch.*

Knight's fee. *ſuch a portion of land, as required a man to ſerve with horſe and arms.*

VOL. II.

Attowre. s. *Alſo, overandabove.*

Gret. *p.* 8. *perhaps, corrupt for* gred. *idem.*

Mure. s. *a wild heath, flat, &c.*

Speere. *p.* 275. *perhaps, the hole in the door or window, by which it was* ſpeered. *i. e. ſparred, faſtened.*

Terry. *diminutive of Thierry,* L. *Theodoricus, Didericus.*

Tibbe. *in Scotland is the diminutive of Iſabel.*

Yearded, earded. *i. e. earthed, buried.*

VOL. III.

Churl. *one of low birth, a villan.*

Deas. — *from* f. dais. *canopy.*

Doſend. s. *doſing, drowſy, dull.*

Fee. — *ſignifies Land, when it is connected with the tenure by which it is held, as Knight's fee, &c.*

Hauſe-bane. — *i. e. hoſe-band.*

Il[illegible] — *alſo, that ſame.*

Kantle. *piece, corner.*

Shepens, ſhipens. *cow-houſes.* A. S. ꝛcypen.

AD-

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

IN VOLUME I.

Page 13.

MOST *of the names in this and the following ballad are found to have belonged to families of diſtinction in the North, as may be made appear from authentic records. Thus*

Ver. 112. Agerſtone.] Thomas Haggerſton *is among the commiſſioners returned for Northumberland in* 12 *Hen.* 6. 1433. (*Fuller's Worthies. p.* 310.)

Ver. 113. Hartly.] Andreas de Harcla *was ſheriff of Cumberland for* 4 *years: viz. from the* 2d. *to the* 6th *year of Edw. II.* (*Fuller. p.* 224.)

Ver. 114. Hearone.] Johannes Hearon, miles, *is among thoſe who ſigned a treaty with the Scots in* 1449. *Hen.* 6. (*See Nicholſon's Laws of the Borders. p.* 34.) — Henry Hearon *of Alnwycke is one of the commiſſioners for the incloſures in the Middle Marches in* 1552. (*Ibid. p.* 330. *and ſee others of the ſame ſurname in that commiſſion. p.* 331. 332. 333. 335.) — *Two* Herons *are among the commiſſioners in Fuller. p.* 310. — Johan Heronn *was ſheriff of Northumberland in* 35 *of Edw.* 3. (*Fuller. p.* 311.) *Alſo in* 7° *of Richard* 2. (*p.* 312.) *and others afterwards.*

Ver. 115. Lovele.] Joh. de. Lavale, miles, *was ſheriff of Northumberland* 34 *Hen.* 7. — Joh. de. Lavele, mil. *in the* 1 *Edw.* 6. *and afterwards.* (*Fuller* 313.) *In Nicholſon this name is ſpelt* Da Lovel. *p.* 304.

Ver. 117. Rugbè. Tho. Rokeby, mil. *was ſheriff of Yorkſhire in* 12 *of Hen.* 4. (*Fuller. p.* 219.)

Ver. 119. Wetharrington.] Rog. de Widrington *was ſheriff of Northumberland in* 36 *of Edw.* 3. (*Fuller, p.* 311.) — Joh. de Widrington *in* 11 *of Hen. IV. and many others of the ſame name afterwards.* — Sir John Wetherington *is one of the commiſſion for incloſure in* 1552. (*See Nicholſon. p.* 331.) — *Of this family was the late Lord* Witherington.

Ver. 129. Maxwell.] Herbertus Dom9 Maxwell, *is one of the Scots, who ſigned the treaty in* 1449. — Robertus Dominus Maxwell *is one of the Scottiſh conſervators of the treaty in* 1464. *Edw. IV.* (*See Nicholſon, p.* 60, *alſo, p.* 79. 98.)

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Page 28.

Ver. 188. Agurſtonne.] Richardus Hagerſtoun, miles, *is one of the Scottiſh knights, who ſigned a treaty with the Engliſh in* 1249. *Hen.* 3. (*Nicholſon. p.* 2. *note.*)

Ver. 199. Fitz-hughe.] Thomas Dominus Fitz-hue *is one of the conſervators of the treaty with the Scots in* 1449. (*Nicholſon. p.* 33.) *As* Henricus Dominus Fitz-Heughe *is of the treaty in* 1464. (*Ib. p.* 60.)

Ver. 201. Harbotle.] Rob. Herbotell, mil. *was ſheriff of Northumberland in* 18 *of Henry* 6. *and* Bertr. Herbotell *in the* 26 *of the ſame reign.* Rad. Herbotle, mil. *was ſub-vic. in* 2 *of Rich.* 3. (*See Fuller. p.* 312. 313.)

Page 221.

The names here ſeem corrupted, Ogerton *from* Haggerſton, Baron *from* Hearon, *and* Rabby *from* Rugby: *yet with regard to*

Ver. 191. Ratcliffe.] Edw. Ratcliffe.] mil. *was ſheriff of Northumberland in* 17 *of Hen.* 7. *and others of the ſame ſurname afterwards.* (*See Fuller. p.* 313.) Sir George Ratcliff, *Knt. was one of the commiſſioners of incloſure in* 1552. (*See Nicholſon. p.* 330.) — *Of this family was the late Earl of* Derwentwater, *who was beheaded in* 1715.

Page 33.

Introd.] *The eldeſt ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court are deſcribed as* SKILFUL IN SURGERIE *in Harriſon's Deſcription of England prefixed to Holingſhed's Chronicle.* — *See Warton's Obſerv. Vol.* 2. *p.* 130.

Page 66.

This epitaph has all the marks of a modern forgery, the language bearing no reſemblance to any ancient writings in the Northern dialect.

With regard to the heroe of this ballad he was the favourite ſubject of popular ſongs, ſo early as the reign of Edward III. In the Viſions of Pierce Plowman, fol. 26. *Ed.* 1550. *a monk ſays*

— I can rimes of Roben hod, and Randall of Cheſter,
But of our lorde and our lady, I lerne nothyng at all.

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Page 184.

'Tis probable, after all, that the ſtory of Titus Andronicus was not the original invention of this ballad-maker; he ſeems to give only ſhort heads of a narrative, related more circumſtantially by ſome other writer.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Page 43.

SINCE this page was printed off, reaſons have occured, which incline me to believe that Lord VAUX *the poet, was not the Lord* NICHOLAS VAUX, *who died in* 1523, *but rather a ſucceſſor of his in the title. — For in the firſt place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux the poet, as contemporary or rather poſterior to Sir* THOMAS WYAT, *and the E. of* SURREY, *neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the firſt Lord Nicolas Vaux. Thus Puttenham in his "Art of Engliſh Poeſie,* 1589. „ *in p.* 48. *having named* SKELTON, *adds,* "*In the latter end of the ſame kings raigne* [*Henry VIII.*] "*ſprong up a new company of courtly Makers,* [*poets*] *of* "*whom Sir* THOMAS WYAT *th' elder, and Henry Earl* "*of* SURREY *were the two chieftaines, who having tra-*"*vailed into Italie, and there taſted the ſweet and ſtately* "*meaſures and ſtile of the Italian poeſie . . greatly poliſhed* "*our rude and homely manner of vulgar poeſie . . . . In* "*the* SAME TIME, *or* NOT LONG AFTER *was the Lord* "NICHOLAS VAUX, *a man of much facilitie in vulgar* "*makings* *. „ — *Webbe in his Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetrie,* 1586. *ranges them in the following order,* "*The E.* "*of Surrey, the Lord* VAUX, *Norton, Briſtow.* „ *And Gaſcoigne in the place quoted in the* 1*ſt vol. of this work,* p. 161. *mentions Lord* VAUX *after Surrey. — Again, the ſtile and meaſure of Lord* VAUX'S *pieces ſeem too refined and poliſhed for the age of Henry VII. and rather reſemble the ſmoothneſs and harmony of Surrey and Wyat, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes: — But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the Britiſh Muſeum is a copy of his poem,* I lothe that I did love, (*vol.* 1. *p.* 161.) *with this title.* "*A dyttye or ſonet, made by the Lord* "VAUX, *in the time of the noble Queene Marye, repre-*"*ſenting*

* *i. e. Compoſitions in Engliſh.*

"*senting the image of Death.*" *Harl. MSS. No.* 1703. §. 25 *.

It is evident then that Lord VAUX *the poet was not he that flouriſhed in the reign of Henry vij. but either his ſon, or grandſon: and yet according to Dugdale's Baronage, the former was named* THOMAS, *and the latter* WILLIAM: *but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the chriſtian name of the poetical Vaux* **, *except Puttenham in this one paſſage quoted above, and it is more likely that he might be miſtaken in that Lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was ſo nearly his contemporary.*

THOMAS *Lord* VAUX *of Harrowden in Northamptonſhire was ſummoned to parliament in* 1531. *When he died, does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, ſince his ſon*

WILLIAM *was not ſummoned to parl. till the laſt year of that reign, in* 1558. *This Lord died in* 1595. *See Dugdale, V.* 2. *p.* 304. — *Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that the former of theſe two was the* POET.

Page 62.

A little farther inſight into the hiſtory of this Scottiſh bard is gained from the title prefixed to ſome of his ſmall poems, preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum; viz. "*The mo-*" *rall Fabillis of Eſop compylit be Maiſter* ROBERT HEN-" RISOUN, SCOLMAISTER *of Dumfermling*, 1571." *Harleian MSS.* 3865. *f.* 1.

Page 77.

Note.] . . . . *Or perhaps the King uſed the French word* Acoller. *ſignifying to give the* Accolade, *or blow that was to dub him a knight. This the Tanner ignorantly miſtakes for* A collar.

Page

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* *This MS. contains ſome variations from the printed copies. e. g. ver.* 6. are fledde. *v.* 11. Youthe awaye hee. *v.* 35. wearye warke. *v.* 38. doth. *v.* 39. ſhall bee cleane. *v.* 40. had ne'er. *v.* 48. That youthfull. *v.* 56. ye turne.

** *In the Paradiſe of Dainty Deviſes,* 1596, *he is called ſimply Lord Vaux the elder.*

Page 79.

Even in the time of Langland pilgrimages to Walſingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his Viſions of Pierce Plowman, fo. 1.

Hermets on a heape, with hoked ſtaves,
Wenten to Walſingham, and her † wenches after.

† *i. e. their.*

Page 82.

Since the poem of HARDYCKNUTE *was printed off, ſtill further information has been received concerning the original manner of its publication, and the additions made in it afterwards.*

"*The late Dr. John Clerk, a celebrated phyſician in Edinburgh, one of Lord Preſident Forbes's intimate companions, has left in his own hand writing, an ample account of all the additions and variations made in this celebrated poem, as alſo two additional ſtanzas never yet printed.*"

The title of the firſt edition, was, "HARDYKNUTE, A FRAGMENT. EDINGBURGH. 1719." *folio* 12 *pages.*

Stanzas not in the firſt edition, but added afterwards in the EVERGREEN, 1724, 100. *are the two, beginning at ver.* 129. "Aryſe young knight &c. *to ver.* 144. — *Inſtead of ver.* 143, 144, *as they ſtand at preſent, Dr. Clerk's MS. has*

With argument, but vainly ſtrave
Lang courteuſly in vain.

Again, from ver. 153. Now with his ferſs, &c. *to* 176. *not in the firſt edit.* — *In Dr. Clerk's MS. ver.* 170, &c. *runs thus,*

In haſte his ſtrides he bent
While minſtrells playand pibrocks fine
Afore him ſtately went.

Laſtly, from ver. 257. Quhair lyke a fyre, &c. *to the end of the poem, were not in the* 1*ſt copy. Variation of line the laſt* (*v.* 336.) *is*

"He feareb a' could be feared."

The two additional ſtanzas come in between ver. 388. *and ver.* 389. *and are theſe,*

Now darts flew wavering throught ſlaw ſpeed,
Scarce could they reach their aim;
Or Reach'd, ſcarce blood the round point drew,
'Twas all but ſhot in vain:

Right ſtrengthy arms forfeebled grew,
Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils;
E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,
And curs'd war's cruel broils.
Yet ſtill wars horns ſounded to charge,
Swords claſhed and harneſs rang;
But ſaftly lae ilk blaſter blew
The hills and dales fraemang.
Nae echo heard in double dints,
Nor the lang-winding horn,
Nae mair ſhe blew out brade as ſhe
Did eir that ſummers morn.

This obliging information the Reader owes to David Clerk, M. D. at Edinburgh, ſon of Dr. John Clerk.

It is perhaps needleſs to obſerve, that theſe two ſtanzas, as well as moſt of the variations above, are of inferior merit to the reſt of the poem, and are probably firſt ſketches that were afterwards rejected.

Page 96.

The author of the ancient play intitled Every man, *inculcates great reverence for old mother church and her ſuperſtitions, — Take a ſpecimen from his high encomium on the prieſthood,*

" *There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron*
" *That of God hath hath commiſsyon,*
" *As hath the leeſt preeſt in the world beynge.*

* * *

" *God hath to them more power gyven,*
" *Than to any aungell, that is in heven:*
" *With v. words he may conſecrate*
" *Goddes body in fleſshe and blode to take,*
" *And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes:*
" *The preeſt byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,*
" *Bothe in erthe and in heven.*
" *Thou miniſters all the ſacarmentes ſeven.*
" *Though we kyſt thy fete thou were worthy;*
" *Thou art the ſurgyan that cureth ſynne dedly;*
" *No remedy may we fynde under God,*
" *But alone on preeſthode.*
" *Every-man, God gave preeſt that dignitè,*
" *And letteth them in his ſtede amonge us be,*
" *Thus be they above aungels in degre.* "

* * * * * *Sign. C. j.*

Page

Page 106.

Ver. 3. *Cain's kind.*] *So in Pierce the Plowman's creed: the proud friars are to be*

— "Of Caymes Kind,,

ſign. C. ij. *b.* — *ſee an account of this poem. vol.* 2. *p.* 262.

Page 124.

GASCOIGNE *died in* 1578, *if he is the perſon meant in an old tract, intitled,* "*A remembrance of the well-employed* "*Life and godly End of* GEO. GASCOIGNE, *Eſq; who de-* "*ceaſed at Stamford in Lincolnſhire, Oct.* 7. 1577. *by Geo.* "*Whetſtone Gent. an eye-witneſs of his godly and charitable* "*end in this world,*„ 4*to. no date.* — *From a MS. of Oldys.*

Page 129.

Ver. 62. In cradel ofher kind: *i. e. in the cradle of her family. See Warton's obſervations, vol.* 2. *p.* 137.

Page 177.

Ver. 68. *Inſtead of* Godfather, *it ſhould be* Grandfather, *meaning the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland. and father of Lord Darnley, who was murdered at Stirling. Sep.* 3. 1571.

Page 179.

When this account was drawn up, the Editor had forgot what Mr. Walpole hath urged in his Catologue of royal and noble authors, vol. 1. *p.* 42. *in proof of James's bein jealous of Murray with his queen. To which I beg leave to refer the reader.*

Page 185.

The ſubject of this ballad may poſſibly receive illuſtration from what CHAPMAN *ſays in the dedicat. to his verſion of Homer's Frogs and Mice, concerning the brave and memorable Retreat of Sir John Norris, with only* 1000, *thro' the whole Spaniſh army, under the duke of Parma, for three miles together.*

Page 214.

After the note add. — "*Vide Rym. Fœd, tom. xii.* 204.„

Page 223.

"*Men uſe if they have an evill turne, to write it in marble; and whoſo doth us a good tourne, we write it in duſt.*"

Theſe words of Sir Thomas More probably ſuggeſted to Shakeſpeare that proverbial reflection, in Hen. viij. Act. 4. ſc. 11.

"*Men's evill manners live in braſs: their virtues*
"*We write in water.*"

Shakeſp in his play of Rich. III. follows More's Hiſt. of that reign, and therefore could not but ſee this paſſage.

Page 226.

Addition to note (*) — *See Vol. III. page* 21. *where* Paſſus *ſeems to ſignify* Pauſe.

Page 261.

The reader will remember at ver 21. *that it is the cuſtom in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corps of a woman, who dies unmarried: and that ver.* 33. *&c. alludes to the painted effigies of alabaſter, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.*

Page 282

Ver. 22. JOHN DE WERT *was a German general of great reputation, and the terrer of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called* De Vert. *See Bayle's dict.*

Page 285.

Whitlocke ſays, "*May* 3. 1643. *Cheapſide croſs and other* "*croſſes were voted down,*" *&c. — When this vote was put in execution does not appear, probably not till many months after Tomkins and Chaloner had ſuffered. See ver.* 18.

Page 295.

A different reading has been received of ver. 46. *&c. viz.*

Here's a glyſter-pipe well try'd,
Which was made of a butcher's ſtump,
And has been ſafely apply'd,
To cure the colds of the rump.

Alla-

Alluding probably to major general Harriſon a butcher's ſon, who aſſiſted Cromwell in turning out the long parliament, Ap. 20. 1653.

Pag. 298.

In Walton's "Compleat Angler," chap. 3. is a ſong in praiſe of angling, which the author ſays was made at his requeſt "by "Mr. WILLIAM BASSE, *one that has made the choice ſongs "of the* HUNTER IN HIS CARRERE, *and of* TOM OF BED-"LAM, *and many others of note." p.* 84.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

Page 22.

INſtead *of* Largez, Largez, *it ſhould be* Largeſse, Largeſse, *as it is in other copies. The heralds reſounded theſe words as of as they received of the bounty of the knights. See "Me-"moires de la Chevalerie," tom. p.* 1. 99. — *The expreſſion in ſtill uſed in the form of inſtalling knights of the garter.*

Page 25.

This fragment being very incorrect and imperfect in the original MS. hath received ſome conjectural emendations, and even a ſupplement of 3 *or* 4 *ſtanzas compoſed from the romance of* MORTE ARTHUR.

Page 59.

A copy of this ſonnet, containing ſome variations, is reprinted in the MUSES LIBRARY *p.* 295. *from an ancient miſcellany, intitled* ENGLAND'S HELICON 1606. 4*to. The author was* NICHOLAS BRETON, *a writer of ſome fame in the reign of Elizabeth; who alſo publiſhed an interlude intitled "An old man's leſſon and a young man's love," 1605.* 4*to. and many other little pieces in proſe and verſe, the titles of which may be ſeen in Winſtanley, Ames' Typog. and Oſborne's Harl. catalog. &c. — He is mentioned with great reſpect by* MERES, *in his* 2*d pt of Wit's Common-wealth.* 1598. *f.* 283. *and is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's* SCORNFUL LADY, *Act.* 2. *and again in* WITH WITHOUT MONEY, *A.* 3. — *See Whalley's Ben. Johnſon, vol.* 3. *p.* 103.

Page 66.

This ballad was pupular in the time of Q. Elizabeth, being uſually printed with her picture before it, as HEARNE *informs us in his preface to "Gul. Neubrig. Hiſt. Oxon. 1719. "8vo. vol. 1. p. lxx." It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the Pilgrim, Act. 4. ſc. 1.*

Page 68.

Ver. 50. His bodye Ile give to thee.] *This was agreeable to the feudal cuſtoms: The Lord had a right to give a wife to his vaſſals. See Shakeſpear's, "All's well, that ends well."*

Page 97.

The poem on GUY AND AMARANT *has been diſcovered to be a fragment of, "The famous hiſtorie of Guy earl of "Warwick, by* SANUEL ROWLANDS. *London, printed by "J. Bell. 1649. 4to." in xii cantos, beginning thus*

"When dreadful Mars in armour every day."

Whether the edition in 1649, was the firſt, does not appear, but the author SAM. ROWLANDS *was one of the minor poets, who lived in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, and James I. and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the hiſt. of Guy was one of his earlieſt performances. — There are extant of his* (1.) *"The betraying of Chriſt, Judas in diſpaire, the ſeven "words of our Saviour on the croſſe, with other poems on "the paſſion, &c. 1598. 4to. [Ames Typ. p. 428.] —* (2.) *"A Theatre of delightful Recreation. Lond. printed for A. "Johnſon. 1605." 4to. (Penes editor.) This is a book of poems on ſubjects chiefly taken from the old Teſtament.* (3.) *"Memory of Chriſt's miracles, in verſe. Lond. 1518. 4to."* (4.) *"Heaven's glory, earth's vanity, and hell's horror. Lond. 1638. 8vo. [Theſe 2 in Bod. Cat.]*

Page 115.

In ver. 10. 12. Dyand, *and* Lyand, *ought to be tranſpoſed. The taunt* "Young man I think ye're lyand." *is very characteriſtical.*

Page 116.

ISLINGTON *in Norfolk is probacly the place here meant.*

Page

Page 120.

To the tune of "*In peſcod time*, „ &c.) — *The ballad here referred to is preſerved in the* MUSES LIBRARY 8*vo*. *p.* 281. *It is an allegory or viſion, intitled* " THE SHE-" PFERDS SLUMBER, „ *and opens with ſome pretty rural images, viz.*

" *In peſcod time when hound to horn*
" *Gives eare till buck be kil'd*,
" *And little lads with pipes of corne*
" *Sate keeping beaſts a-field*,

" *I went to gather ſtrawberries*
" *By woods and growes full faire*, „ &c.

Page 125.

St. Anthony's well is alſo in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

Page 128.

The reading at the bottom "Now, gip, „ *is unneceſſarily diſcarded.* Gip, gep, or guep, *is a common interjection of contempt in our old poets. See Gray's Hudibras, pt.* 1. *canto* 3. *v.* 202. *note.*

Page 133.

This poem of Ben Jonſon's is imitated from the firſt Idyllium of Moſchus.

Page 148.

This little madrigal is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the Variorum Edit. of Petronius, beginning "Semper munditias, ſemper, Baſiliſſa, decoras, &c. „ *See Whalleys Ben Jonſon, vol.* 2. *p.* 420.

Page 166.

The ſong of DULCINA *is quoted as very popular in Walton's Compleat Angler, chap.* 2. *It is more ancient than the ſong of* ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW *below, pag.* 175. *which yet is ſuppoſed to have been written by Ben Jonſon.*

Page

Page 177.

Since this ballad was printed off the Editor hath ſeen an ancient black-letter copy, containing ſome variations, and intitled, "*The merry prans of Robin Good-Fellow. To the* "*tune of Dulcina &c.*" *See p.* 166.

To this copy were prefixed two wooden cuts of ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW, *which ſeem to repreſent the dreſſes in which this whimſical character was formerly exhibited on the ſtage. To gratify the curious theſe are engraven below.*

THE END OF VOLUME THE THIRD.

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